

"A Cup of Cocoa"

is good at any hour of the day



Baker's Cocoa

is especially good in the evening a short time before retiring. Its flavor is delicious, its aroma most attractive, and it is conducive to restful sleep without being in any sense of the word, a narcotic. Absolutely pure and wholesome.

Booklet of Choice
Recipes sent free

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

MONTREAL, CANADA

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Jaeger for Women

Includes underwear in combinations or vests and drawers, corset covers, night dresses, petticoats, bathing suits, stockings, shirt waists, pyjamas, dressing gowns, coats, golfers, sweaters, cardigans, spencers, hats, caps, shawls, gloves, slippers, etc.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

For Sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout Canada.



DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen CO. LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British "founded 1883". 15

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY table of CONTENTS



Editorial

EDITORIAL—NELLIE L. McCLUNG.....	3
THE PHILOSOPHER.....	26
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.....	30
CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA.....	4

Fiction and Reality

WOLF—MORTIMER BATTEN.....	14
ST. BERNARD ON THE PRAIRIE—MRS. HUGO HARPER.....	8
BONNYCASTLE DALE TALKS.....	6
SOME BARE BEAR FACTS—FRANCIS DICKIE.....	5
THE DOLLAR SEAT—JANE BELFIELD.....	10
WHAT JANE DIDN'T HAVE—ISABEL B. MacDonald.....	16

Regular Departments

DOLLARS AND CENTS—A. E. PARKER, C.A.....	18
ABOUT THE FARM—ALLAN CAMPBELL.....	38
POULTRY CHAT—HELEN E. VIALOUX.....	21
THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. L. RUSSELL.....	24
THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—PEARL RICHMOND HAMILTON.....	31
SUBSCRIBERS' CORRESPONDENCE PAGE.....	46
SUNDAY READING.....	35
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—BOBBY BURKE.....	45

Women and the Home

THE WOMAN'S QUIET HOUR—E. CORA HIND.....	27
MOTHER'S SECTION.....	34
BETTER COOKERY—GERTRUDE DUTTON, Supt. HOME ECONOMICS, Manitoba Extension.....	40
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS (HOME PATTERN SERVICE).....	42-43
MUSIC IN THE HOME—SELECTED.....	20
WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—MARGIE MOORE.....	44
"THE VANITY BOX"—MARGARET MAXWELL.....	23
THE HOME DOCTOR.....	41

The HOME PUBLISHING Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG :: :: :: CANADA

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00, to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and with in the city of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letter. Sums of one dollar or more will be sent by Registered Letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address, and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.



THE ONLY HOUSEHOLD
MAGAZINE OF THE
CANADIAN WEST

Use Old Dutch Cleanser



A Big Help At House-Cleaning

Makes work easier; does it better; more quickly.

Use it in Kitchen, Bathroom, on painted walls, windows, mirrors, floors, etc.

Economical—
Thorough—
Hygienic—



Made in Canada

EDDY'S Paper Specialties



Paper
Serviettes
Paper Towels
Paper Bags
Toilet Paper

EDDY'S name on things made of paper means Quality—Convenience—Safety.

Eddy's are the largest manufacturers of these products in the Dominion.

Look for the name EDDY.

C39

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited
HULL CANADA
Makers of Canada's Famous Matches

VOL-PEEK

Mends Pots & Pans

Cooking utensils, Graniteware, Aluminum, Enamelware, Tin, Copper, Brass, Iron, etc. Easy to use, no tools required, ready for use in 2 minutes. Saves a pot for 2¢ a cent. 15 cents at your Dealer, or postpaid by Vol-Peek-H-Co., Box 2024, Montreal.



Editorial

Cont'd from page 3

changed appetite, no longer sluggish and inert, but restlessly active, as if every moment of life were to be given up to the enjoyment of liberty.

There is no lesson that mankind needs which is more comforting than that which the little cocoon-dwellers have to teach. Every day those around us are passing into their last sleep, and we lay them down to await the call of the Sun of Righteousness.

Man must of necessity believe in the immortality of the soul, that is in his own immortality. It is only when one loses the reality of the present that he loses the assurance of the future. And this reality of the present is secure for all who have in them a true sense of God.

God is the intelligent, loving, self-conscious will that is the origin and support of all energies or wills, and thoughts and feelings in the universe. Nature, including our bodies, is the instruments through which He expresses Himself. Man as possessing intelligence, love, and self-conscious will, is the crowning product of His creation. In so far as man brings himself into unison with God in His thought and feeling and action he approaches reality. There was only one complete expression of God on earth. The Son of God is known as the elder brother, to show us all ideally what life in the Father might be. All other lives have had in them something of God's likeness in them, and also something of sin. But each life, such as it is, with all its imperfections and failures, its charms and graces, will continue on and after the cocoon is broken, and there are many mansions in which the liberated souls will dwell, and there are countless activities of enjoyment and highest service for them to perform.

"If one succeeds in finding God, if he learns to grasp the significance of the universe, and if he achieves a personal experience of the Kingdom of God, assurance of the future will come unbidden and unsought. Only let one find, assimilate and build upon this threefold present, and the soul will blossom into hope."

Among the good things said by Richard La Rue Swain in his wonderful book, "What and where is God?" there is a little passage that is most instructive to those that are worried about God and immortality.

"A friend once said to me, 'I do not know whether there is a God or not, and I am not going to bother my head about it; I am just going to wait and see.' If God actually exists, we shall never know Him as we know a man with local form and articulate speech, unless we come to recognize Him in man now. I dare say we shall never become acquainted with God save as we learn to know Him in our own souls and in other people and in nature. So if we ever expect to know Him, we would as well put forth effort to know Him now."

Yes it makes a great deal of difference whether one believes in God and immortality or remains in doubt. "To begin with it makes a tremendous social difference for this life and the life to come, and then it will make all the difference in the world in personal conduct." A short time before his death Washington Gladden was a guest in my home. As he sat in an easy chair after dinner speaking of other days and especially as he spoke of his sainted wife, I noticed how old he had grown. Though his body had about run its course, yet the light of his soul had not dimmed. In my heart I said 'What a dear old man you are, Dr. Gladden. You are nearly all soul.' And it had made a difference for me.

The butterflies in the garden are not in appearance the wriggling, creeping caterpillars of last fall but in reality they are the very same creatures, only transformed for higher service. Had any caterpillar failed in its arduous duty during that sleeping-eating stage of its existence or had any failed to construct for itself, or find a nesting place for the winter, the new glad life would be unknown. All life is one. He that lies down to sleep will surely awaken with new powers, new opportunities—but he will be the same soul. And "He that is righteous will be righteous still."

Hunting News for this Column

By B. Dale

Cont'd from page 6

have one rag holdin', one rag an' a flag, an' it was half mast! I was in the boat that worked its way out over the big combers an' they puts me first aboard for I owns a wee share in that ole hull. I seen Cookee an' Eben an' Peter an' Josiah, an' all my neighbors, all but Job an' 'Lunnon'. 'Whar's Job hiding?' I says. 'Hundred fathoms down belike,' says Peter, solemn like. Then they all tole me in bits an' strays of speech. It seems Job had been out tendin' to a pet trawl well to winard of the ship when the first squall struck. It cleared the deck of every dory an' keg an' trawl an' spare bit. 'Look!' yelled 'Lunnon'. 'Thar, right ahead of a smother of snowan' winchop, they sees Job comin'. The crew was strainin' with the anker and others gettin' the sails snug, they was tearin' to ribbons! An' Job was steerin' nice and snug for the vessel an' 'Lunnon' was on the aftdeck with a coil of line with the end belayed, an' the dory races right under the stern, an' the bash knocks Job down an' send both oars a-flyin' inboard, an' Job leps right out with the line in his hands an' makes the dory, but a big sea raps rope outen his hands and bangs Job about somethin' fierce, an' that's the last Peter sees of them. Nice story for poor ole me to take to that white cabin on the hill. But at last I gets my mouth workin' an' tells Sally an' she sinks right down flush wi' the deck, an' they carry her to her bunk. An' I was right down crazy wi' all them kids a-smotherin' of me and crying 'Dad's drowned! Dad's drowned!' Them was some awful days I tell you when I most wished I was dead and gorn, too. So Sally an' all the little ones, nine o' these as I am a livin' man, went around wi'out any heart in them, an' I used to sit an' cry wi' them, for Nephe Job was a fine style of a man, never an unkind word did I hear him utter to wife or kiddie all them troublesome years when there was a kid at the foot of every chair an' table leg."

"Then one night when I was sittin' sorrowful like a smokin' of my pipe, wee Caleb Hartshorn came runnin' up the hill wi' a yellow envelope, an' he was greetin' an' singin' at one and the same time. You see Caleb had been to school an' he read the message as the girl wrote it. 'Job and 'Lunnon' safe at Boston.' Oh! Oh! Oh! I bellered out like a bull, an' Sally comes a runnin' to see if I was hurt, an' I just up an' kissed her slap on the mouth an' whispered, 'Good news! Good news!' for I was afeared she might sink down on me agin. 'Word from a sailor!' I calls into her ear, for she was greetin' like spring rain by now. 'Word from two sailormen, Sally! Saved by the love o' God, lass!' Then she did sink an' I had to carry her into her cabin."

"So one night all the village was down by the waterside an' a trim wee motor boat came into harbor, an' Job an' 'Lunnon' war in the stern sheets. They was most too heavy to carry up that big hill, but we made a try for it. But Job would have none of it, for he had to half carry Becky, an' 'Lunnon' had a heavy weight of Sally an' a regular gravevine of kiddies climbin' up his legs. So, mayhap an hour later, Job gathered all his loved ones into a circle, an' after he had thanked God for 'Lunnon's' life an' his own life, he thanked Him for bringing them all safe into harbor once agin, an' then he tole us."

"When I went bang into that rudder I thought mayhaps I could stick in an' grab the rope, but I got a bash in the head an' we was hours away from the vessel. When I comes to 'Lunnon' was floppin' me over so he could bail handier. That night it froze, an' 'Lunnon' worked alone, an' next sunup he hammered me to make me bail, too—I know now to save me. All that day it blew fierce an' we was wet through, an' next mornin' I was so weak I couldn't hardly get my head out of the slop of the boat, an' I signed for 'Lunnon' to lift me an' let me take turn at the oars. He shook his head an' kept pokin' it down towards the oars, then I knew he had let his hands freeze on the oars for fear he would lose them. All I can see of the rest of it was a black figger rowin' an' the curl of the wind chop on his shoulder. Next time I woke up I was in linen sheets in a fine cabin, and up above me I heard the only livin' human bein' who can snore like a whale blowin', an' when I asked the doctor where we were and where bound,

he said, 'The New York. New York for Liverpool.' So you see 'Lunnon' had his ride on the fast liner, an' we cured our frostbites an' 'Lunnon' his stumps of fingers on one hand, an' we will have the ole hooker out before the month's gone, see if we don't." So ended the old man's story.

(If you want to see what this old settled province is like look at the picture of the river near us. The Shelbourne of Loyalist memory. And through the masts of the fleet of tern schooners—three masters! tern for short—see the slowly rising wooded shores of this old beautiful province by the sea).

St. Bernard on the Prairies

By Mrs. H. Harper

Cont'd from page 8

stayed on their homestead or not. Nevertheless, on the off-chance, the trooper had ridden through the unbroken snow and the bitter cold to make sure of their safety!

When he at last reached the door, he saw first to his horse, his loyal partner, putting him in the little shelter—part of the ruins of the old stage station—where the homesteader's yoke of oxen were daily growing thinner. Then before he stopped for conversation—having comprehended the family's dire situation at a glance—he plodded and forced his way through drifts which in places were shoulder high, to a tiny "wood-island" nearly a quarter of a mile away, and cut some wood to replenish the fire. By the time he had returned, his tracks were almost obliterated by the heavy snowstorm, which was raging again from a new direction. Soon he had the fire going well again, and heated the "grub-bag" before taking it to the horse, which was trying to shake off the long icicles that clung to either nostril by violent sneezing, and to use the rough logs to curycomb the hoar frost which still clung to its coat.

Returning he removed the ugly but useful dark spectacles, which defeated snow-blindness; and as he cast his fur coat the scarlet and gold of the tunic beneath gleamed in the firelight. Next he attended to the invalids, making a delicious soup out of the preserved foods he carried for such emergencies. He waited on them all carefully until returning warmth induced peaceful slumbers. From his despatch-case he uncarthed simple medicinal aids which eased Mr. Alexander marvellously and revived his will-to-live.

When he finally sat down to rest, fill his pipe, and look out the location of the next patrol, Mrs. Alexander seemed to realize all at once the full force of the tragedy which had been impending. "As long as I live," she exclaimed, "I shall never forget our salvation, nor see a R.N.W.M.P. uniform without deep gratitude for the friend inside it."

Reducing the patrol to "mileage," however, the trooper's bare official report gave but a fleeting glimpse of the glamour and romance, the tragedy and the comedy which may lie between "I have the honour to report" and "I have the honour to remain."

The officer commanding the force during this crisis in Canadian history had aroused every ounce of energy from the already valiant men under him, by his now famous general order, which was so well obeyed by Trooper Martin, and might well have emanated from St. Bernard himself (and to its literal fulfillment the Alexanders and hundreds of other now-prosperous settlers owe a vast debt of gratitude). . . .

"Let neither cold, hunger, nor pain, nor the fear of them; neither the bristling teeth of danger, nor the very jaws of death itself prevent you from doing a good deed."

A Logical Lunatic

"Lunatics frequently return amusing answers," says a superintendent of a great insane asylum.

"One day a keeper was out walking with a number of harmless inmates, and the party met a pedestrian not far from the railway track. With a nod toward the tracks, the traveler asked one of the lunatics:

"Where does this railway go to?"

"The lunatic surveyed him scornfully for a moment, and then replied: 'Nowhere. We keep it here to run trains on.'"

SWEETHEART

By C. Lewis Rotherham

When the first rays of early dawn
Steal o'er the meadows, cool and sweet,
I rise to pluck the flowers of morn;
To lay them dearest at thy feet.
In token that the violet blue,
The lily with its nodding bell,
Is not more dainty-fair than you,
The mistress of a magic spell,
With noon their glory may depart,
But never thine — Sweetheart! —
Sweetheart!

Then, as I stand and watch afar,
Perchance to see thee by the way,
As one who for the morning star
Stands waiting at the gates of day
The lark may trill his sweetest note,
And carol gaily to the blue
I never heed the sounds that float;
I have no other thought but you.
Of joy his music is a part;
But thou art all, — Sweetheart! —
Sweetheart!

GOOD WILL

The pioneers of the West have been so busy getting a foothold on the ground that the best things in life have well-nigh been lost.

The little things that go so far to make life worth while—a letter of sympathy, a few flowers, a friendly lift, the duty nearest first—these go so far to make other tasks easy.

Few pleasures equal those derived from a friendly intercourse with our neighbors and fellowbeings. We must find an outlet in play as well as work.

We have gone through all the stages of pioneering—have felt the awful loneliness of being isolated from our kind of which Nellie McClung speaks as "prairie loneliness";—when you want to pull down the blinds and pin them to the wall to shut out the vastness of it all. They have taken up the ground work and the often losing fight with heat, cold and drought; but, withal, they have made good; always remembering, this is a new country, in the making, and it is a wonderful thing to have a hand in the making and building of a nation. On the happy homes of the land rests its future progress and prosperity.

The Canadianizing of the newcomer from other lands, not by force but with kindly interest and sympathy; the raising of the standard of education in the rural schools of the province; introducing labor-saving devices whereby house work may be made less of a drudgery, and to take part in the vital struggle in which Canada must "find her soul," are a few of the problems which confront us to-day.

Some of us are here because we were invited years and years ago. When the war broke out we sent our boys to fight for the "inalienable right" of all mankind—the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." We resent the term "foreigner." We say, "come on Canadians!" Old or new, let us take up reconstruction from the word "go."

Canada has been liberal, but there is room for yet more of tolerance and "British fair play." Only one thing interests all human beings at all times and that is "the human being himself."

When we endeavor honestly to "do to our neighbor as we would have him do to us" we shall have struck the key note from which all our social problems may be solved. Force is futile, let us try something better.

Theodore Roosevelt said of the United States "unless this country is made a good place for all of us to live in it won't be a good place for any of us to live in."

Did we ever stop to think that the "Bolshevist" of to-day is the neglected child of yesterday.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with a firm belief in the right as God gives us to see the right" let us press forward.

"For the grandest times are before us, And the world is yet to see
The noblest work of this old world
In the men that are to be,
Where the wheat grows in abundance,
And the trees grow up so fast
There is no place to compare with—
Only Heaven at last."

To have peace on earth we must have good will among men. We have tried force and it failed, let us try something better.—Marie.

SPEARMINT



Try Spearmint Chiclets

—a wonderful new Super Spearmint flavor—smooth and rich. The same crisp candy coating, the dainty shape, the delightful chicle “kernel” you have always known in Adams Chiclets. All in the new *green* cardboard packet.

You’ll find the same super enjoyment in any Chiclet flavor—the new Spearmint, the tingling Peppermint, or the luscious Tutti-Frutti.

Buy them at any store—ten Chiclets for 5c. Be sure you get Adams Chiclets—the *original* candy-coated gum in the cardboard packet.



-an Adams product, particularly prepared



Mother Canuck recommends
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
 because she knows from experience (1st) That it is an efficient, healthful and economical leavener. (2nd) That it contains no alum or other injurious substitutes. (3rd) That it is the best and purest baking powder possible to produce. (4th) That foods containing it have an increased nutritious value, and women generally are coming more and more to realize that it is Canada's perfect baking powder.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
 TORONTO, CANADA

WINNIPEG

MONTREAL

Copy of "The Magic Way" will
 be mailed free upon request.



The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Issued Monthly
15c Per Copy

WINNIPEG, MAN., MAY, 1921

Western Canada's
Home Magazine



Mount Assiniboine

Canadian Pacific Railway

SPEARMINT



Try Spearmint Chiclets

—a wonderful new Super Spearmint flavor—smooth and rich. The same crisp candy coating, the dainty shape, the delightful chicle “kernel” you have always known in Adams Chiclets. All in the new *green* cardboard packet.

You’ll find the same super enjoyment in any Chiclet flavor—the new Spearmint, the tingling Peppermint, or the luscious Tutti-Frutti.

Buy them at any store—ten Chiclets for 5c. Be sure you get Adams Chiclets—the *original* candy-coated gum in the cardboard packet.



-an Adams product, particularly prepared

"A Cup of Cocoa"

is good at any hour of the day



Baker's Cocoa

is especially good in the evening a short time before retiring. Its flavor is delicious, its aroma most attractive, and it is conducive to restful sleep without being in any sense of the word, a narcotic. Absolutely pure and wholesome.

Booklet of Choice
Recipes sent free

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

MONTREAL, CANADA

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Jaeger for Women

Includes underwear in combinations or vests and drawers, corset covers, night dresses, petticoats, bathingsuits, stockings, shirt waists, pyjamas, dressing gowns, coats, golfers, sweaters, cardigans, spencers, hats, caps, shawls, gloves, slippers, etc.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

For Sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout Canada.



DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen CO. LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British "founded 1883". 15

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

table of CONTENTS



Editorial

EDITORIAL—NELLIE L. McCLUNG.....	3
THE PHILOSOPHER.....	26
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.....	30
CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA.....	4

Fiction and Reality

WOLF—MORTIMER BATTEN.....	14
ST. BERNARD ON THE PRAIRIE—MRS. HUGO HARPER.....	8
BONNYCASTLE DALE TALKS.....	6
SOME BARE BEAR FACTS—FRANCIS DICKIE.....	5
THE DOLLAR SEAT—JANE BELFIELD.....	10
WHAT JANE DIDN'T HAVE—ISABEL B. MACDONALD.....	16

Regular Departments

DOLLARS AND CENTS—A. E. PARKER, C.A.....	18
ABOUT THE FARM—ALLAN CAMPBELL.....	38
POULTRY CHAT—HELEN E. VIALOUX.....	21
THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. L. RUSSELL.....	24
THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—PEARL RICHMOND HAMILTON.....	31
SUBSCRIBERS' CORRESPONDENCE PAGE.....	46
SUNDAY READING.....	35
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—BOBBY BURKE.....	45

Women and the Home

THE WOMAN'S QUIET HOUR—E. CORA HIND.....	27
MOTHER'S SECTION.....	34
BETTER COOKERY—GERTRUDE DUTTON, Supt. HOME ECONOMICS, Manitoba Extension.....	40
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS (HOME PATTERN SERVICE).....	42-43
MUSIC IN THE HOME—SELECTED.....	20
WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—MARGIE MOORE.....	44
"THE VANITY BOX"—MARGARET MAXWELL.....	23
THE HOME DOCTOR.....	41

The HOME PUBLISHING Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG :: :: :: CANADA

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00, to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and with in the city of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letter. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by Registered Letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address, and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.



THE ONLY HOUSEHOLD
MAGAZINE OF THE
CANADIAN WEST

Use Old Dutch Cleanser



A Big Help At House-Cleaning

Makes work easier; does it better; more quickly.

Use it in Kitchen, Bathroom, on painted walls, windows, mirrors, floors, etc.

Economical—
Thorough—
Hygienic—



Made in Canada

EDDY'S Paper Specialties



Paper
Serviettes
Paper Towels
Paper Bags
Toilet Paper

EDDY'S name on things made of paper means Quality—Convenience—Safety.

Eddy's are the largest manufacturers of these products in the Dominion.

Look for the name EDDY.

C39

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited
HULL CANADA
Makers of Canada's Famous Matches

VOL-PEEK

Mends Pots & Pans

Cooking utensils, Granite ware, Aluminum, Enamelware, Tin, Copper, Brass, Iron, etc. Easy to use, no tools required, ready for use in 2 minutes. Saves a pot for 25 cents. 15 cents at your Dealer, or postpaid by Vol-Peek-H-Co., Box 2024, Montreal.



The Chevrolet Plan for Distributing \$4,000,000



THE production schedule of Chevrolet "Four-Ninety" Models for the seven months from January 1st to July 31st, 1921, is fifty thousand cars.

We will give \$70 to each retail purchaser of a new open car or light delivery model, and \$100 to each retail purchaser of a new closed car, provided we manufacture and sell in Canada and the United States fifty thousand Chevrolet Model "Four-Ninety" cars between January 1st, 1921, and July 31st, 1921. This offer to be subject to the terms as set forth in full in the refund certificate which will be delivered to each purchaser.

Fifty thousand cars is the minimum which will secure substantial savings in cost of manufacture. These savings will be passed on to the purchasers of these fifty thousand cars.

This plan is in keeping with the Chevrolet policy to make the price of its product as low as quality manufacture on a large

scale will permit. It is in keeping with the Chevrolet purpose of providing quick, convenient, economical transportation at a cost within reach of those who want an automobile.

Each purchaser of a Model "Four-Ninety" will receive a certificate from his dealer, or from the Chevrolet retail store manager. This certificate will be redeemed as indicated on its face.

This is a straightforward business proposition presented in a straightforward way. Whether you are in the market for a new car or not, you must not fail to learn the details of this unique and simple plan. It offers to every man of sound business judgment an opportunity to take advantage of the best automobile value obtainable.

Retail purchasers of Model "Four-Ninety" cars since October 1st, 1920, will receive their certificates through their local dealers or retail stores on application to them.

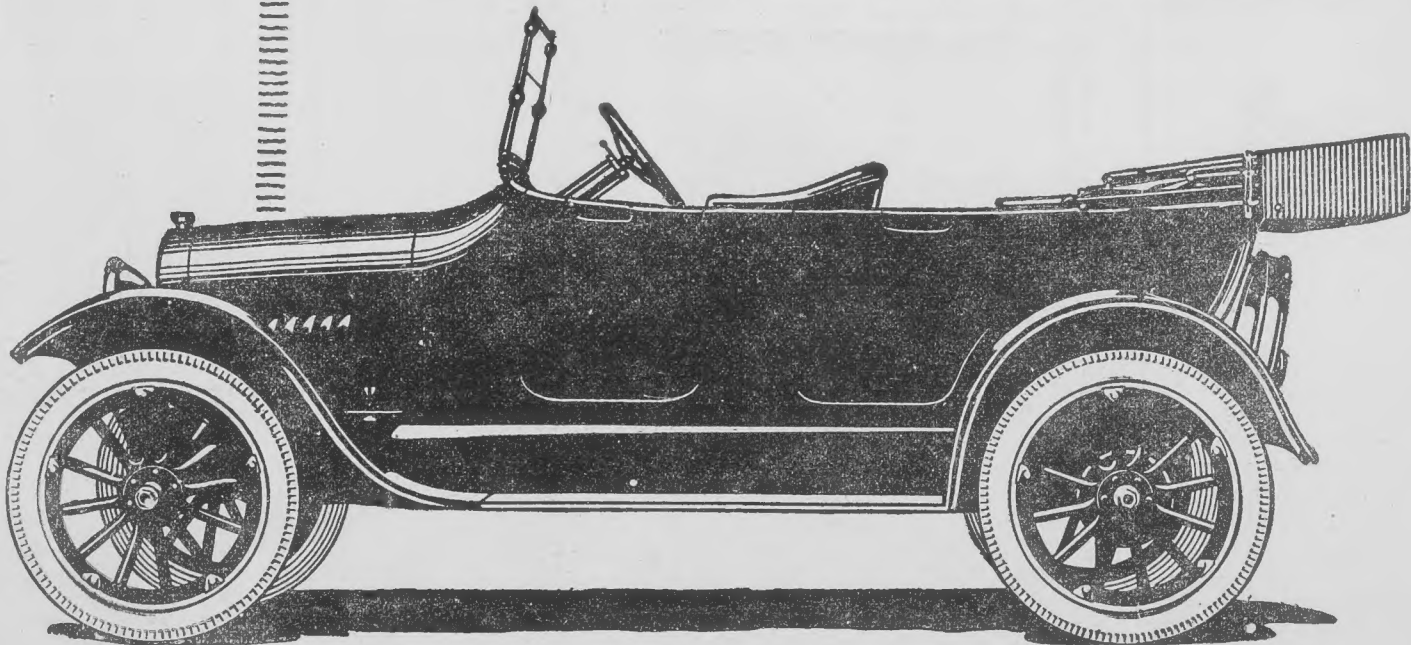


CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

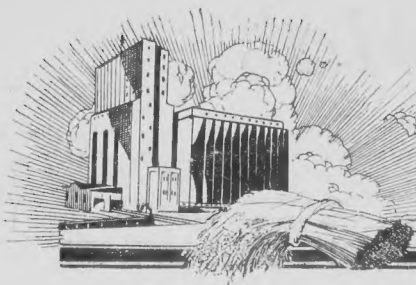
Oshawa, Ont.

Winnipeg, Man.

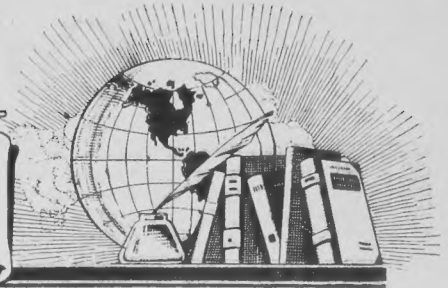
More than 4,000 Dealers, Retail Stores and Service Stations in Canada and United States.



Chevrolet "Four-Ninety" Touring Car \$1,025.00, F.O.B. Oshawa



EDITORIAL



THE PROBLEM OF WEALTH

THREE problems facing the people of any country are the production of wealth, the distribution of wealth, the expenditure of wealth.

There is no way of production without labor. Whether it be agriculture, fishing, mining, lumbering, or the manufacture of finished articles from raw products, there is need for men to use their hands and brains. They must invent and discover; they must combine their ingenuity and their physical powers; and, above all, they must persevere in face of opposition and difficulty. All things come to those who work. And it is becoming to men to work here and now, for they have all eternity to rest after the trouble and toil are over. The first thing for any people to learn then is the necessity and dignity of labor. It is the means whereby man saves his own soul, to say nothing of production itself. The great peoples of the world have been working people, the great souls in any nation are those who incessantly labor. Nothing is more becoming to us as a people than that we should give ourselves up to the task of production. When the output is sufficient for our needs and the needs of the world there is no necessity for staying our hands. We can learn from the small boy. When he makes a toy he is not satisfied till he has adorned it with paint or with some device. So if by uniting our forces we can produce all that is necessary we can educate ourselves to give everything an artistic finish. That is the great need of our production to-day. We are a commonplace people because we produce commonplace articles. When we give up our souls to artistic production we raise ourselves from the plane of artizanship to the plane of the artist. The time may come when six hours a day will be all that is needed to produce rough material. It will always take longer than that for men to produce the best of which they are capable. So it is becoming for us to settle down to work each in his own appointed place. Hard labor, head labor, and, hardest of all, heart labor. Yea, have we known what it meant: "He sweat as it were great drops of blood?" Through the giving of all he has a man gets for himself all that is possible—his full development, his complete self-realization. The key to greatness for individuals and nations is good wholehearted work.

But the fruits of labor—that is wealth—must be equitably distributed. No one will deny that there is unjust discrimination to-day. It is far from true that every man should have the same reward for labor, for reward should be in proportion to both amount and quality. A man who squanders his youth so that he cannot put intelligence into his labor, or who is of such a disposition that he gives his hours but not his soul to his labor, or who loiters at his task seeking to yield a minimum return is not entitled to the same reward as he who gladly takes upon himself some useful service demanding initiative, perseverance and faithfulness. So there will be a grading of incomes. In nature itself the survival is to the fittest. Let no one imagine that individuals who loaf, and communities that waste their precious hours in excess, deserve reward. The fruits of production should go to those who toil to reap them.

That this law has been transgressed in the past and that it is being openly violated to-day, by those who are in a position to demand a toll from labor, is no reason why incompetent and slothful labor should clamor for that which it is unwilling to earn. There are two sides to every question. The laborer is worthy of his hire just so long as he labors, and no longer.

The great reward for labor is not the money which is paid out for it. It is the wealth that a man gets in his own soul. This wealth no man, call him employer or anything else, can take away from the true workman. Oh for a return of the old time joy of working, for the artist's joy in production! The wealthy men of earth are not the porpoise-shaped profiteers, but those who have enriched their own personalities through noble toil.

These words are said not to condone extortion,

wherever it may be found, nor to belittle the evil wrought by great trusts. There is only one punishment for men who grasp all the physical comforts of life—the warmth and clothing, the luxuries and elegancies—and that punishment is extinction. All the same these men have not the wealth that is worth envying. True wealth can be enjoyed by everyone who works, because he has it on his own soul.

Then there is the expenditure of wealth. As individuals and nations we can learn that the surest way to save a life is to lose it. The best way to expend a fortune is to use it for noble ends. "Earn all you can" said a great writer—"but only that you may spend it all in the service of others." This whole question of capital and labor is being fought out on the assumption that a man's chief joy and opportunity is in getting. When we realize that his crowning glory is in giving we shall solve our problems in a different way. The meanest man in this city is probably

superior to that of the best private schools. All say, on the contrary, that the public school pupils enter life with as high moral conceptions and as much religion as their companions from the private schools; but several of the presidents do notice a decided difference between the product of different public schools and private schools—a difference which is always traceable to the character and personal influence of the teacher.

The result of the interesting inquiry is a splendid tribute to the public schools. The popular faith in them is not without justification. But two other conclusions should not be overlooked; the tremendous influence of good teachers, that is, teachers of strong and beautiful personal character, and the influence, in morals and religion, of the home. If there are no religious influences in the home, nothing which the schools can teach will supply the lack; and if there is religion there, the pupils in the public schools will do very well without special religious instruction.

A PERIL TO WORLD DEMOCRACY

After prolonged discussion and delays, the members of the British Labor Delegation which investigated conditions in Russia have agreed upon a report which they have all signed. They were the guests of the Bolshevik Government during their six weeks' stay in Russia, and undoubtedly, as more than one of their number has made plain, every endeavor was used by the Bolshevik Government to have the Russian people believe that the visit of the delegation was an evidence that the wage-earners of Great Britain were in sympathy with Sovietism. The report is an enlightening one. It states that of the 125,000,000 people in Russia and Siberia, at least 90,000,000 are peasants. The peasants do not believe in Socialism or Communism. They do not care anything about the doctrines of Lenin and Trotsky. The conclusion arrived at by the report is: "Whether Russia could be governed in a different way—whether, in particular, the ordinary processes of democracy could be expected to work—is a question on which we do not feel ourselves competent to pronounce. We cannot say whether in normal conditions this particular Socialist experiment would have been a success or a failure. The heated atmosphere must be taken into account in any criticism of the Russian revolution,

and still more in any attempt to apply its lessons to other countries." This is signed by all the delegates, namely, Ben Turner, Labor party, chairman of the delegation, Margaret Bondfield, A. A. Purcell and H. Skinner, Trades Union Congress, Ethel Snowden, Tom Shaw, Robert Williams, Labor party, Charles Roden Buxton, L. Haden Guest, joint secretaries, and by R. C. Wallhead and Clifford Allen, who formed an independent delegation to Russia on behalf of the Independent Labor party. There is only need to add that the Third International, which is another name for the Foreign Department of the Bolshevik Government, has issued a series of instructions to Bolshevik agents abroad, which include such advice as the following: "Advantage should be taken of the weakness of governments. Strikers and the opposition press should be richly supported. Movements aiming at separation must be vigorously furthered. If necessary, provoke international conflicts and wars. Agents must not shrink from terrorist acts." Surely nothing more need be said in proof of the danger to democracy in the world from the Bolshevik regime in Russia.

LIFE RENEWED

Spring has come on every hand; there are changes in the World of Nature. The buds are breaking forth into leaves and flowers; bright green grass blades are brightening the fields and the lawns, and from the gray cocoons the moths and butterflies are forcing their way in order to greet the sun and enjoy their newly-acquired power of flight.

It is a wonderful change that has come over the frail tenants of these fairy structures since their self-imprisonment of last fall. They went in as crawling creeping caterpillars, whose chief life-work had been to eat and sleep and eat again; they come forth in all their beauty of form with new power of locomotion, and with

(Continued on page 48)

Grace Before Meat—A New One

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

God does not want all the honor of making and running the world. He knows that the work is carried on now through His children, and very humble ones at that, and it would be His way to give the praise and the honor where it belongs, rather than take it all for Himself. God knows that it is through the labor of our fellowmen that we are able to have lobster salad though we live far from the sea, and oranges and grape-fruit though we sojourn north of the forty-ninth parallel. He knows that we are kept warm in our houses because there are men working in the coal mines, and that the clothes we wear are made by the labor of others, always in conjunction with His laws, of course. But when we remember with gratitude the efforts of our fellowmen we are honoring God! We are not robbing Him of any glory. So it might be well for us to change the wording of our blessings, to include our fellowmen, and ask for understanding to help us to realize that the blessings which we enjoy come to us through the labor of others, and that as we are all working together with God that He will strengthen the ties of brotherhood and help us all to do our share of the world's work!

one of the richest—in a money sense. The very richest man in a true sense is he who is giving himself every day in unselfish service. And this is no Sunday evening talk, but a plain statement of fact. The things that men are making such a fuss about to-day are often not worth consideration. They are beneath contempt. For one's own sake, and the sake of our nation, let us combine to put living on a higher plane. Let us put dignity, unselfishness and manhood into all our saying and doing. Then shall we be all happy as the day is long, and wealthy beyond the aspirations of kings. And this is the true solution, and only solution, of what is known as the labor problem.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND CHARACTER

In a recent discussion of public schools in the United States and their relation to religion, a clergyman said "We are bringing up all over this broad land a lusty set of young pagans who sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions."

It is a broad statement. If it is true the fact is of the greatest importance, for the public schools surely justify themselves if they do not build character as well as impart knowledge. The charge was made as an argument in favor of the introduction of distinctly religious instruction in the public schools.

But is it true? The "Outlook" of New York City has attempted to answer the question not arbitrarily, but by asking the opinion of nineteen college presidents, the heads of institutions of learning in the North and in the South, the East and the West. Their replies are based upon a study of the students in their own colleges, part of whom are graduates of private or sectarian schools where religion is taught.

Not one of the nineteen college presidents finds that the moral influence of the public school is in-

Conditions in Russia

BOLSHEVISM in Russia is of all forms of government the worst that has ever cursed mankind. It is worst because it represents in itself more of intolerance, injustice and bloodshed than was ever dreamed of by the most autocratic of olden days. Those who think that a despot and his court may be tyrannical and merciless, have only to compare Lenin and the Extraordinary Commission with the most ruthless rulers that the world has known.

Whenever unprejudiced, or even favorably prejudiced visitors have made investigations there is but one conclusion they were able to reach. The following opinions are typical:

A—The New York Herald

Russia as an economic reality is a hollow shell. This is the essence of the detailed report of our State Department's foreign trade adviser in that country.

There is nothing worth while for us to buy in Russia because it is not there to buy. There is nothing much that we can sell to Russia because, destitute and starving, Russia has nothing with which to pay. Such has been the devastating work of Bolshevism at home on the heels of the destruction and waste of the war abroad.

Grain was the greatest export of Russia for generations. But when the whole nation is hungry, when a big part of it is starving, there is little need to explain that there is neither wheat nor rye nor other breadstuff to ship away to the rest of the world. The reason why there is none is a different matter. The grain farms have been divided, and beggared the cattle have been consumed, the implements have been lost and destroyed. The peasant still can scratch a hard living for himself out of the neglected soil; there is no incentive for him to do more; there would be no means with which to do it. So there is famine not merely in the distant cities but in the rural villages and hamlets near by. Famine in a land which, second only to the United States, is naturally the best food-producing garden in all the world.

Timber and collateral forest resources, before the war Russia's next greatest export business, there still are. But the heavy labor required to handle forest products must have food, and there is no food. If there were labor and food, transportation is essential to the moving and marketing of timber and wood stocks, and there is no transportation. Sovietism has blasted away the railways and even the ordinary roads.

Likewise with skins and hides, once another major industry of Russia. The cattle long ago devoured, the farms empty and the ranges vacant, there is no more live stock from which to gather the pelts, whether for the leather or for any other market, foreign or domestic.

Thus Russia stays idle, helpless and hungry.

Think of France! Within one year after the armistice France, which was literally trampled under the savage feet

of war, saw its battle grounds again waving with fields of glowing crops. Highways were going down again and railways were building wherever there was production to restore and commodities to distribute. But in France there has been no brutal, bloody tyranny to enslave men's souls by controlling the supply of food on which men's bodies must subsist. There has been no merciless fist to despoil the worker of the fruits of his toil. There has been no power of despotism to strip a nation of its debts of action and of speech as of its yield earned by the sweat of the brow. In France there has been the time-old inspiration of the reward to an honest man of his honest work. There has been the stimulating motive of regaining in peace what was lost in war. There has been the spur to human ambition, with the crown of human success.

France, as faithful after as before the war to the eternal laws of nature, got upon its feet with the battle boom of the last gun, and trod the straight path toward economic restoration, individual reward and national bounty. Russia, unscathed by the war itself as compared to blighted France or Belgium, grovelled under Sovietism and died.

B—Sir Paul Dukes, "Six Years in Russia"

I have been cured of any belief whatsoever that Bolshevism can do any service for any country in any form. It has had its chance in Russia such as no political force ever had before, and it has convicted and forewarned itself beyond all appeal. But if you ask me whether I view Bolshevism, or rather the men who run it, in the ordinary light as cut-throats and butchers for butchery's own sake, I would say that this is quite absurd. To my mind, the men who are dominating Russia to-day, or rather the six hundred thousand communists who are defying the rights and aspirations of a hundred and eighty millions of souls, are simply the blind slaves of an exploded idea.

Lenin, for instance, is a man with no conception of comfort or luxury or the refinements of life either for himself or others; and he must have brooded out his conceptions of communism in those early days in Switzerland to the exclusion of any notion that once in force it could never fail. Like so many other perverted fanatics, he had no means of putting his ideas to the test until he returned to a Russia where all the safeguards had disappeared. You may say, if you will, that the vast majority of the Russian people were as unprepared for the new era of liberty as Lenin was himself; otherwise the constitutional upheaval brought about by Miliukoff and others would have established itself as the millennium for which the land had been waiting for centuries. But there are things to remember.

Those who fondly expected that Russia had only to hear a proclamation in order to step into a sort of golden age were suffering from a delusion only second to Lenin's own. On the other

hand, these optimists—and they were many, as you know—were prepared to earn by experience; Lenin, never. He has shown, and all those who are in league with him have shown, that his vision of a remodelled Russia is simply a reinstatement of the old Tsardom with the labels changed. There is exactly the same absence of freedom for the subject, the same brutalization, the same despair. If you had been through my experiences, you would say it is even infinitely worse, because of the hideous pretence that it is what the prophets and reformers have foretold for Russia these many generations. It is far worse than the old Tsardom in its abominable cant and hypocrisy; and it is all the more hopeless because the further it goes, the further it travels from liberty or progress.

Now that these false emancipators realize that they have had their chance and failed, they are mortified and mad-dened at the collapse of their experiment. There is no other word for it. They have thrown the greatest stake that any gamblers have ever snatched from others, and they cling to their fatuous nightmare partly out of fury with the facts, and partly from an insensate lust of power. One has nothing but contempt for the secondary creatures who serve them without delusion or disillusion; these are simply gross and selfish hirelings who never had any dreams or desires to do Russia good. Here again we find in a new form one of the worst features of the Tsardom of old, but debased for want of a loyal tradition or the vestige of a purpose, save their own foul gain and the satisfaction of bestial passions at the expense of others. I am speaking rather of the heads of this communal orgy of power—men who have shown they are destitute of any constructive statesmanship, and are raising barricades of cruelty and evil simply for the sake of postponing the day of their defeat.

C—E. R. Wilner "Five Years in Russia"

The most terrible thing in Russia, a thing I have not seen mentioned ever here, is the Extraordinary Commission. You remember the Tribunal of Paris during the French Revolution? You remember the way blood ran? You remember the Spanish Inquisition and its agents?

The Extraordinary Commission is all of that—and more. It is more powerful than Lenin, more fearful than Trotsky. Its agents are everywhere and its power is unlimited, absolutely no boundary to it whatsoever. It doesn't try offenders—it merely sentences them. I've known, personally, of cases in which the defendants were told the accusation against them as they were on the way to their execution.

The Extraordinary Commission executed 2 per cent of the population of Russia in 1919.

It was founded by Felix Derjinsky, a Pole, who was assassinated shortly afterward. It spread until its agents ran into the thousands. There are 1,000 agents in Moscow and another 1,000 in Petrograd. There is a local commission in every little town and at every railway station. In July of 1920, in Moscow, 940 people were executed by order of the Extraordinary Commission.

Does Lenin express any opinion of the Commission?

He says he regrets it, but thinks it is best to allow it to remain for the present.

If the Commission made a judicious choice of the real profiteers, the men who prey on the starving Russians, and executed them, it would be excusable. But it doesn't. It gets its victims through agents provocateurs. One agent poses as a seller and another as a buyer. They arrange some victim as an intermediary, and when he falls, off he goes to jail! Meanwhile, in the bazaar, the government winks at the selling and buying.

We were fed "Soviet meals," as they are called. There is a regular ration of a quarter of a pound of bread a day. It is not good rye bread. Fully a half of it is a concoction that is sickening. The "Soviet meal" consists usually of a half a herring and a weak soup. That is the daily food that the government issues.

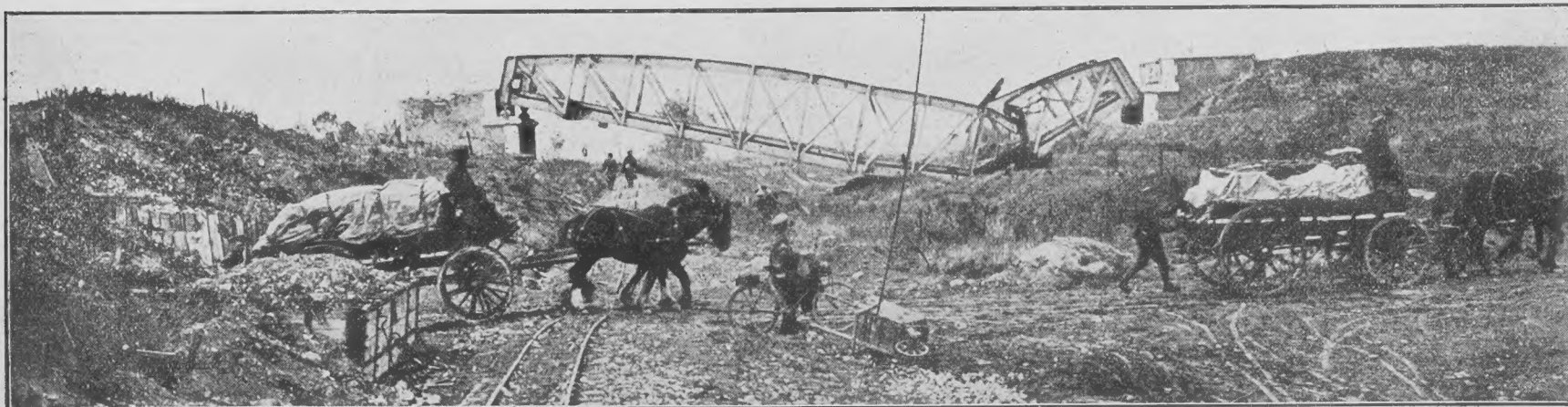
The Soviet Government has adopted all of the school children and they, poor kids, suffer more than the adults. They are sort of apprenticed to the Soviet's instruction department and the instruction department pretends to feed them. Their rations are one-half pound bread a day, 3 pounds of gruel a month, and a pound of sugar a month. About three times a month they get milk.

What has become of the writers of Russia and the painters? H. G. Wells wrote that they were working in a book factory, turning out literature by the hour.

They are rather astounding things. It has always been the chief worry of an unpopular government anywhere that a press existed somewhere, open or hidden, to express opposition views. The fact that there is no such press in Russia is one of the great reasons of its power.

The Russian newspapers print no foreign news except that of strikes in America and England and France. No Russian news objectionable to the government is printed. I did not know there had been Olympic games until I reached Finland. The only news printed about the end of the war was that there was a conference going on in Versailles. The Russian newspaper never printed a word as to the conditions of the treaty.

When the Czar was murdered the two newspapers in Moscow printed exactly one sentence apiece about it—"The Czar was assassinated to-day." Can you imagine what an American newspaper editor in Russia would have done with a piece of news like that?



Timber and collateral forest resources, before the war Russia's next greatest export business, there still are. But the heavy labor required to handle forest products must have food and there is no food. If there were labor and food, transportation is essential to the moving and marketing of timber and wood stocks, and there is no transportation. Sovietism has blasted away the railways and even the ordinary roads.

Some Bare Bear Facts

BY FRANCIS DICKIE

THAT truth is stranger than fiction is now a commonplace exclamation made trite by countless times repeating. But stories told about bears by countless hunters and men of the wilderness are generally stranger than either truth or fiction. Bear stories are in a class by themselves. The writer of this has had much experience with bear stories, and no little experience with actual bears, he with one companion recently making a world's record kill by shooting four grizzly in thirty

seconds. The bears were feeding high on a mountain slide late in spring, the slides being favored feeding places, for here the first green things show. And here upon the bears my partner and I sneaked after making long detour, then climbing above them. To kill four in thirty seconds is a world's record. All the bears fell within a few feet of each other on the snow or near it on the brown bare slide, so near that they could be dragged together to make the picture shown herewith. When it is taken into consideration that the smallest weighed some four hundred pounds, the reader will easily realize two men could not drag such animals far. I have dwelt rather lengthily on this kill for the benefit of doubting persons. Besides there is the photograph to back up my statements—and the camera cannot lie. In view of all this, the first bare bear fact here related, I think will be accepted without question.



The writer, Francis Dickie, and his world's record kill of four grizzly, in thirty seconds.

seconds. The bears were feeding high on a mountain slide late in spring, the slides being favored feeding places, for here the first green things show. And here upon the bears my partner and I sneaked after making long detour, then climbing above them. To kill four in thirty seconds is a world's record. All the bears fell within a few feet of each other on the snow or near it on the brown bare slide, so near that they could be dragged together to make the picture shown herewith. When it is taken into consideration that the smallest weighed some four hundred pounds, the reader will easily realize two men could not drag such animals far. I have dwelt rather lengthily on this kill for the benefit of doubting persons. Besides there is the photograph to back up my statements—and the camera cannot lie. In view of all this, the first bare bear fact here related, I think will be accepted without question.

Besides being a hunter of bears, I have travelled much in regions where the creatures were pursued by other men, and have heard a wealth of matter concerning bears, brown, white, black and grizzly. Some of these bare facts I will vouch for; others I am going to tell. The reader can believe them or not at his or her discretion. They at least have the merit of originality, and if you cannot accept the veracity of the teller, you still must admire his imagination.

First of these bare bear facts are the true ones, or at least I accept them as true.

The first was related recently by an old Yukon resident, Mrs. R. Dickenson, and throws an interesting sidelight on the grizzly, which the writer was particularly interested in, he never having heard of a grizzly attacking such tremendous quarry. At the Teslin Lake Hudson's Bay post where Mrs. Dickenson was, a big game hunter from Chicago recently shot a twelve-foot grizzly. But it was not the size of the animal, unusually huge though it was, but the unique way in which he got it, which makes the story. While out in search of game the hunter came on the carcass of a very large moose, freshly killed and from which only a little had been eaten. All round the beast for a distance of half an acre the ground was torn in a manner indicating a colossal struggle. Here and there the

ground bore the imprint of a grizzly foot of enormous proportions. Now the people in the regions had never heard of a grizzly attacking a moose. Still, though but half believing, the Chicago hunter and his guide hid near the dead animal and waited, in hope the bear would return. It did, and, the wind being right, they shot it before it became aware of their presence. It took five shots in quick succession to knock the twelve-foot long beast over. Thus, from this story we find that an exceptionally big grizzly will attack and

kill a moose. What a marvellous combat it must have been. "Oh, to have witnessed it!" is the immediate cry of every writer.

The writer of this spent the summer of 1920 in the wilderness region of British Columbia, the world's greatest haunt of the grizzly, and at the ancient village of Hazelton heard of a strange old Indian who had had a single hand-to-hand encounter with a grizzly, and still lived to tell it. Aided by a friend who speaks the language and has great influence with the natives I called on this old man in his cabin. He is nearly



Snowshoeing out with the kill.

seventy and wears a wooden nose, cleverly carved, yet still grotesque, held on over the little bit of bone the grizzly's claws left when it passed over his face some fifty years before. Now the books of many early writers on North America are full of tales of men who fought single-handed with grizzlies—I mean the fiction books. But I believe this old Indian is the only man living in the world to-day who actually did this. He is very sensitive about his nose. Most Indians are peculiarly averse to physical defects particularly

about the face. And this man has actually been a hermit for years merely because he resented people staring at his wooden nose. In vain I, through my interpreter, coaxed and cajoled him to let me take his picture. It was all to no avail. This was after he told me his story. In the week following I tried several times to catch him unawares near his home and snap his picture, for I had with me a speed camera. But the sensitiveness of years had made him wary, and I failed in my attempt, rather an ungentlemanly one, I admit,

on its hind quarters, though its strength was waning fast. His knife ready the man charged in beneath the upraised and cuffing forepaws, and drove the steel home again and again with ripping jabbing blows, the while his other arm wrapped tightly around the bear, and with head bent and hugged close against the animal's neck he strove to shield his most vulnerable part from the terrible jaws. The bear must have been far gone when he closed with it, or he never would have come off a living victor. Even as it was, his shoulder



In the land where the grizzly roams

after his kindly relating to me one of the most thrilling stories I ever heard. Space forbids its telling as he told it through the interpreter. Briefly: Some fifty years ago on a mountain side he had come up close to a grizzly, and shot it with a big lead ball from one of those old-fashioned smooth-bore muzzle loaders. Imagine attacking a big grizzly with such a weapon; an animal that often receives five and six high power modern bullets and still keeps going. Yet, being close and a careful shot, he badly wounded the beast. It charged him. Of course, he had no

was terribly torn by bites after he closed. He was a man of enormous strength, and so he crawled home alive, and for fifty years now has worn a false nose to hide the most horrible of his wounds.

One of the greatest bear discussions is as to the temper of the grizzly. I stand sponsor for this, that under ordinary conditions the grizzly is a mild tempered, harmless individual, running away from even the scent of man. This is borne out by most hunters. When wounded or come upon suddenly a grizzly is a different customer, particularly an old one, age making for crankiness in bears as well as men. J. E. Tucker, a forestry engineer, of Vancouver, last year killed the enormous bear whose stretched skin is shown herewith. The hide is almost an exact square, ten feet by ten, one of the largest grizzly shot on coast recently. This monster was asleep behind a log when the engineer came upon him unexpectedly while out deer shooting. Only eight feet separated the man and beast. The bear rose instantly to its hind legs and came toward him towering and terrible, mouth open and paws swaying like a boxer ready to cuff. Fortunately the man's first shot was fatal, hitting in the neck and breaking the animal's back. Owing to the head being raised on a stool, the picture does not show to best advantage, but even at that the reader knows he is looking on a mighty big bear.

Even great experience in killing grizzly does not make a man's life immune. At Nelson, British Columbia, Thomas Powell, who had forty-four killed-bears to his credit, recently failed to kill a charging animal. Catching him by the left leg it shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. Fortunately he was not alone, his partner, Harry Jones, fired three more bullets into the beast at close range, and the veteran hunter's life was saved.

The tales I have heard of grizzly I could go on telling for a dozen pages more, but this is naturally but a limited survey, the stories selected and given here the best.

Around the big brown bear of Alaska a controversy rages much fiercer than centres around the grizzly. On the one hand, Dr. William T. Hornaday, of New York, in a recent publication asserts the harmlessness of (Cont'd on page 11)



Mountain side too steep for snowshoes to be used

time to reload, a slow job in those days. He ran down hill, hoping the bear would fall from exhaustion. But it quickly overtook him. As he ran he had drawn his long hunting knife, and just before the bear caught up to him he turned. The spot was a little table land often to be found on the lower mountain slopes. The bear's rush knocked him off his feet. One swipe of its claw tore away his nose, part of his scalp and the flesh from his face. Yet, with nimbleness unbelievable he sprang to his feet. Then the bear rose

Telling my Western Home Readers of the Many Odd Things We See and Hear While Hunting News and Stories for this Column Along the Canadian National Railway in Nova Scotia

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE

Photos by Courtesy of Halifax and S.W. R.R.

WE are again in the midst of packing up and flitting to new scenes where we may get some odd tales and new natural history work and hunting stories for my old-time readers in this good monthly. If you could see the labor with which these Acadians and French Canadians and English Scotch Nova Scotians have cleared these glacial stone burdened fields you would love your broad smooth acres with a deeper love yet. In all the provinces where we have sought work for The Western Home Monthly we have found conditions much harder than the good prairie dwellers have. Here this

Job was thar. Las' time I was outen with them he kept the whole crew roarin' all time we was on the banks. Fish was bitin' somethin' fierce, an' Job put cookee up to thar very ole nick. Thar was new hand thar, Cockney from Lunnon, never seen a cow in all his life. Saw him onct with my own eyes cleanin' out stable with his bare hands. Well! Job hires him for 'bait counter!' An' dash my beard if he didn't set him acountin' clams before he was a mile off on Winard Tack. When he told crew his job was countin' bait they like to roll overboard wi' merriment. I seen him catch his first big cod, an' the way the son of a land lubber clouted it

salt an' pokers they stood up as big an' straight as if 'Lunnon' was in 'em. All the poor Cockney did was grin. Now, remember, not a word did crew say agin him, all liked him after that pantermine work; an' soon when a nor-easter caught us an' we had to pick up an' drive off unner bare poles he worked like the Briton he was. We was a week off an' on before we got near 'The Banks' agin, and then we see a few sail an' all busy fishin' so we dropped in nice an' neighborly like an' took a few days' cod, too. It was bait an' lift all day and late day, too, an' we had most ten thousand kantles in (quintle is 112 lbs.), an' fish bitin' fierce, when up came a so'wester howlin' like ten ackers of bulls, an' it was pick up an' run agin. We ran clear in front of it for two days an' two nights, an' the very first thing I hears when the wind drops an' we get her duds on an' starts back before a growin' Easter was, 'Shipwreck! Shipwreck!' and the bally thing just live wi' men—must be a hundred on the bally thing. 'Oh, hurry and turn back an' save!' Job was half way up mast by this time wi' the glasses, an' he comes down wi' his big easy grin on an' he says to 'Lunnon,' 'Will you let one of the poor shipwrecked chaps sleep in your bunk with you?'

"Yes, sir! By George I will!" says 'Lunnon.'

"Then you'll sleep wi' a sile," said Job, 'for them's all siles on the ice.' (All the sailors call the seals "siles.")

"Poor 'Lunnon' he just grins an' gets to work peelin' taters for cookee an' cookee just astretchin' his wits for some other trouble. 'In this here latetude, he gravely informs 'Lunnon,' 'We always lites the riggin' lites by day as it comes dark so early!' 'Lunnon' just lites them an' sticks them on the boards as if he always did it every day at noon, an' I'm a land lubber if we didn't run into a pea souper an' just managed to miss an' ole coal

three to five cents but held my trap. So one day 'Lunnon' whispered to me that he guessed he'd make enuf to go back on the New York. She was the flier in them days. An' I guess a ticket or two was worth our whole load of cod. Then we struck a heart's breaker of a head wind an' beat back an' forth, into Fundy and out, right in the fog belt, an' they taught 'Lunnon' this was where they grew fogs, an' I guess they tole the truth, too. Still when we gets in to Yarmouth we got over fifty dollars a piece an' we tole 'Lunnon' he had better walk home, but he just grinned.

"We all had a few days rest an' slicked up, an' what did poor 'Lunnon' do but make what he calls "a bally wash." An' what was she but a runner in for a gang of spirits. No! Not the kind you drink, t'other kind what fools you bad, too. We all went up to the spirit works one night an' certainly they had some things a-floatin' all about that room, an' we found out after that 'Lunnon's' fifty dollars floated away wi' them.

"We made many trips to 'The Banks' with our fish. Trips when the tarnal ole Atlantic was on the rampage an' trips when it was calm as a pond. 'Lunnon' he sticks to ship an' Job he banks his armns. Then a wee bit girl with eyes black as sloes is run after by every manjack of crew, but may I never make 'nother cod's liver if that land lubber 'Lunnon' didn't just sail away from them all with everything drawin' an' bring home the prize, an' some prize Sally was, too. So we used to drap into 'Lunnon's' year after year an' dangle the babies as fast as they come, an' 'Lunnon' still grins easy an' comfortable like. Well I lets the younkens make ponds in my so'-wester and use my codlines for swing ropes, an' Nephew Job used to come an' do a bit of dangling. But it wasn't arter the babes. No, he was makin' love. Sally had a sister called Becky an' Job was playin' close to



A typical stream, Shelbourne River, N.S.

morning as I look out to the broad Atlantic I see my neighbors who have worked all January and Fenruary preparing the big costly lobster traps. Lath at tep dollars a thousand and twine at almost its highest—putting out to sea in their little motor boats laden down with the traps. They anchor these in five to thirty fathoms, and the next fine day go out and lift them and take the lobsters out. If a nor-easter has not swept the shore in the meantime and destroyed all the traps.

No! not in beautiful B.C. with all its temperate climate and fruit and roses, nor here in the colder but glorious Atlantic coast provinces nor yer in prolific Quebec nor old settled rich Ontario would the traveller arriving and emigrating stay. The prairie provinces would still attract. No wonder these maritime provinces object to the good world-wide advertising of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. It takes the thousands of incoming settlers right past their very doors to the bountiful West.

I do wish some of my Western readers were here to enjoy the odd characters we meet along these rude coasts. See Job Cockedge coming, with his sly leer and his eternal quid in, making his little tail of a beard wag like all concerned. I know he wants to tell me of his "nephe" and namesake, Job.

"Sit down, sir, in the corner, away from the draughts. Will you wet your whistle with a drop of blueberry juice. Not even one-half of one per cent. in it."

"I sit before this here fireplace," he begins, "when I was but two year old, an' now I am close to ninety. Don't know but maybe ninety-five. Ole bible burnt in the wrack of the first 'I McCorker' and guess maybe I lost track. Yes, may I never split another cod if I didn't see the whole of the wrack go up that chimney, bit by bit. Yes, we had lots 'tother wood, but that wrack wood gives sea flames with picters in them, yes it do!"

"We lunched the new 'I McCorker' just ten year agoe to-day. An' my nephe

over the head wi' a pin most killed me laffin'. I says 'Easy on the fish!' It was most jelly then. He says, 'Capt'n told me to be sure they waz dead all over. The bally things might creep overboard!'

"Job came up an' said he was not a first class fish killer, an' to go on an' get another an' just cut its throat to bleed it. Well, he did, an' that deck was fish an' scale right up to the bit. Just then a mite of wind hit our ridin' sail an' we keels over a bit. 'All hands to the pumps,' sings out Job, an' that cockney most stove hisself in to be thar first. Say, I was so sore laffin them days that I couldn't eat my sinkers 'tout chokin'.

"We was on George's Bank an' ridin' heavy with fish when a snow squall struck us thick as mud, couldn't see nor speak for drift. First top sails passed us either side, close 'nough to speak to them, an' 'Lunnon' he gasp out 'Look at the bloomin' shore.' 'Twas just snow he seen. Job he saw we was thar all right, or tharabouts, for a big black passenger was hootin' and blowin' her insides out to get clar way across the banks. Job was in the bow wi' a horn. Cookee had a conch blowin' fit to bust, an' danged if that cockney didn't jump into galley and crab hot poker and fire the wee deck cannon! Bang! You bet the danged black hulk heard that an' sheered off an' shaved us a crash nigh the port, an' made us dance like a pea in a griddle! 'Good Ole Lunnon!' sang the crew. An' he said, 'I was the gunner at the pantomime.' What ever that was, anyhow an' because, he saved the ship.

"It warnt long before we was ateazing him worse nor ever. Cookee sold him a set of ole yellow oils, an' he wore them that day proud as punch, as his blacks was in ribbons. Cookee tole him to cut some thin sticks and prop the suit up an' lay it flat an' open propped on deck that night to dry it. Thar was an old sea running with a bit of win-chop on it and 'Lunnon' staked his oils just forward of the bit whar the brakin' chop caught them fine. It was freezin' hard, an' next mornin' after the boys got them oils loose with



Fishing schooners, N.S. These are "bankers," fishing on the banks in the sea.

hulker slouchin' along. So 'Lunnon' got back to the Banks some hero.

"Cookee says it'll be a big job countin' them cod livers.' He says, 'You see them so valerable for cod liver ile,' an' if I hadn't yelled out our new hero wouda counted every liver in them fish crates.

"All hands was joyed aboard the 'I McCorker' as we were near fifteen thousand kantles, an' all hands was on shares, half to the boat an' half to the crew with owner counted in. An' at night when it was mild we would all gather in cookee's glare and count our comin' dollars, all for 'Lunnon's' benefit. Some said cod in Yarmouth was seven cents a pound. Others said ten in Gloster and Cookee stuck out for twenty in Boston. I knew our ole stuff was about

'Lunnon' to get in fair water with sister-in-law. He was—he was—an' 'Lunnon' he was awinkin' at me like a beech leaf flappin' every night.

"But winter storms was over an' they got the 'I McCorker' all fit once agin, an' up anker an' off to 'The Banks.' It was one of them rare days in January when the white sails went slapping across the bar in the tumble, an' me ashore too ole to be doing of my share. A week went by an' the 'Mary Ellen' came in with half a load an' reported all well. Then comes the big blow, 'twas a nor-easter an' everything that didn't make harbor ran clear afore it. All our neighbors came thrashin' in day an' night with gear gone an' sails tore clean out, doreys missin', but every man aboard. (Cont'd on page 48)



The Golden Bar for Snow-white Clothes

In the safest, quickest, easiest way known Fels-Naptha washes clothes snow-white!

Fels-Naptha is a perfect combination of good soap and *real* naptha. It is unlike any other soap. It has *never* been duplicated or successfully imitated.

The exclusive Fels-Naptha process makes the naptha *stay in* till the golden bar is all used up. Smell it! The clean naptha odor proves the naptha is always there.

The naptha, even when cool or lukewarm water is used, works its way through every fibre of the clothes and *makes the dirt let go*. Only an occasional light rub is necessary.

Boil clothes or use hot water if you wish, but you don't need to go to that trouble or discomfort. The foamy Fels-Naptha suds flush away *all* dirt; and clothes are left sweet, wholesome, spotless.

It is so easy! Try the simple Fels-Naptha way shown on the wrapper, for daintiest finery and everything washable.

Get Fels-Naptha—the *real* naptha soap—of your grocer today!

Fels & Co., Philadelphia



*Smell the real naptha
in Fels-Naptha*

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

St. Bernard on the Prairies

A Story of the Canadian Northwest

BY MRS. HUGO HARPER (Irene Keane)

SUNSET now, and twilight, and the wilderness holds sway, Where its ruins lie forgotten down the Trail o' Yesterday; And the winds of many seasons have blown the Sands of Time, Where the stage wheels scored the prairie when the Trail was in its prime;

Just a few old crumbled cabins, huddling closer in the snow, As if they dreamed together there the dreams of long ago. But now the highway's far away—its ringing rails of steel, Replace the ruts and washouts where the old stage used to reel; And yet around those cabins amid the twilight gray Still cling the Mists o' Memory of the Trail o' Yesterday.

—Low Wallace.

The Trail o' Yesterday

Many are still living who came to the Golden West of Canada from Great Britain in those perilous times of trail blazing, who fought the winning battle, and built the Future's Foundation on Character cornerstones that will never crumble. Some found the path too steep and fell behind. Those who won through proved once more what Courage and Pluck and Intelligent striving can accomplish.

The world's greatest army consists not in the uniformed men of the nation, but in the Mobilization of Pioneers. It stands and fights, not against men, but against the hunger of a world; against idleness, against uselessness.

Pioneering is not a matter of mere travel. It is a state of mind. It braves danger. It protects its own. It is alert to new things. It is mightiest because it holds fast to its first ideal—the ideal of Home—with its picture of mother, of children, of a pleasant haven against the storm of life.

The magic and fascination of the Great North West had called the Alexanders. No matter that they were wholly accustomed to pioneer life, they dreamed of a happy fireside, their very own, not a "rented, furnished" one, of happiness and content in the Land of Opportunity.

Delicately nurtured themselves, the Alexanders did not dread becoming savage in nature or habits, because some years, at least (even though the Transcontinental railways were daily increasing their mileage, and a "town sprang up and flourished exceedingly within ninety days of the first house being built") must pass for them in comparative isolation. English folk do not deteriorate when they go to new lands; if rotters, they remain rotters wherever they go; but, on the whole, their home training, respect for more than convention and the outward forms of religion, their home attachment and earnest desire for a permanent patch of land of their own! all have their effect in preventing moral decay. It is usually mere physical inability to cope with new climates, new demands on body or mind, or to withstand new forms of physical hardship, that defeats the Anglo-Saxon pioneer when he does fail.

Neither Mr. or Mrs. Alexander were physically very fit when they so gaily left England on their Great Adventure, and though so capable, strong and successful now, they look back with tears in their eyes on that first year, and think how near they were to complete failure—even unto death. They came prepared to labor hard, full of that same untiring spirit of enthusiasm that sent out the first ox-cart on its long journey across the unmapped plains. That a winter, the unparalleled severity of which tried to the uttermost the very hardiest and best equipped old-timers, faced them they could not know. Their experience was trying in the extreme, yet now that their early dreams have been more than realized they are thankful that the

"worst came first," as Mrs. Alexander put it. Here at home, where men oft grow weary with the struggle for existence; where souls show sometimes smears of soot, courage may be taken from the pioneer's victories—the heroism of peace.

The latest booklets on travelling to Canada tell us that the best time of the year for entering upon the new conditions of homesteading is in the spring. The Alexanders did not know this. They had come in the late autumn, which meant an extra strain. Their homestead was not bare when they came to it, however. Its "corner" was marked by the deserted cabins of an old stage station—rich in inspiration and associations with those who had traversed the trail before them. These old cabins were patched up for sheds, and a new one built from unknown logs, fetched with slow oxen journeys from the "bush" belt ten miles away. When the "shack" was built the men who helped in its erection had helped also to "mud-plaster" it. A hole was dug near a water spring, and the mud was taken in the hands and thrown into the interstices, levelled off with the palm of the hand, then the whole was whitewashed. The digging of the well, 40 feet down, the "banking" it up with lumber to prevent it caving in, the erection of a rough fence (small upright logs at intervals with two strands of "barbed" wire nailed between) had also to be finished before the winter set in.

The Alexanders had never worked so hard. No sooner was one difficult pioneer task performed than a new one presented itself, but what would you?—they were becoming freeholders! Most unfortunately they were hampered by their characteristic Old Country reserve; this trait nearly cost them all they had gained and hoped for when they turned down the overtures of friendliness made by the people in the nearest railway town, little dreaming that a definite knowledge of where they were "located," and their plans might mean the difference between life and death in the winter. Indeed had it not been for the ever-watchful vigilance of that famous regiment, the Royal North West Mounted Police (or, as the Indians aptly named them, "The people who take care of us") the Alexanders, and many more with them, must have perished in that fatal winter (1907), when there was a shortage of fuel all over the Canadian North West, when the country lay deep under the snow, and railway and almost all other travelling or freighting was practically at a standstill, the Scarlet Mounted gave of their own all too meagre food and fuel supply freely to all who came. They rode hundreds of miles through bitter weather, patrolling across the trackless wastes of snow, that every settler might be hunted up and his necessities known and attended to. The work of the force is undying—their unshaken faith and dauntless courage, patience long drawn out in the carving, making and consolidating a new empire—Greater Britain—their eternal vigilance and austere code of honor fitly symbolized in their crest, "Maintain the Right!"

As the season of gladness and good cheer approached the unusual severity increased in weather and conditions. The magnificent blues of the distances and the tops of the hills, the liquid golden tints of the nearer horizons, had given place to the cold greys and steel blues of the north. The old log cabins looked ghostly in the early twilights; the coyotes crept nightly nearer across the frozen hummocks, and howled their weird cry, so like a child in mortal agony.

One never forgets the sensation of vastness given by the first visit to Western Canada. The vastness had now become almost unbearable in its immensity; nightly in the ever-increasing cold the Aurora ("Northern Lights") became more weirdly beautiful. Its activity

was inconceivable, rays flashed in brilliant pencillings of light like sparks of electric fluid, then shut like a closed fan, opening to flit across the sky like flashes of lightning, all colors at once or in quick succession.

Through rainbow tints rose color predominated; its flashing and palpitating rays crossed often by luminous bands of white in fantastic shapes, were wonderful and awe-inspiring. Words are indeed vain to convey an idea of the beautiful luminous arch broken by showers of fallen stars (such as a rocket emits), which came trickling down the sky. Violent agitations, rays and streamers gave a magic air to the whole. Seeing them, one easily believed the Indian legend that the spirits of the wicked are thus condemned to ride restlessly through space. Near morning the arch of many colors glared like a vast conflagration. A strange shade of emerald often flashed over the landscape. Again this green subdued and overcame the red; then azure and orange blended in rapid flight; subtle rays of violet pierced through a broad flush of yellow and the streamers combined in an issue of innumerable tongues of white flame dying away in the zenith.

In the dead of night the mighty hush of the wilderness could be felt except when the icy bands seemed to clutch the "shack" more tightly still. Wherever a nail or any iron or steel had been used, sharp, frightening cracks and dull snapping reports told of the onslaught of the Icy King. By day the ice on the "sloughs" grew finer, and soon the last echelon of wild fowl had passed across the sky, their "clonk-clonk" the herald of winter.

For several weeks snow fell every day, but soon melted. Then its texture changed and the earth lay under a cold white mantle, fastened by the ever-lowering frost. Far as the eye could reach, it rested on one unvaried surface of snow.

The Alexanders, despite their limited acquaintance with real winter conditions, had accomplished in the same space of time, quite double the amount of any previous labor at home, with less sense of fatigue. The superior climate, the healthfulness and purity of the dry, cold air buoyed them up. Mrs. Alexander, writing of the powdery, dry snow, almost unknown in their corner of England, said "It's so fine to see the bairns playing in the snow without getting their feet wet!"

A true pioneer expects hardship at first, but he dreads the difficulty, and sometimes the impossibility, of obtaining skilled medical or nursing help in new settlements. Mr. Alexander had taken risks that had been more accustomed to the country he would have avoided. A simple cold had been neglected, and as the weeks went on without proper attention, pleurisy developed. The weather and the unusual depth of snow not only prevented visits from passersby, who might have given or summoned aid, but also made a "trip to town" over forty miles of uncharted trail impossible.

As the isolation of this unparalleled winter closed in, the hitherto dauntless mother, five thousand or more miles from her nearest relatives, could not always rouse her drooping spirits, nor repress the yearning for just a glimpse of old scenes and old faces, nor overcome her wearied struggles with hundreds of new tasks (it was an adventure requiring strength and daring to thaw out a little wood or draw a little water from the ice-encrusted well, whose surfaces had to be daily broken).

At every turn they were handicapped by the lack of proper tools and implements; buying the oxen, cart and plough had exhausted most of the remaining capital. Neighbors were not near enough at that time for the customary exchange of all needful tools for one-third of the first crop, and there had not been time, nor funds enough, for

them to lay in a sufficient provision of food for a long interval.

In every task which had to be done the Alexanders were unpractised, and had the awkwardness of novices. The shack was not sufficiently banked or "chinked" to withstand such a rigorous season. The practical difficulties were sufficient to discourage the most willing hearts, and the deplorable situation of the Alexanders as the contrasting Festival of Peace drew near can be imagined. Three years later, even, the situation would not have been quite so desperate—even in such an unique winter—for the North-West of Canada is no longer a Great Lone Land—the giant plains which have been slumbering through the ages are being everywhere roused to feed mankind—and locations where the frost of winter nipped at forty below zero now rarely register even twenty below zero in the worst weather on "broken homesteads."

Christmas—a lonely Christmas, in the heart of a solitary and dreary wilderness of snow and ice, came upon them with incredible swiftness. On Christmas Eve the snow had wrapped its winding sheet closer still about the homestead, and the house was nearly lost to sight in one great drift.

They had but little fuel, and it was "green" wood, the cupboard was almost bare; Mr. Alexander was slowly dying for want of food and medicine, and the two youngest children were prostrate with the nausea of semi-starvation. There was something terrible and very far removed from abundant fare and joyous celebration in their desolation.

At midnight the snow which had been falling thickly and unceasingly for days cleared off as the wind suddenly shifted westward, while the grief-stricken mother prayed aloud: "In our deep distress we called upon the Lord, and He heard our voice out of His temple, and our cry came before Him!"

The fire had almost expired. Mrs. Alexander's eyes had not closed during the weary night. Peering through a little hole which she had scraped free from thick frost on the window, she watched drifting white sheets across the hillocks, moving like phantom squadrons where the gale still raged in the distance. Suddenly she saw breasting the almost impassable drifts a real rider, whose mount plunged deeply at every pace, but still struggled on.

Mrs. Alexander watched his progress with swift-beating heart; only at intervals in the frost-fog could she see him. Nothing else in all that expanse moved, but a distant hawk circling aimlessly about. The horseman slowly gained ground. The characteristics of strength, courage, unflinching endurance of cold, high intelligence, special aptitude for tracing snow-buried trails and rescuing lost people, he shared with the celebrated Bernard de Menton; and his mount (like the life-saving animals first trained by this noble-hearted saint, whose deeds of heroism constitute a worthy monument to his large-heartedness) aided him loyally.

Like St. Bernard, Trooper Martin took his own life in his hands many times during that winter whilst carrying life and hope to those in the vast district he patrolled, like the Alexanders, who otherwise would have perished. The daily service of the sagacious dogs kept by the Monks of the Hospice of Great St. Bernard consists in searching the passes for those travellers who may be overwhelmed and buried in the drifting snow. This heroic service came also to the R.N.W.M.P. horses, for the Saskatchewan government had listed the settlers with instructions for patrols even in the remotest districts.

Trooper Martin had made enquiries at the little town forty miles away, which was their nearest post-office, but could obtain no definite word of the Alexanders, as no one seemed to know whether they had (Cont'd on page 48)



Millions now know its benefits

Millions now use Pepsodent, largely through dental advice. The glistening teeth seen everywhere now show one thing that it means.

But it also means cleaner, safer teeth. It means that film, the teeth's great enemy, is effectively combated.

The teeth you see after this ten-day test will be teeth you wish to keep.

You are invited to test this new way to white teeth

This offers you without cost a pleasant ten-day test. It will show you a new method of teeth cleaning which millions now employ.

It will reveal to you some facts of vast importance. They may prove life-long in effect. And they may bring to all around you a new era in teeth beauty and protection.

We now combat film

Modern dental science finds that film-coats dim the teeth. And most tooth troubles are now traced to them.

Film is that viscous coat you feel, ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is that film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So the chief object in teeth cleaning now is to keep that film removed.

Old ways did not do it

The tooth brush used in old ways has proved inadequate. Despite its wide use, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. Some of them have grown alarming in extent.

Periodic dental cleanings remove the film and tartar. But there are months between when, night and day, the film may do ceaseless damage. Thus millions have found that well-brushed teeth still discolor and decay.

Scientists in late years have devoted much attention to that film. All your care cannot protect teeth if that film is left. So nothing has seemed more important than to find a film combatant.

Now several ways

Now several methods have been found and proved efficient. They must act together to accomplish all desired results. High authorities have proved these methods by clinical and laboratory tests. The best dental opinion has come to accept them. It is firmly believed that they will bring a new era in tooth protection.

These methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste conforming to all modern requirements. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption. Millions already employ it. And a 10-Day Tube is offered free, so that every home may know its good effects.

What Pepsodent does

One ingredient of Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest the starch deposits that cling and form acid. It also multiplies the

alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Pepsodent combats the great tooth destroyers in new, efficient ways. The results are quick and apparent. And they are results which old methods never could accomplish.

Facts you should know

These facts are important. Few people escape these troubles caused by film. Few teeth glisten as they should.

This ten-day test will be a revelation. The book we send will tell the reason for every new effect. Then you will know what method your home should employ.



Saves children's teeth

Few children reach the age of 15 without some film-caused troubles. Young teeth are most subject to attack. Dentists advise that Pepsodent be applied twice daily from the time the first tooth appears. Men who smoke find these stained films particularly apparent. But the greatest object with adults is to ward off pyorrhea.

Pepsodent CANADA
REG. IN.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, acting in new and efficient ways. Approved by the highest authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

This test will tell

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. This is too important to forget. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free 479

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 678, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

THE DOLLAR SEAT

By JANE BELFIELD



ANNE had wanted to see the whole of this particular play, ever since there had been an actor's benefit matinee in her town many years ago, and each theatre had contributed one act from its current performance. She recalled how this theatre had sent the snow scene from this very play, and how she, a girl then, had fervently longed and wondered as to the remainder. Now that the story had been put into moving pictures, and its popularity still undimmed required its retention for another week, this was her chance to know. So the girl had taken her last dollar to see this bargain matinee Wednesday afternoon.

Anne glanced at the long line, waiting to purchase tickets. To facilitate matters, a colored attendant outside the box window kept shouting, "War tax! Have your tax ready!"

The girl had not thought of any war tax. She touched the woman nervously who waited in front of her, "How much is the war tax, please?"

"Five cents upstairs and ten down."

"Thank you." She glanced in her purse, although she knew she would not have carfare left to ride home after she bought her ticket if she had to pay a war tax. Well she would walk thirty-six squares, and Anne was tired! As she moved a step forward, glancing again round the crowded entrance, her eye fell on a timid-looking little old lady, dressed in neat but shabby black. The little old lady wore a much mended black veil and carefully carried a black, silk bag, which had seen better days. But there was something appealing about the droop of the slight figure—a trusting helplessness in the old blue eyes, that the girl involuntarily smiled as their glances met; and at Anne's smile the little old lady made her nervous way hurriedly to Anne's side.

"Excuse me," she asked gently, "but are you going inside?"

"Yes, I am," the other rejoined politely. "And I have wanted for years to see the whole of this particular play. Are you?"

"No," the little old lady hesitated, "but I saw it long ago as a play you see. I am a widow now; and I have only one little boy—and—" she stopped suddenly.

"Oh, tell me the rest—please do—you have a little boy—and—go on. What is there I can do?"

"And we haven't had dinner yet—I must go back—and—"

"And you could put this dollar to a much better use than I could. It could do more than for me to see this show to-day." She bent to smile into the dim blue eyes, which were watering now, as she pressed a dollar bill into the thin hand. "And take this old purse. There isn't anything in it but the war tax and a nickel. I'm sorry it's all I have just now, but perhaps it will help with a dinner for your little boy and you—and pretend I'm there and have invited you. No—you must take it. I don't often have the pleasure any more of being a hostess. Now, the pleasure's even. Yes, I do understand. I've got it hard myself just now, but don't bother about me. I shall be all right later on, and I can do without this show a while longer. I am sure you have entertained lots and lots of people yourself. I'm sure you have"—and with another smile and hand clasp Anne moved briskly away.

Only a few steps, however, till at an insistent touch on her arm she looked around.

"I beg your pardon, but I couldn't help overhearing as I was next in line." A young man about her own age stood waiting, hat in hand. "Surely you would not monopolize the pleasure of giving. I have two seats," he held out a long green ticket. "Would you oblige me by using one of them?"

"I have no—no money," Anne stammered, taken by surprise.

"You don't need any for this time."

"And you?"

"I can change my seat if you don't care for me to use the companion ticket."

clean cut, with honest, curious, incisive eyes. "Why should you change your seat on my account. I am not conventional. I will go in with you."

So Anne and the stranger went in together to see the play.

"What is your name?" she ventured. "John Lansing. And yours? Or what shall I call you?"

"Anne Deane," she replied brightly.

The lights went out. The play was an exponent of the one man for the one woman—the constancy of man to his mate.

"Tell me if you care to," he began lightly. "Why were you so anxious to see this particular play? How were things with you then?"

And Anne told him—told him more than she knew, because the man had a way with him—told him of her early orphaned years—of her faith in men and things—her present poverty and loneliness. "And I think I have had it worse than the woman in the play," she concluded. "For I have pitched my tent in The Valley of Humiliation, known disillusion and betrayal by what seemed as sure as the sky and the trees—for it simply was—and yet I can still take people on trust, as you may have noticed"—she smiled, thinking of the little old lady, and her companion returned the smile—"and I am and always shall be, in love with life. I have retained all my original capacity for enjoyment—and"—she stopped abruptly, suddenly conscious that she was saying too much to this stranger.

"But it's great," he protested, "it's great to keep one's illusions when they have been shot at and torn."

"The play is drawing to a close," she said. "So many tears and few smiles in the play—but it comes out all right in the end."

"After so much suffering! Shall we go out? I have you to thank for a most enjoyable afternoon, Miss Deane—and yet I am going to ask a further favor of you—to meet my mother. You see we live alone, and are always together, and she was to stop for me after the play." He guided Anne to the curb, where an elegant limousine, up holstered in gray with silver trimmings and the initials "J. L." waited, with opened door.

"My mother," the young man looked in the door. "Dearest, this is Miss Deane."

"Don't you know me, my dear?" the elderly woman held out one very small gray gloved hand.

"I have certainly seen you before," the girl answered, dazed and uncomprehending, "but I really don't know when nor where."

"It was about two hours ago," the lady smiled gravely, but with a glint of humor in her blue eyes, "and it happened right here."

Then Anne knew. "The little old lady of the lobby!" she said, and emotion choked the rest.

"You needn't say anything, my dear," the elder woman stroked Anne's gloved hand, "because I understand, and my boy understands. I am so glad you saw the play after all. My boy was watching; and he had his role to play too. He looks as though he had enjoyed the part. Yes. This is my little boy, Miss Deane. He is always ready to help me carry out my plans. "Get in, my dear"—she moved as Anne sank beside her, suddenly realizing how tired she was—"and war tax or no war tax, you are not going home. Sonny boy, give Miss Deane's address to the chauffeur—that's right—and if you will wait at home for us maybe we will both see you at dinner. And now, my dear"—she turned to Anne as the car started off. "They say, rightly, that I am eccentric. You were glad to help me a moment since, when you thought I was desolate. I am indeed desolate, dear child, but not in the way you thought when you showed your sweet heart to me and went away alone to walk back. Do you remember what you said to me two hours ago when I took your last dollar? See, here it is." She opened her gold mesh bag and spread Anne's dollar on her knee. "Now, my dear, what is there I can do?"

Drink
Coca-Cola
DELICIOUS and REFRESHING

Every little movement means more thirst.

Made in Canada by
THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Winnipeg Montreal Toronto

**CLARK'S
PORK & BEANS**

Will Save the Meats
And Give Just as Much Satisfaction
and Nourishment

W. CLARK, Limited : Montreal

CANADA FOOD BOARD—License Number 14-216

Safe Milk for INFANTS and INVALIDS

Nourishing,
Digestible,
No Cooking.



For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder.

When writing advertisers, please mention
The Western Home Monthly

Some Bare Bear Facts

By Francis Dickie

Cont'd from page 5

of the big brown bear and the necessity of its continued protection which he and some other naturalists have succeeded in maintaining in Alaska. On the other hand are a good many of the residents of Alaska who for years have been protesting that the law protecting the brown bear be repealed by Congress. Several of the governors of the territory have supplemented this petition in their annual report. When I was in Alaska last year the people around Seward seldom ventured far out of the town, and this, I believe, was true of all Alaska settlements, without carrying a rifle. And all because the brown bear was not harmless; would attack without reason. During that summer several men were injured and one killed by brown bears while I was there. A man named Clarence Thompson, coming upon a brown bear suddenly at a bend in the trail while the beast was feeding on the body of a just killed deer, was charged. Now this man was not only an experienced frontiersman, but a returned soldier, so doubly efficient with a rifle. He carried a 30-40 rifle, a calibre used by the late Theodore Roosevelt in shooting elephants. Thompson hit the bear twice, yet so great is this beast's vitality, it closed with him. It cuffed and mutilated him terribly, tearing almost every shred of clothes from his body, tore the scalp completely from his head and fractured his skull. Then went off leaving him lying there. His friends found him the next day and rushed him to hospital,



A 10-ft. by 10-ft. grizzly.

but he died shortly after. A strange thing about this case was the man was conscious when found and until he died for all the terribleness of his wounds. So much for the harmlessness of the brown bears who have killed many men in recent years, besides doing havoc to stock where such are kept. As one Alaskan has satirically put it: "We have no proof of their ferocity but the graves of our friends."

We now come to bare bear facts that will not bear too close examination; bearing this in mind the reader may be barred from further reading of what some will claim as bare-faced productions of the imagination—reading this sentence over, I do not wonder that the poor foreigner is appalled when trying to master the English language.

The first story was published as truth in Western Canadian papers last summer. Kobloff, cook at Granby Smelter Camp, at Anyox, British Columbia, and a Chinaman, while skirting the bay in search of lost rowboat came suddenly on a black bear in a narrow path. The bear rose on his hindlegs to attack. Now, Kobloff was an ex-cowboy. At the minute he had a long rope in his hand with which to moor the row boat if found. Quickly making a noose, he threw it over the bear's head. The bear dropped to charge, when the cowboy threw half hitches round its forefeet and tripped it up. The Chinaman then ran in and hit it on the head with a hatchet he carried. They left the bear lying and went on in search of the boat. Finding this nearby they rowed back, pulled the bear into the water and started to tow it to camp. But the

bear was only stunned. It now revived and made a desperate attempt to climb into the boat. The Chinaman fended it off with an oar, the cook rowed faster till the beast was drowned. Though this story was in the papers you do not have to believe it unless you like.

Nor this one: Two Indians in the Rocky Mountains while rowing along the shores of one of the innumerable lakes spotted a big grizzly near the shore. They fired ten shots quickly, the monster falling at last. They came ashore, skinned it, put the skin in the boat and started to row away. When the boat was but a few yards from shore a tremendous roar made them turn to look, and they saw the huge beast they had just skinned on its feet coming after them. The ten shots had only stunned it. It took to the water and began swimming after them. But these lakes are glacier fed. The water was too cold, so after a few yards it turned back to shore. The last the Indians saw of it it was going over a distant divide growing horribly.

I could tell many more like this last one, but fear the patience of the reader might become exhausted. Some things from all that have here been written we may conclude: That the grizzly is generally harmless; that the brown bear is not; and, last but not least, that when men get to telling bear stories, the listener is likely to get a lot of amusement, but need not look for truth. One thing about hunting bears is, one sees a wonderful lot of scenery as witness the cloud effect and the general beauty of the photo where the man is snowshoeing out with his kill, which incidentally is the writer of this article. That this kind of hunting is hard work may be glimpsed from the photo showing the writer climbing along a snowy mountain side, too steep for snowshoes to be used, but where the traveller sinks to the hips at every stride.

If the reader has not found this story interesting it is hoped that, at least, the pictures will make up for this.

LAD O'MINE

By Eleanor Duncan Wood

I watched you down the winding lane as far as I could see you.

I saw you turn, and wave your cap, and trudge away alone.

The friendly grasses caught your feet, so loath they were to free you,

The trees bent low and lovingly o'er your bright head, my own.

How dead still the house has grown! Your room, how can I face it?

Your ragged cap, and muddy shoes, the ball you'll throw no more?

And your best-beloved "fishin' pole," O lad, where can I place it

That I shall not hear your whistle, and your step outside the door?

Afar, the rabbits venture out, the fox roams unmolested.

The rocky pool awaits in vain your splashing, wild and free,

Your pony nickers at the bars, his vaunted speed untested,

And questions me with wondering eyes, "My master, where is he?"

Your old dog whimpers at my feet, he knows he must not follow.

From barn and shed your pigeons swoop, small circling clouds of gray.

And from the lightning-blasted elm, far down the tangled hollow,

A lonesome dove mourns ceaselessly, "Our boy has gone away!"

When, years ago, your baby feet on their first journey started,

Your father's strong hands sent you forth, my arms the goal before.

And we held our breath to watch you, dimpling and valiant-hearted,

Make your slow, uncertain pilgrimage across the chamber floor.

And now 'tis I you leave alone, helpless to aid your proving

Who can but plead that stronger hands of Tenderness Divine

The Father of the Fatherless, all-powerful as loving,

May guide and guard and lead you home, O little lad of mine.



Supreme Food

Whole wheat with every cell blasted

Whole wheat is a master food. The 16 elements the body needs are in it. No food in all creation is more ideal or more complete than whole wheat served in milk.

But part-wheat is not so complete. Nor is whole wheat when only a part digests.

That's why Prof. Anderson evolved Puffed Wheat. Every food cell is blasted and thus fitted to digest. Over 100 million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Every granule feeds.

Not just to tickle taste

Puffed Wheat is flimsy toasted bubbles—grains puffed to eight times normal size. The flavor is nut-like—the texture is enticing.

But Prof. Anderson did not aim at tidbits. His object was complete digestion. He wanted every element to feed.

Give your children whole wheat, at least once daily, in this perfect form. They will revel in these flimsy, savory morsels. And they will get whole wheat.

Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed.

There is no other way to serve wheat or rice so delightful or so hygienic. Millions of mothers now serve grain foods in this steam-exploded form—cooked as grains never were before.



Puffed
Wheat
—
Puffed
Rice

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada

That Corn ends tonight

Make that resolve and watch what Blue-jay does.

Apply it with a touch—the liquid or the plaster. The corn pain will cease at once. In a little while the whole corn will loosen and come out.

This is the scientific method and is right. A famous chemist perfected it. This world-famed laboratory stakes its reputation on it.

It is gentle, yet sure. The old harsh methods are not in favor now.

Over 100 million corns

Blue-jay has ended at least a hundred million corns. Now it is ending, probably, 20 million corns a year.

It has brought to multitudes freedom from corn aches.

Such a relief—easy, quick and simple—deserves your test. Try it on one corn tonight.



© B & B 1921

Stops pain instantly

Ends corns completely

Plaster or Liquid Blue-jay The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Limited

TORONTO CANADA

Makers of B & B Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Wild Rush, Equalling Klondyke Days, into Arctic Region of Canada, With News of Tremendous Oil Strike

Edmonton, Alberta, is scene of oil seekers outfitting to rush to Fort Norman, near the Arctic Circle, where Imperial Oil have struck one gusher, yielding 5,000 barrels a day of high grade oil.

BY FRANCIS DICKIE

SINCE the leaking out within the last few days of the Imperial oil company's tremendous oil strike at Fort Norman, on the Mackenzie River, on the Arctic Circle, where a gusher yielding 5,000 barrels a day was struck on October 19th, men from every part of the world have been trekking to Edmonton, Alberta, the outfitting point to the northland. Already hundreds are at Edmonton, and despite the warning of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police that no one should attempt the northward journey before spring, many men are now preparing to dog train the long fourteen hundred miles of wilderness trail to get in and stake alongside the Imperial oil and in the near vicinity. Not since the famous rush to the Klondyke, when Edmonton was one starting point, has excitement run so high. In addition all the berths on all the steamers are already booked for the opening of navigation in the spring. From Mexico to Texas, from Winnipeg to New York, the news of the strike of "black gold" is the one subject of conversation in oil circles.

The first definite word was brought to the outside world a few days ago by A. L. Shaw, a former employee of the Imperial Oil company. While the report from the company was at first minimized, because the officials were not in possession of full details, it has now been announced from the head office that a flow of from one to five thousand barrels daily was proceeding from the Fort Norman well.

Fort Norman, near where the strike was made, lies about fourteen hundred miles from the nearest centre of civilization, Edmonton, Alberta. Fort Norman is about latitude 5, longitude 127. It is about 190 miles from the Arctic Circle, a land of fearfully low temperatures in winter, ranging from 40 to 65 below zero. In summer almost continual daylight reigns. The transportation in winter over most of the route is confined to dog teams. In summer from Edmonton about 240 miles may be now travelled by rail over the Alberta and Great Waterway Railway, to the end of steel, some 20 miles from Fort McMurray on the Athabasca River. From Fort McMurray stern wheel light draught steamboats ply as far as Fitzgerald (formerly Smith's landing). Here a sixteen mile land portage has to be made around rapids. On the other side at Fort Smith are other river steamers which ply clear to the Arctic Circle, going from Fort Smith down the Great Slave River, across Great Slave Lake and into the mighty Mackenzie, the third largest river upon the continent. Navigation is possible only about four months in the year. Yet tremendous as the difficulties, the Imperial oil has taken in heavy machinery to Fort Norman.

The Imperial oil company has staked almost nine miles of river bank, on the discovery side of the Mackenzie at Fort Norman, and a further equal amount on the opposite side, and the islands in between. Ivan H. Crookes, representing a Calgary and Banff syndicate, has staked nineteen hundred acres in the vicinity. Arthur Hop Lee, a noted northern oil operator, has staked some two thousand acres. "Peace River Jim," the most famous northern figure in recent times, in ordinary life Colonel James J. Cornwall, who commanded the Canadian railway troops in France, came out from the northland on the last boat before freeze-up last week, having also staked a large slice of territory. But immense territories of this region, claimed by experts to be rich oil bearing ground, remain yet to be staked, from the Slave Lake southward to Fort McKay, on the Athabasca river, where oil has been struck for some time now.

Known for Many Years
Despite the enormous difficulties of

transportation the discovery in the northland is of vast importance, particularly as it come at a time when the world faces an oil shortage. Yet the fact that the region of the Athabasca and Mackenzie river basins was a rich oil bearing one has been known for 200 years, and in the Athabasca basin much drilling has been done in the last 11 years. The writer of this article spent some time in the region in 1912, and gave the oil situation careful study at the time. One of the most remarkable examples of oil and gas existing is the great gusher at Pelican portage, discovered 20 years ago by W. A. Fraser. This gas gusher, burned for 18 years without any diminishing of the flow, the flame at night shooting to a height of 85 feet. From here onward on the Athabasca the oil sands are constantly apparent along the river. And it is probably a continuation of this strata that has been pierced so satisfactorily by the Imperial oil at Norman, nearly 1,000 miles still farther northward.

Famous Authorities Report

Sir Boverton Redwood, the world famous world authority on oil in volume one of his exhaustive work regarding the oil supply of the world, writes of this northern Canadian region as follows: "The largest petroleum area lies in the region of the Mackenzie and Athabasca rivers. Off the valley of the Athabasca, then known as the Elk or Elbe, Captain Sir James Back wrote in 1883, on the authority of Sir John Richardson, under Sir John Franklin (second expedition, 1828): 'In this country the crevice of the land formation is filled with petroleum, a mineral existing in great abundance in this district. We never noticed it flowing from the limestone, but always above it, and generally agglutinating the beds of sands.' Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in his voyage 1789-93, also noted the oil of the Athabasca region."

From later exploration in the district evidence submitted to your committee led the Select Committee of the Senate of Canada to report as follows: "The evidence submitted to your committee points to the existence in the Athabasca and Mackenzie river valleys of the most extensive petroleum fields in America, if not in the world. The use of petroleum, and the consequent demand of all nations is increasing at such a rate that this great petroleum field will assume an enormous value in the near future, and will rank among the chief assets comprised in the Dominion of Canada."

For Boverton Redwood's further remarks on this region see his works, also particularly his oil map of the world.

According to "Peace River" Jim's information on coming out from the region of the strike this oil has been used on boats using ordinary gas engines during the past summer, the oil being fed direct after the engines had first been primed with gasoline.

The Canadian government regulations permits the staking of these oil lands on the merely nominal condition of a rental of fifty cents an acre per year. Thus small capital, added to a hearty body, and plenty of energy and endurance, is all the seeker needs. And they are pouring into Edmonton by the hundreds. As in the case of all oil or gold rushes excitement proves sufficient pabulum for more excitement. So that though the absolute confirmation of the Imperial oil's strike has only been out a few days, enormous prices are already being paid for portions of leases staked last summer by oil prospectors. The well was struck forty-five feet from the bank of the Mackenzie at a depth of 800 feet, when the oil spouted fifteen feet over the top of a standard ninety foot derrick, and scattering it for a hundred yards on the bosom of the river.

COQUETRY is the
spice of love, and
when you may obtain it
by the simple, inexpensive
means of a box of MOIR'S
—why hesitate!

MOIR'S LIMITED, HALIFAX



MOIR'S Chocolates

President Stillman, of the Imperial oil, in speaking on the strike, points out that the sinking of the well at Fort Norman is only part of the company's experimental programme.

Difficulties of Transportation

But even should the field prove an equal to Texas or Mexico, there still lies vast obstacles in the way of transportation. Steamers can only ply four months in the year, and even then the oil would have to be handled over the sixteen miles of portage. Optimists are already talking of a pipe line from Fort Norman to Edmonton, about 950 miles in direct line. Another suggestion is a lot of tank steamers plying on the Athabasca river from the end of steel at Fort McMurray to the end of the 16 mile portage at Fitzgerald. From here a pipe line would extend over the portage and carry the oil from oil tankers on the other side. President Stillman is reiterating that the tests of the company are only to learn the extent of the field and that actual development cannot be expected for many years to come, on account of the colossal expense of constructing pipe lines so great a distance in a wilderness region.

Outlet via Arctic to Vancouver

There is, however, an outlet from Fort Norman on down the Mackenzie and out into the Arctic Ocean, a much shorter route either to Vancouver, Seattle or San Francisco. Whalers for years past have proved the feasibility of this route. The examination of a good map of North America will bring this out more clearly than pages of words.

Whatever be the outcome of this last world's oil strike, the coming summer will see a vast horde of hardy adventurers hitting the trail over which 22 years ago many an ill-fated party went on their way to the goldfields of the Klondyke. Long before this time the vanguard will have mushed the eleven hundred miles of desperate winter trail to the vicinity of Fort Norman, for a new strike has been made, and countless are they who will dare all in one of the greatest gambles in the world, the prospecting for "Black gold."

Just following the finishing of writing this word has come from Ottawa that a cordon of Mounted Police has been stretched across the way leading to the north, and only experienced men with at least a year's outfit of provisions will be permitted to take the winter trail to the oil fields.

WINNIPEG AT NIGHT

By Ursa Major

A spell is on me. It grips my soul and body and holds me fast. It is the spell of a great city—a sleeping city. The city clock tolls out sadly, mournfully, the hour of midnight. I take the elevator and through the roof sally out on top of a sky scraper, twelve stories high, itself a monument of 20th century skill, but also of 20th century hideousness.

A fog hangs low to earth, the stars are obscured, there is no moon. An electric car rattles by in unnecessary haste over the switches; a motor car purrs faintly far down below me. Nearby the ceaseless hum of the city power plant comes faintly up to me. What does that stand for. Do we consider as we turn the switch and light up the town that far far away to the east where forests grow there is a rapid in a river. Here huge turbines revolve day and night doing the work of thousands of horses.

Not so far away is the intake of the waterworks, then the great aqueduct running over the plain, now high on arch or trestle, now on level ground till it ends by filling the great mains from which spring the laterals down to the small leaden pipes that feed the tap you have

just turned. Do we realize what this stands for? Security, cleanliness, health. Call to mind the days of Red River water and typhoid, of hard water and compare it to now.

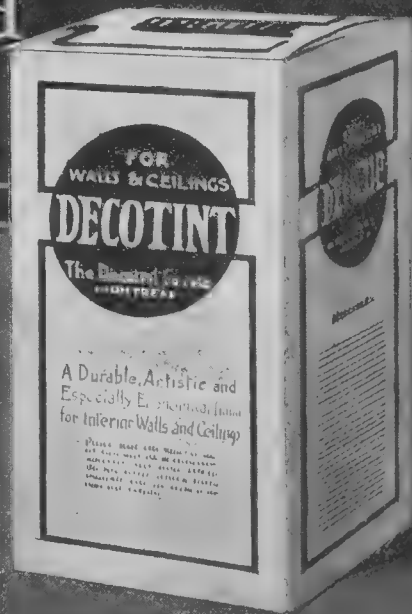
The mist lifts, it is very cold, nails snap. Below are but few passersby; they don't stop to talk, a hurried "good night" and "yes, it's cold, very cold." In the distance I see the fine homes of the well-to-do. I know a bright coal or wood fire burns cheerily in spite of the steam heaters. To the west the less pretentious homes of the wage earner, still comfortable, tidy and clean did we enter. Surely Winnipeg has become a great city. From one long wide sea of mire to the present well-kept roads and streets is a very far cry. And yet it is not we alone who have done this. Behind the scientists, the architect, the builder, the worker, down to the man with the hod slowly mounting a ladder, is the power of that great unseen spirit of God in whose hands we are all but tools. While we have a part and a very important part committed to us He is the great designer, the power behind the gun.

It grows colder, the clock mournfully tolls the half hour. I must away to my quiet work and set down these thoughts ere the spell be broken.



DECOTINT

The Sanitary Cold Water Paint for walls and ceilings



ARTISTIC, easy-to-apply and absolutely sanitary, DECOTINT is the ideal finish for interior decorating. DECOTINT is the most satisfactory water paint for walls and ceilings of Residences, Halls, Clubs, Schools and Public Buildings.

Deco-Tint Products

DECOTINT

A sanitary cold water paint for walls and ceilings.

HAT-BRITE

Straw Hat Enamel.

POLISH-OL

Auto and furniture polish.

METAL-BRITE

A metal polish for all metal surfaces.

DECO-WAX

A paste polish for floors, furniture, woodwork, automobiles, &c.

STOVE PIPE ENAMEL
SHOE ENAMEL

At very little cost you can have every room in your home finished in harmonious color schemes by using DECOTINT. There are 22 attractive shades.

Sold in dry powder form, it can be prepared for use in a few minutes by mixing with cold water. Brushes on easily. Dries out quickly.

Ask for DECOTINT by name. Deco-Tint Products are sold under the blue label by all good Hardware Dealers and Druggists

The Deco-Tint Company
897 Centre Street Montreal

HAT-BRITE

makes old straw hats look like new

Made in Sixteen attractive Shades



There's More Than Flavor

Many foods, while pleasing to taste, contain but little nourishment.

Grape-Nuts

combines with its rich, sweet flavor the full nutriment of wheat and malted barley which makes it an ideal food.

It has been the favorite *ready-to-eat* cereal for a quarter of a century.

"There's a Reason"

Westclox

—that's Big Ben's family name



Steady-going America

HERE is another case of sticking on the job. America set out some thirty-five years ago to be the best moderate-priced alarm on the market.

It has been kept busy ever since tending to the business that came its way.

America is just as lively today as it was the first day it stepped out to get a job. It has kept pace with every improvement from a time-

keeping standpoint, but has refused to consider changes in body design that would increase its price without improving its quality.

It started out as a good value clock, one that runs on time, rings on time, and stays on time, in the regular Westclox way. And today it is one of the most popular clocks on the market. Be sure to look for Westclox on the dial.

Western Clock Co., Limited, makers of Westclox
Peterborough, Ontario

Trading With The Publisher

means larger trading with the Public. Your announcements should appear regularly in "The Western Home Monthly."

WOLF!

BY H. MORTIMER BATTEN



WEARING out the winter in two man loneliness is not in every respect a cinch of a job. Beyond waiting for the wire to break, repairing it, and waiting for it to break again—the wire by which one clings to the full-blooded outer world—the north Ontario bush provides precious little nourishment outside anticipation, and this winter even the wire, stretching invisibly across the whiteness, had refused to supply the necessary stimulant by yielding to the weight of snow. Had it not been for the thoughts of Christmas at the Southern Dome Joe and I, of the Mines and Forests Department, would have gone clean off our chumps.

We pulled in early Christmas morning. The Southern Dome Gold Mine was an English affair, and Simpson, the super, believed in observing Christian festivals. So did Mr. Gill, the engineer. They were both there to meet us, and at first the camp looked deserted under its mantle of snow. McGill and the super hadn't anywhere to go, which was why they invited us to help them through with it. Then there was Potts, the cook, retained to run the camp—"and," said the super, "do you know Mr. Larrigan?"

I ask you now, did we know Mr. Larrigan? "Didn't everyone know him from Pottsville to the Bay, the most priceless spendthrift that ever cropped up from nowhere in particular—as those bright jewels generally do? He had first appeared with the big boom—selling hats behind the counter of Abraham's store, and he sold more hats to newly acquired chumps during the first month of his apprenticeship than old Abraham had sold for six preceding months by his "take your pick and count your change" methods of salesmanship. Then Simpson took him on at the Southern Dome as draughtsman, messenger, anything you like; it didn't matter much, for Larrigan knew nothing about gold mining, wasn't worth a dime as a draughtsman and talked too much for a messenger. Everyone knew that his chief job at the Southern Dome was to keep the camp alive, and since he purely did that everyone who knows the north will agree he earned his pay.

"Yes," said the super, "and he wanted to go to Toronto to spend Christmas with an alleged aunt. Mack and I wouldn't let him go."

"Sure not," we agreed, "trying to jump his job just when he's most needed." Then, when we had loosed our dogs for a roll in the snow, we all trooped in to watch Mack preparing ingredients for the punch.

"Say," broke out Larrigan in the midst of this ceremony. "Are your dogs fresh for a run?"

This was to Joe and me. "Sure," we agreed. "All they want is exercise."

Larry grabbed up his moccasins. "Good," he said. "It's just occurred to me to go into Nighthawk and get the mail. The trail's in rattling shape, and I can get back for dinner. It will add no end to the fun of things if we have our mail to go through."

Everyone agreed it would. "But," added Joe, "I'll have to come along with you to lend a hand. You can't take an empty sled single-handed, and—perhaps our dogs won't run for you."

"Won't they!" muttered the super. "There isn't a dog alive that wouldn't fawn to Larrigan."

"Yes but—hang it!" Joe persisted. "We can't let him go alone! The weather looks kind of dark, and Old Man Winter might sit right down on the trail before nightfall."

But Larrigan wouldn't hear of it. It was all clear going, he said, the trail well broken, and he could manage easily. The captain had gone off with the camp team, so finally it was agreed that Larrigan should take our sled and dogs and get back for dinner. We let him harness the dogs himself, and noticed how they took to him straight away. "A wonderful hand with animals," whispered the super. "He won't have a moment's trouble with them. You see!"

Away they went, taking the down-

ward side amidst a cloud of ice jewels, then away on the beaten trail till the tinkle of bells died out.

About an hour later it began to snow—soft, feathery flakes, that filled the air with a ghostly whisper. We decided to telephone through and tell old Larrigan to leave the team at Nighthawk, but the moment I touched the receiver I knew something was wrong. "Wire's down!" I said. When one is accustomed to clinging to the world only by that slender nerve, one kind of knows by instinct the very moment the wire breaks.

There were we, winter marooned in the good old-fashioned style—no telephone, no dogs, but with the where-withal to make merry it didn't matter a great deal except for Larrigan.

Some time later the storm lifted, leaving the trail heavy, and when darkness began to settle we became uneasy, till suddenly Mack raised his elbow and said "Listen!" We listened. Across the stillness there came a faint sound. We ran to the door and "halloaed," then as the echoes faded there came an answer—and there was no Larrigan, no sled but the dogs all round him, each dog with a bundle of mail neatly strapped to some portion of its anatomy. Larrigan himself had his full, and the dogs seemed to be rejoicing in the novelty of their task as they stumbled about his snowshoes.

"Had to leave the sled five miles back," cried Larrigan. "Couldn't make two m.p.h. Say, the wire's down all along the line. I counted four breaks on the way."

"Good old Larrigan!" and we hauled him in, the dogs following of their own accord. There was mail for each of us, and we devoured it hungrily while Potts prepared dinner.

Say, that was some dinner! I never knew a man who could mix a punch like old McGill; it went right down to where you lived, and filled you with wonder at the goodness of the world and your own moral chastity. Mack recited something about Mary in heaven, and Larrigan sang "Killarney." Then they sang and recited at the same time, while the super gave an exhibition of log walking on an empty bottle, and Potts wiped out a dish with the kitchen in mistake for a dish cloth. Things were just beginning to feel like a real Christmas when Larrigan exclaimed, "Say boys, them dogs behaved awful well, and we oughten to leave them out of it!"

We cheered, which gave him further courage. "They don't drink and they don't smoke," he pursued, "but they do eat the remains of frozen goose, and we've about done with it."

He picked up the chassis of one of the casualties and made for the door.

"They're all tucked up in their beds under the snow now," we argued. "Besides it's snowing again, and you'll get your ears bitten. Better wait till tomorrow."

But not a bit of it. "Them dogs is little 'eroes," said Larrigan, and diving into his parki he took his snowshoes from the rack outside the door, he armed himself with the lantern, and, carrying the carcass triumphantly aloft plunged out. It was a kindly mission, we all agreed, but somehow the snow and the cold didn't tempt us, so we drew back the curtains to give him light.

McGill was still reciting Bobby Burns, but it was strange how quiet the shack seemed to become immediately Larrigan was gone. I suppose we were talking about the boy—discussing his sterling qualities, when suddenly the super leapt to his feet. "Good heavens, what's that?" he exclaimed.

We had all heard it—a sound like the cheering of a great crowd away in the distance, succeeded by two short yaps. The color left the super's face in a flash, we were all on our feet. Then in the eerie quietude that followed the sound occurred again, and Joe went home to us in a word. "Wolves!" he said. He threw open the door, listening. "Game's almighty scarce!" he added. "Why doesn't that ding-dong idiot come in?"

Then suddenly there was a full chorus of yaps coming from the bush edge not fifty paces away, followed by a shout, and we saw Larrigan's lantern swinging wildly, then it went out. "My stars, they're on him!" gasped the super. "Larrigan! Hi Larrigan!"

"Look out!" came an answering cry. "For heaven's pity—!"

I have heard wolves hundreds of times, and the sound never fails to give me the creeps, but that chorus of yaps so near at hand, followed by Larrigan's frenzied voice, will ring in my ears till I die. The super was stumbling round, gasping for a lantern. Joe and I took down our rifles from under the eaves and slipped our toes into our snowshoes. Mack had possessed himself of a revolver, and the three of us plunged out into the smother of falling flakes, shouting to the super and Potts to come on with the lantern soon as they could.

One couldn't see ten paces, but all the time we could hear something moving—crashing about in the snow-laden undergrowth at the edge of the bush. We kept on calling as we hurried up, and I fancied I could hear Larrigan's heavy breathing somewhere just ahead. We fired shots into the air to scare the wolves, but no answer came from Larrigan, which added an awful sense of disaster. Then the super came stumbling up with the lantern, followed by Potts armed with a heavy saucepan. Something grey glided across the snow to our right; I fired at it, and it dropped.

Then we heard Larrigan's voice, quite faint away back in the bush. "I've lost my bearings," he said. "Look out, for heaven's sake. The bush is fairly stiff with them."

"Stay where you are!" Joe shouted. "We'll come to you."

But at that moment there was a horrible snarl away over there in the darkness, followed by a scream and the sound of Larrigan rubbing headlong through the bush. We dashed after him. The forest was of second growth cedar, growing thick as ninepins and heavy with snow. We had only his tracks to go by, and everywhere alongside them were the tracks of timber wolves. We plunged on, our eyes to the ground, oblivious as to all sense of direction, and always we could hear the boy just somewhere ahead. We knew that blind panic had overtaken him, one could read that in his scream.

We gained an open space and here the drifting snow was rapidly burying Larrigan's tracks. We could hear no sound of him—we feared that he had been dragged down, for wolves, in sight of their quarry, hunt in silence. We stumbled on, but all the time the tracks were coming fainter, till we lost them—lost them hopelessly.

"What now?" queried the super. His teeth were chattering, though sweat ran down his face.

"Listen!" muttered Mack, and we listened to the whispering, ghastly silence.

"My stars, I can't stand this!" muttered the super, and plunged on again with the light, dashing through the bush till his face was all cut and bleeding.

"Look here," said Joe, clutching him. "This is no good. Let's get to work and light a fire that the boy can see, if he's still alive."

We collected birch bark, scooped away a hollow in the snow, lit it, and all piled on dry twigs, for snow in these regions doesn't mean that everything is wet. In five minutes we had a huge blaze going, then we lighted another further down the slope, and yet another, till we had a whole string of them burning at various points.

It was the stiffest Christmas Eve we'd ever had. Fighting forest fire wasn't in it, and all the time was that haunting sense of hopelessness that it was all for nothing. None of us spoke for a space of two hours, then Mack voiced the opinion of all of us. "It's dead hopeless," he said. "We'll stay on till morning, but we may as well take shifts."

So Potts, the super and I went back to get into our proper clothes, leaving Joe and Mack to watch. "That's a good white man gone," muttered the super, slipping his arm into mine. "One of the best that ever came into this infernal north country."

I found it difficult to speak. "As white as they can make them," I blurted out at last.

Nearing the bungalow I went over to see the wolf I had killed. There, in the snow, lay our best sled dog! I didn't say much about it. It seemed nothing compared with the magnitude of the other tragedy. Then the other dogs began to appear, fawning and looking sleepy. It struck me as strange for I had imagined them clean scared out of the country by the wolves.

We went to the door. I noticed the super's new snowshoes were missing from the wall. The super muttered something, and barged in.

Everything was much as we left it, except that the safe was open and its contents strewn about the floor. There was no cash left, and even to-day's mails had been pilfered. Panting and caked with frozen snow we viewed the melee. "So that," said the super, "is why the wire broke in several different places this morning."

But we never saw Larrigan again.

THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE

By Longfellow

Leafless are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral.

Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering fire-light;
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,
Social watch-fires
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the beach the lighted logs are glowing,
And, like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree,
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside the old men seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stairways.
Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted,
In whose scenes appear two actors only,
Wife and husband,
And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-stone:
Is the central point, from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;
Hears the talking mate, the answering nightwind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral home-stead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings, and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!

"Put CANADA On WHEELS"

Some Farmer **WILL** Win
\$250
and Some Farmer **MAY** Win
\$1,000

HERE is a great opportunity to win a prize. It is something you can easily do. Willys-Overland Limited will pay \$5,000.00 cash for the 75 best letters of not more than 300 words on the subject, "What My Car Means to Me."

The object of the campaign is to establish the utility of the motor car in Canada. Nobody knows better than the farmer the great service being rendered in Canada by motor cars. There will be a first prize of \$1,000.00 and a special prize for farmers of \$250.00. You may win either first prize, special farmers' prize or one of the 70 other prizes.

\$5,000 Cash Prizes

Any Canadian motor car owner may enter except those engaged in the automobile business. Get a booklet and entry blank from an Overland dealer or write

Overland

CONTEST DEPT.

Willys-Overland Limited
TORONTO, CANADA



McCormick's
JERSEY CREAM
SODAS

Cleanliness in our bright sunshine factory and quality of materials explain the constant increasing sales of



McCormick's
JERSEY CREAM
SODA BISCUITS



St. Andrew's College

TORONTO A Residential and Day School for Boys CANADA

UPPER SCHOOL LOWER SCHOOL

Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D. - - Head Master

Calendar sent on Application

What's Your Experience?

*If coffee keeps you awake
nights, change to*

INSTANT POSTUM

a delicious meal-time drink, whole-
some and satisfying, but containing
nothing that will disturb your rest.

Economical — Better for You

"There's a Reason"

What Jane Didn't Have

By ISABEL B MACDONALD

JANE CRAMMOND stood over the gas stove in the tiny kitchenette preparing chocolate. She looked up at the clock and gave a weary sigh—it was 11.25. She had been sitting in the kitchen all evening doing some sewing and studying out cookery recipes while drifts of conversation and laughter came to her from the little sitting-room where Marie was entertaining a friend. To-morrow would be Saturday—house cleaning day—and Jane would have to rise at six to get the work done, have breakfast at 7.20 and get to the office by 8.30. Marie would sleep late as usual when she had been entertaining a visitor till 12 o'clock the previous night and would consequently have no spare time in which to help with the work. Recently this had happened with such frequency as to stir up a righteous indignation in her cousin, for, in spite of her native generosity born of an innate humility and a life's experience that would have had a crushing effect upon anyone endowed with less patience, Jane was beginning to rebel against this new form of self-effacement forced upon her, and to wish that Marie's visitors would haunt their little flat less frequently. It was not for this she told herself that she had scrimped and economized for the last ten years, wearing a suit two seasons, trimming her last year's hats and doing without that margin for little luxuries which other women had—simply to furnish a snug little flat for Marie to entertain her beaux in.

It was shortly after Jane had established herself in the little flat, the furnishing of which had represented so many years savings and the realization of a long cherished dream, that she had received a letter from Marie's mother telling her that Marie was coming to the city, and intimating with a tone of patronage that Jane's company would be just the right thing for Marie, who had always been "made so much of."

Jane had at first joyously welcomed the prospect of having her younger cousin with her, for despite the added comforts and prettier surroundings she had felt more lonely in the dainty flat than in Mrs. McGuire's boarding-house. It would represent too a saving in her housekeeping expenses to have Marie stay with her. She remembered her cousin as a merry tomboyish and disobedient young girl when she had stayed with Marie's mother just after her own mother's death. Mrs. Delaney had not been too kind to Jane then—but that was a long time ago, and Jane's memory of such wrongs was short lived. Her heart was hungry just then for living companionship, for she had not the art of making friends readily, yet her warm sympathetic nature craved something more than her books and pictures.

But Marie's entry into the little flat was in the nature of an invasion by foreign forces which put to rout the native inhabitant. Marie was a tall handsome girl with a dashing manner and a style all her own. She overshadowed Jane as completely as a peony might a violet. And Jane soon found the role of chaperon represented various forms of self-sacrifice she had not counted upon. For four months she had overlooked all the lack of consideration on the part of her thoughtless cousin that it was humanly possible for her to do, but to-night there was rank rebellion in her heart, not only against Marie's monopoly of the little home which meant so much to Jane and was merely an incidental to Marie, but against what seemed to her to-night the irony of her whole life. It had been the dream of her life and the object for which she had worked for so many years, with the happy thought in her heart that it would some day be realized, this little home of hers—to leave the poky little bedroom in the boarding-house and have a fireplace of her very own, a tiny kitchen to ply her domestic art in, and to be able to set her own dainty table and surround herself with books, pictures, pretty china and linen and the hundred and one things which make

up a woman's pride and treasure in her home. One by one she had gathered and hoarded her treasures awaiting the day when she could afford to place them around her like living friends.

At last after a weary hunt through all the suburbs of the city and up and down innumerable apartment house stairs she had found just what suited her, a little apartment consisting of a living-room and balcony overlooking an old orchard, a pretty bedroom with a bright sunny window, and the usual neat little hall, bathroom and kitchenette. The interior finishing of the woodwork, etc., lent itself charmingly to the soft and restful tones that suggested themselves to her in furnishing the flat. Within a week after renting it she had it arranged just to her taste with the furry rug in front of the fireplace, the book case within reach with her favorite poets, essayists and a few choice works of fiction, whose characters were living friends to her; on the walls of the little sitting-room were her favorite pictures, which she could look up to as windows to her own soul. Dante and Beatrice, the Angelus, the Dutch child with the cat in her arms, the lone seagull on the upturned boat; and there were other pretty things, the Japanese tea table in the corner with a few pieces of stork pattern china on it and the warm tinted rug and the creton curtains to match. It had all been delicious to her when she first acquired it; she had lain on the fur rug in the flickering firelight and tried to drink in the reward of her work, self-denial and patience, but gradually it had dawned on her that there was something wanting; she endeavored to entertain a little, but the house only seemed more blank when the visitors were gone. It was this which made her finally yield to the idea of letting her cousin come to live with her.

But now the remedy was worse than the evil had been, for the little home was no longer hers, people whose company was not in the least congenial to her monopolized the fireplace while she passed tie evenings writing on her dressing-table in the bedroom or attempting to employ herself in the kitchen. She was not selfish by nature, but the thought that she had acquired this only to hand it over to another stung her to resentment to-night. Her life had been one long continuance of "giving up" since the time she left the old farm house after her mother died. Had Marie been an appreciative girl, her men friends of the more cultured and intelligent type, and her love affairs on the whole more sincere, Jane could have participated in her happiness. But Marie's love affairs were bred of a selfish vanity, and were far from the happy kind which cast a radiance on all around. They kept her in a constantly ruffled state of mind, for she was of a jealous disposition, and had imbibed an inordinate ambition from her mother. There was not sufficient delicacy in her nature to make her hide, even from herself, as so many women do that her strongest motive in life was to make a "good" marriage.

When Jane ventured to take up the question with Marie the following evening, suggesting as tactfully as she could that Marie was encroaching on her rights, and that the home meant more to her (Jane) than it did to Marie and consequently there must be some arrangement made whereby her comfort should not be interfered with quite so frequently, the result was such as to make Jane feel suddenly and painfully disillusioned as to a long cherished dream. Marie's flippant reply was that "a house could not be a home without a man anyhow, and any visitors of that sex were better than none." And Jane was told with a brutal truth that she would only fossilize if Marie did not pursue the course she had been taking; that, indeed, it was because she was already fossilized that she did not like anything contrary to her own "set ways."

"But Marie, it is really my home, you know. I have worked so hard for it all," she looked around covetously on her cherished possessions, "and sup-



Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Aunt Belle, who by the way is a real person, will be delighted to answer letters from Mothers and future Mothers.

Those Downy Pillows

Dear Sister:

Of course you love those exquisite, downy little pillows. Baby's sleepy little head looks so darling in their soft depths.

But they are very bad for Baby, just the same—keep the little head and neck far too hot—the direct cause of prickly heat and sometimes real headaches.

Put the pillows on Baby's feet instead. Warm feet mean a warm body with the blood away from the head.

Slumber, the right food and no skin irritation—that is about all there is to baby culture.

The easiest of these is skin comfort. It is all a matter of keep-

ing the skin clean, dry and well powdered—with the right powder—made according to a balanced, proved formula.

Now, of course, there are several good talcums, but there are many which are inferior. Some contain too much acid and other things.

Did you ever know a doctor or nurse to use any talcum on a baby but Mennen Borated Talcum in the familiar blue can?

That is because it is safe. It cannot harm and always helps.

Lovingly,
BELLE.



THE MENNEN COMPANY

MONTREAL

CANADA

Laboratories:
Montreal Quebec
Newark, New Jersey



Sales Agents for Canada:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited
Toronto, Ontario

When answering advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly

\$10 THE LOT Special Offer THE LOT \$10

- 2 ALL-WOOL BLANKETS, Size 60 ins. x 80 ins. 8 lbs pair.
- 2 WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS, Size 60 ins. x 80 ins.
- 2 STRIPED TURKISH TOWELS, 18 ins. x 38 ins.

PACKED AND CARRIAGE PAID TO YOUR ADDRESS
Money returned in full if not satisfied.

The Direct Trading Company
4 AYTOUN STREET MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

pose I wanted to have a friend in the evenings myself." Marie's eyes opened wide in amazement, "Why, I thought people had got over that—at your age, Jane."

Jane was the type of woman whose outward personality is apt to belie her real self. She was lacking in much of what is most attractive in femininity. At twenty she had been a pale, delicate and immature looking girl; at twenty-nine she was still undeveloped and perhaps less interesting, except for the bright glint of humor in her blue eyes which were a most perfect living blue that seemed to blend with certain tones in her surroundings and wearing apparel. But Jane was one of those in whom the romantic never dies, no external drabness in her life could totally banish the sunlit clouds of fancy that gilded her horizon. Her life it is true had been uneventful enough, yet few people watching the serious little figure bent over her desk would have suspected the hidden well of happiness and the perpetual buoyancy in her heart.

But Marie's words had struck her like a douche of cold water. Sitting in front of her dressing table later in the evening, when Marie had gone to the theatre, she surveyed herself critically in the glass and reflected with poignant bitterness as a woman does when she has been suddenly hit by the brutal fact that "the sweet scented manuscript of youth" is closed, and with it the most sacred hopes of a woman's life, so tenaciously and instinctively clung to, are now relegated to the bourn of improbabilities.

From the time she had been left alone in the world she had been much with older people, to whom she was still a "young person," and she had not until to-day been really conscious that the difference between Marie and herself was other than one of disposition. Now she was faced by the truth as she looked into the glass and discovered lines she had not noticed before, and a set expression in her own profile that gave her a pained surprise that Marie was still a girl in her early twenties while she was entering her thirtieth year. She discovered as she looked again a suggestion of that jadedness that the lonely female is apt to acquire. She knew that her personality had never been pronounced enough to enable her to wear stylish clothing, she had to be content with being neat, and neatness made her nondescript. She had not been sharply conscious of these defects before, but to-day for the first time she seemed to be seeing herself through the mirror of other people's eyes.

She realized that she had been a dreamer, and that it was that faculty which had hitherto spared her the consciousness of much of the actual drabness of her life. But even to dreamers there are moments when the impalpability of their dreams comes home to them with a poignant realization; and who shall measure the agony of those moments when with a heart that in human weakness is hungry for love the cruel self-deception is revealed, when the arms are stretched out in supplication and the smiling dream children of that world about us which we have peopled with flesh robed spirits to our liking suddenly vanish like dim grey ghosts and our loneliness is more vividly real, more terrifying than to those who never depart from prosaic realities. And Jane had come to that cross road which every woman meets in life, and which once passed she looks back upon with mingled feelings. To the woman who is married, however, many jarring notes there may be in her home, there is a satisfied conviction that her life has taken its natural course; to the woman who is not married, however congenial her surroundings, there is a consciousness more or less poignant according to her nature that her life has been unfulfilled.

Jane rose and went into the little sitting-room, took a cursory glance at all her belongings, then sat down in the basket chair by the window and continued her introspective analysis. There was a note wanting between herself and her environment, and Marie had blindly struck it—one person does not make the atmosphere of home or a domestic entity. Her cousins of her own age were all married and submerged in their homes and families for

some years past, though not one of them had better qualifications as a housekeeper. Reviewing her past life she remembered the opportunities she had had; there was Mr. Harman, a widower of thirty-eight or forty, with one small child, who had asked her to marry him when she was eighteen; there was Joe Clark, who had proposed before she realized that it was time to discourage him for his own good; there were others who had been attentive on a slight acquaintance, but whom she had warded off before any possible developments could arise, for Jane had always been too self-respecting to encourage any man for appearance sake. If he were not wholly congenial she let him know it without prevarication, and gently but firmly dismissed him. None of them had seemed to her properly eligible, and there was in her heart tonight a rebellious conviction that the fates had weighed out an unfair measurement as her portion in life—or was there some other reason—had she been a fossil, as Marie said? Why could she not have been like Marie and just had a good time while she was in her girlhood. Marie had admirers—many of them, and yet no one could imagine Marie in love, not even with her husband—the possibility of her not having a husband was out of the question. Marie would marry when she made up her mind to. She was not supersensitive; she could go to the theatre and enjoy herself in company with a man whom she would apostrophise as a "ninny" on her return. Flowers and chocolates she accepted as her rightful tribute from all and sundry, irrespective of whether she despised the donors or not. Nothing seemed farther from Marie's thoughts than the necessity for finding a spiritual affinity.

The following day being Sunday, Jane went to church morning and evening as was her wont. She would not have gone in the evening had it not offered the only escape from the discomfort and embarrassment at home which she had begun to associate with Sunday evenings—the feelings that she was not wanted. Ken Crumpton caught up with her as she came out. He had been studying and had not had a walk all day he said by way of excuse. Jane for once welcomed his company. She even asked him in, though it was after nine o'clock and ushered him into the astonished presence of Marie and Mr. Holman, whose looks belied their friendliness.

Ken was rather a slow conversationalist. His words came haltingly, and the effort of anticipating his thoughts and helping him out soon wearied even Jane, and when he was gone she felt that after all she had not scored one on Marie, as she had mischievously intended, for her knight had not shown up very well.

To Jane's astonishment the following day Ken called her up and suggested taking her to the theatre. Jane felt distinctly pleased—this would be another surprise for Marie. When Ken came for her she tried to overlook certain defects in his toilet—she did not mind for herself so much, but she caught Marie making faces at him. Jane was not very observant with regard to a man's attire, and when there was anything wrong she felt it rather than understood what was the matter. She was glad to get Ken out of the house, but once in the theater she found his company even more trying to endure alone than with others present. In vain she searched for a topic on which he could express himself with ease and a moderate interest. She felt annoyed and finally bored. She was too sensitive about a discordant note in her environment even to enjoy the play. On the way home she looked at Ken critically as he stood before her in the street car. Was it anything that could be mended or patched, or knocked out of him, or into him? She didn't seem to know. She noticed another man opposite, noted the cut of his clothes and the unobtrusive tones he adopted. Then she looked at Ken—well, perhaps if he had a wife. Her thoughts were arrested at this suggestion. Could any woman conjure up a grand passion—nay, even a gentle domestic affection, for such a mild and amiable specimen of masculinity? Vaguely she asked herself why Ken could not plant both feet squarely under (Contd. on page 37)

Original!

TO have originated some great and permanent thing is to have done something truly worth while in which a deep and abiding pride may safely be displayed.

Consequently, it is with a feeling of genuine satisfaction that we remind you that the world's standard "quality way" of brush making — the process of gripping every bristle *everlastingly* in hard vulcanized rubber—was *originated and perfected* by the proprietors of Rubberset Company.

The trade name RUBBERSET identifies all brushes, and the only brushes, made under these methods as perfected in the factories of the originators.

Insist upon seeing it in the form herewith illustrated on every brush you buy.

RUBBERSET COMPANY LTD.

FACTORIES

TORONTO AND GRAVENHURST, CANADA

"Makers of the STANDARD brush for every use to which a bristle brush is put"

Be guided
by our
trade mark



Be guarded
by our
guarantee

RUBBERSET

Brushes bearing
this trade mark

Are made in
CANADA

every bristle gripped *EVERLASTINGLY* in hard rubber!



Blended to teach you
how good coffee can be,
Gold Standard

"The-Chaffless-Coffee"
The Godville Co. Limited.

18

Poultry Fencing

FROM FACTORY TO YOUR HOME—SAVE

On all Sarnia Poultry Fencing. We are doing our part to help poultry farmers in Canada make more money—they will if they buy a real poultry fence. Sarnia Poultry Fence is made in our own factory. We sell it direct to the poultry farmers on our Factory to Farm selling plan. We hold just one small profit. You get the rest—a saving of about one third, and, what is better, you have real fence satisfaction. We have demolished the old time fence prices that you had to pay before we started in business by our low price, square deal methods of direct selling. One purchase will prove to you that you not only save money but you get better quality, better results.

SARNIA POULTRY FENCING

is made from the very best galvanized wire, thoroughly tested and inspected before leaving our factory, having the greatest rust resistance and proofness possible; is made from our crimped wire and non-slip-stick-tight, knot process, just like our heavier fencing. Many farmers think it good enough for live stock purposes. There is a growing demand for a lighter weight fence suitable for poultry yards, orchards, gardens and other farm purposes. We want the poultry farmers of Canada to have the best.

Sarnia Poultry Fencing sells from 79 cents a rod and up, plus freight from factory. Special prices on just the quantity you need. Our late price quotations on all fencing. Descriptive and illustrative literature sent you for the asking.

You save more money by ordering our Fencing through your Farmers' Club or having your neighbor order with you.

THE SARNIA FENCE COMPANY, Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba. Sarnia, Ontario.

The Report for 1920

of The Great-West Life Assurance Company is now in print, and will be mailed to any interested person on request.

It records a year of remarkable success—success founded upon twenty-eight years of remarkable

Results to Policyholders

Over \$256,850,000 of insurance is now held in force by

**The Great-West Life
Assurance Company**

Dept. "Q" Head Office: Winnipeg

BANK of MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

Savings Department

THERE is a Savings Department in every Branch in Canada of the Bank of Montreal, in which interest is allowed at the highest current rates. Amounts of \$1.00 and upwards may be deposited.



BANK of MONTREAL

Capital Paid up \$22,000,000

Rest \$22,000,000

Total Assets \$560,150,812

Experienced Banking Service



A PERFECT commercial banking service is only evolved by experience. A Bank's value to its customer increases proportionately with the widening of its knowledge.

The Union Bank has been engaged in commercial banking for more than half a century and has attained a clear perception of its duties to the banking public.

462

UNION BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE

WINNIPEG

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly



AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

The remarkable increase in the number of automobile owners in Western Canada during the past few years has been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the amount of automobile insurance carried in the West.

It is very important that an auto owner should be thoroughly conversant with the general features of auto insurance because many a man has thought that he was fully insured and subsequently found, to his cost, that he was not.

This class of insurance is divided into five branches and in order to be fully protected the auto owner must secure insurance which covers each of these branches. Insurance can be secured against theft, collision, personal injuries, fire and public liability.

Insurance against theft protects the insurer against loss of his car or any part thereof, if stolen. Collision insurance covers damages to the insured's car or damage to property resulting therefrom. Personal liability can be insured against which will protect the car-owner against damages for personal injuries sustained by others as a result of accident. Fire insurance covers damages sustained through fire and public liability insurance covers damages to property for which the auto owner is responsible. These are general classifications, subject to variation according to the company with whom you are dealing.

It is somewhat strange that the careful driver is oftentimes a careless insurer. He knows he is careful and is quite certain that he will never have an accident—but he overlooks a very important factor in almost every accident, namely, the fact that in many instances the accident is the result of circumstances over which one or more of those affected have no control for the time being. An automobile is a machine—it sometimes goes wrong. A man is a human being—human beings are not perfect; they make mistakes sometimes. If a driver loses control of his machine for one moment, either through faulty mechanism or personal mishap, his car may do damage to human life or property which will cost him dearly. It pays to insure against all risks when you own an auto, and last but not least, always read your policy.

RURAL CREDITS

No person conversant with rural conditions will deny that there is great need for a system of rural credits which will be a sort of happy medium between our banking system and the long term mortgage system. The farmer needs financial assistance for periods longer than those which good banking permits and shorter than the five-year-term which mortgage companies usually require. A system which would provide loans for periods ranging from one to three years would be a great boon to the farming community generally.

It is often urged on the public platform by farmer representatives that the Canadian banking system has signally failed to meet the requirements of the farmer, but careful study of the facts shows that this is not fair criticism and in many instances it is based on misconception of the powers of the chartered banks. Our prominent bankers agree that there is a great field for financial institutions in rural credit banking but it is a difficult problem to handle. No matter how much our banks would like to handle loans for periods of two or three years, the banking laws of the country will not permit them to do so and furthermore sound banking would not permit them to loan deposits subject to withdrawal at a moment's notice on loans for lengthy periods.

The Manitoba government has made

a laudable attempt to solve the rural credits problem and has thus far been reasonably successful, but it would seem that the real solution must depend upon co-operation between the bankers and the farmers. If the farmers in a district would combine and guarantee the payment at maturity of all loans made by the banks to the farmers in the district, success would in all probability ensue, it being understood that all loans advanced would be subject to the approval of the farmers as a whole or their duly elected representatives. In a new country such as this is there must be absolute co-operation between the farmers and the bankers if the greatest measure of success is to be achieved and the introduction of provincial government into any such scheme savors of paternalism. The great need of this and all other countries is to have less of the government in our business and more of business in our government. In all fairness to the Manitoba government it must be said that it entered into the financing of rural credit business with some reluctance and at a time when it believed it absolutely necessary to do so in order to save the farmers from financial difficulty.

FINANCING THE FARM

Speaking in the Manitoba legislature recently, Major Richardson, one of the farmer group, submitted some facts and figures which reveal very forcibly what the farmer is up against under existing conditions. He stated: "Let us consider the cost of production and gross returns from one acre of oats. We will set that return at 40 bushels per acre, which is considerably greater than the provincial average, and we will value the land at \$30 per acre, which is lower than the average. I would like former members to check very closely my figures and they will see that I have not included many charges which could legitimately be introduced, namely, the charge of the living expenses of the farmer himself and his family, cost of production per acre, interest charge of 7 per cent on value of land, \$2.10; taxes, \$1.00; plowing, \$3.00; harrowing, 50 cents; seed, \$3.75; cutting, \$1; twine, 50 cents; threshing, \$4.80; farm help during harvest, 60 cents; feeding threshers, 30 cents; hauling to elevator, \$1.20; elevator charges, 50 cents; freight, \$3.90; commission, 25 cents—making a total of \$24.40 per acre for production. The gross returns on 2 C.W. basis today, \$16.00; net loss of \$8.40 per acre to the producer."

The foregoing is bad enough by itself, but we recently received the following statement from a subscriber showing the proceeds he received from the sale of three ears of oats. The statement is as follows:

Proceeds of 5,114 bushels of oats, sold f.o.b. Fort William.....	\$1,562.00
Less freight thereon from Cut- knife, Sask.	855.00
Net proceeds.....	\$ 707.00

Now if the farmer can only get a little less than 14 cents per bushel for his oats when it costs him around 50 cents per bushel to produce them, something is going to happen. We hear a great deal of rural credits but rural credits are of no value to a farmer if conditions are such that the more he produces the more he loses. If the farmer is to continue to produce his cost of production will have to come down. A brief examination of the items mentioned by Major Richardson demonstrates that wages affect nearly every one of them. The big item, freight, nearly 10 cents per bushel, is practically all wages to railroad men. If the farmer is to be given a fighting chance, wages have got to come down.

WESTERN CANADA COLONIZATION ASSOCIATION

The efforts of this association composed of leading and influential Canadians to increase and consolidate the population of the Western Canadian provinces, will meet with general approval and doubtless be an effective factor in a speedier and better settlement of Western Canada. The association makes a request to the provincial legislatures that they appoint a Land Settlement board to secure official lists of unoccupied agricultural lands together with the prices at which they can be purchased, price to hold good for two years. The granting of such legislation, and probably all the provinces will grant it, means that thousands and tens of thousands of acres now lying in idle speculation will immediately be turned into fertile and productive fields. This would affect what in a short time would almost amount to an agricultural revolution. Every resident in Western Canada and indeed every Canadian would be the gainer by it but none more so than those already on the land to whom the burden of taxation rests heavily.

WAR INDEMNITY

Those who think that Germany will never be able to pay the 226 billion gold marks as the price of her mad crime against civilization should read the Dresdner Bank panegyric on German economic splendor issued just previous to the war. Here are a few of the figures given:

Germany's estimated national wealth.....	270 billion marks
France's estimated national wealth.....	170 billion marks
British estimated national wealth.....	260 billion marks
German coal supply.....	1000 years
French coal supply.....	500 years
British coal supply.....	300 years
German coal production.....	222 million tons
French coal production.....	38 million tons
British coal production.....	268 million tons
Forestry resources.....	10 billion marks
Agricultural products yearly.....	10 billion marks
Annual increase in wealth.....	4 billion marks

The tell-tale Dresdner Bank brochure is particularly eloquent about Germany's colossal banking resources. In 1914, there were 158 banks with total capital of more than 3,000,000,000 gold marks and aggregate assets of more than 17,000,000,000 gold marks. The Imperial Bank of Germany had 488 branches, and the volume of its business was 377 billion gold marks per annum. The value of the Prussian state railways alone—they are still there—was eleven billion marks, and it exceeded by one and a half billions the entire Prussian national debt. The German postal system (including telephones and telegraphs) was proudly acclaimed as an asset equal in value to the British and French postal services combined. It has not been removed from Germany.

The fact is that when Germany has paid the price she will not have suffered half as badly as Britain or France or Belgium.

PLAIN TALK

The United States must manage its own affairs, but it is interesting to read what the leading newspapers are saying about the legislators. Here is a little blast from "The New York Times" which is loud enough to be heard even in Canada.

About ten years ago Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, made a speech in the House of Commons in which he estimated that the nations were then spending at least \$2,500,000,000 a year on past and future wars and predicted that their economic life could not long withstand such a drain. Three years later the Germans undertook to hack their way out of an economic situation which had become impossible owing to the cost of competitive armament, and the gross expense of that exploit to all the nations concerned is now estimated at \$348,000,000,000, exclusive of 10,000,000 dead.

Nobody quite knows what the nations are now spending on past and future wars—somewhere between \$8,000,000,000 and \$10,000,000,000 a year—but there is no indication that these expenditures and their relation to the welfare of civilization have any real meaning to the United States Senate.

The United States Senate is now the chief obstacle to any limitation of armament. It has taken the world by the throat. It refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles and permit this country to help stabilize the peace that had been won on the field of battle. It refused to permit the United States to enter the League of Nations, which is empowered to prepare a general plan of disarmament.

If the Senate has its way we shall soon have taken Germany's place as the chief menace to the peace of the world.

It would be interesting to know where Congress thinks the money comes from which these eminent jingoes are prepared to scatter so lavishly. Government has no money of its own. Every dollar that it gets comes out of somebody's pocket, and every dollar that it spends must first be earned in the sweat of somebody's face. With the whole world trying to pull itself together economically after the debacle of war, the Senate is determined to sell the labor of all the English-speaking peoples into definite servitude in order to provide funds for a useless battleship program. This is all that the Junkers of the Senate have to offer to a civilization that has already been bled white.

RED CROSS MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN

It has been announced that the total contribution secured from the people of Canada through the Red Cross last November for the Imperial War Relief Fund amounted to over two hundred thousand dollars. The collection of this fund represented the first attempt at united action by the British Empire in the cause of humanity.

With further reference to this fund, which was collected as a result of an appeal from the Council of the League of Nations, Canadians will be interested in the cable which has been sent by the League of Nations to the various governments. It will be noticed that one of the signatory parties is Sir George Foster, the Canadian member of the Assembly of the League of Nations.

"During the session of the General Assembly of the League of Nations, the Assembly decided to send an urgent and immediate appeal to all the countries in the world, in order to collect sufficient funds for undertaking an efficient campaign against typhus in Eastern Europe, beginning with Poland as a centre. The Assembly has further requested the League of Red Cross Societies to continue its valuable assistance and has also asked certain other international Red Cross organizations and public health institutions to collaborate in this work. The Assembly has authorized the chairman to appoint a commission of three delegates to examine the question of the necessary funds and to take any steps possible before the end of the session to secure these funds. The Assembly approved of the action taken by the Council and the reports submitted by the various committees and sub-committees of the Assembly which have considered the subject, and pending the result of the appeal feels that it is imperatively necessary to make at once such a beginning of the campaign as may be possible within the limits of the funds already promised. In view of these resolutions, we urgently request on behalf of the General Assembly, that the government of . . . take all possible steps to contribute immediately in a large measure towards the establishment of the necessary funds, so that the sum of two million pounds sterling which is considered indispensable, apart from the sums collected by voluntary organizations, may be definitely available. Contributions should be placed to the account of Typhus Commission of the League of Nations, Lloyd's Bank, Westminster House, Millbank, London."

HYMANS (president of the General Council)

SIR GEORGE FOSTER (Canada), delegate

RESTREPO (Columbia), delegate

One ship blows east and another west
By the self-same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gale
That points us the way to go.

Like the wind of the sea are the ways of Fate
As we journey along through life.
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal
And not the calm or the strife.

BANKING BY MAIL



HIS Majesty's Mail will carry your deposit safely to the Bank or your money back to you with the minimum of delay—just as if you came to the Bank, and you have no trouble. Special departments, to deal with savings accounts coming from districts without a local bank, have been established at our branches in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Efficient service guaranteed.

Write to any branch of the Bank for our Booklet "Banking by Mail".

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

The Pioneer Bank of the West, established in Winnipeg in 1872, the first Chartered Bank to enter the three Prairie Provinces.

To Women

OUR system of Life Assurance Without Medical Examination enables you to obtain your policy without the trouble and waste of time that the old method necessitated.

The Northwestern Life Assurance Company first introduced into Canada in 1918 the issuing of policies Without Medical Examination, and since then a large number of women have taken advantage of this welcome reform.

Get your policy Without Medical Examination from the originators of this remarkable system in Canada.

Other companies take only \$1000—we take up to \$2500 Without Medical Examination.

The Northwestern is a good company to insure in, and a good company to represent.

ASK FOR RATE AT YOUR AGE

HEAD OFFICE: 166 DONALD STREET, WINNIPEG

The NORTHWESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
NORTHWESTERN BUILDING
J.M.C. McNEIL, PRES.
H.R.S. McCAIG, MGR. DIR.
WINNIPEG CANADA
F.O. MABER, SEC. TREAS.

136

Try This Stump Puller 30 Days FREE

Don't Send Any Money! Prove all my claims on your own stumps—at my risk. See how ONE MAN ALONE with a Kirstin pulls big, little, green, rotten, low cut, tap rooted stumps—also trees, hedges or brush. Does it Quick!—Cheap!—Easy! If satisfied, keep the puller. If not, return at my expense. No risk to you. Six mos. to pay.

FREE BOOK Book tells why the Kirstin Way reduces land clearing cost to the lowest figure ever known! Agent's Proposition. Write for it today.

Kirstin ONE MAN STUMP PULLER Weighs less—costs less. Has greater power, speed, strength. Lasts longer. Guaranteed against breakage. A few pounds on handle exerts tons on stump. Single, double, triple power! Wonderful success! The FREE Book shows One Man and Horse Power Models. Also Special Agent's Proposition. Write today.

A. J. Kirstin Canadian Co., 1030 Dennis St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

130-Egg Incubator and Brooder Both For \$23.75

If ordered together we send both machines for only \$23.75 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of \$23.75 is for both Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time.

WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 200 Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"



What Edison Likes in Music

The phonograph is Edison's favorite invention. He spent three million dollars in research work to develop a phonograph that would give perfect music to the entire world. This new phonograph is so perfect that it successfully sustains the test of direct comparison with living artists,—and is the only phonograph that can sustain such test.

Mr. Edison has probably listened to more music than any other man in the world's history. His views on music will be of great interest to everyone. They were recently expressed in an intimate personal interview.

Free Ask your dealer for a copy of this new and interesting discussion of music contained in the pamphlet "What Edison Likes in Music"—also a proof of Booth's famous etching of Mr. Edison—the story of the Edison in the handsomely illustrated brochure "Edison and Music"—Mood Change Charts, showing you how to test the effects of music on yourself—and "What Did Edison Do During the War?" All free for the asking.

Thos. A. Edison, Inc. - - - Orange, N.J.

WRITE US TODAY

for illustrated catalogues and detailed particulars regarding prices and easy payment terms on any NEW EDISON style. Complete stocks of records carried.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.

333 PORTAGE AVE.

GREATEST PIANO SELECTION UNDER ONE ROOF

STEINWAY, GERHARD HEINTZMAN, NORDHEIMER, HAINES, BELL, SHERLOCK-MANNING, DOHERTY, LESAGE, CANADA, BRAMBACH, AUTOPIANO, AMHERST AND IMPERIAL

BABSON BROS. of CANADA Ltd.

F. K. BABSON, VICE PRES.

EDISON-PHONOGRAPH-DISTRIBUTORS

138 PORTAGE AVE., EAST, WINNIPEG

EVERYTHING KNOWN IN MUSIC

Musicians' Demands

Satisfied in every way at our store. We have a most complete stock of the best quality Strings for all Instruments. Violins, Violoncellos, Mandolins, Guitars, Ukeleles, Banjos and a complete stock of all Brass Instruments, Clarinet and Saxophones.

ALL INSTRUMENTS GUARANTEED

Prompt Service. Write for Catalogue today. Lowest Prices.

CANADIAN MUSIC HOUSE

846-852 MAIN STREET

WINNIPEG, MAN.

MUSIC LOVERS Questions pertaining to Music will be gladly answered through these columns. If you wish a personal reply, enclose stamped addressed envelope.

Address: MUSIC LOVER, THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Music and the Home

MUSIC A SUBJECT IN MANITOBA'S SCHOOLS

The story of how music has come to be recognized as a part of the educational system of Manitoba, and included as an optional subject in high school curriculum, has been told by Miss Eva Clare, president of the Manitoba Music Teachers' Association. "After the provincial department of education had made a place for musical credits," says Miss Clare, "we music teachers felt that responsibility rested upon the musical profession to support the department, give assistance with examinations, and set musical standards." It was with this object in view that the Winnipeg Music Teachers' Association was formed in 1919 and the provincial body the following year.

A year ago the first examinations were held and they were taken by almost 200 high school students. The next step will be the first annual convention of the Manitoba Music Teachers' Association in October of this year. After that we are looking forward to a normal course, for which some famous artist will be engaged.

OLD MASTER VIOLINS VALUABLE

Romance, tragedy and comedy are closely bound up in the history of the violin, and the world's history might easily be traced at least from the middle ages through the pedigrees of old Italian violins.

Some high prices have been paid for genuine violins of the old masters. Mr. Freeman, a Chicago connoisseur, paid \$16,000 for the "Bolt" Stradivarius of 1723. Another Stradivarius of an early period, 1717, was owned by a dentist in Binghampton, N.Y., and was sold at a high figure to Leonora Jackson, who some years ago gave concerts in the larger cities of Canada and the United States. A Dr. Schlier of Zurich, Switzerland, has a Stradivarius dated 1723, for which he is asking \$25,000.

EXCEPTIONAL COLLECTION OF RARE VIOLINS

An appraisal has been made in Washington, D.C., of the large estate left by Dwight J. Partello of that city, who died in August of last year, leaving to the United States Government his splendid collection of rare violins. Of that collection there is a Stradivarius violin dated 1722, and worth \$16,000, which was once the property of the Duke of Edinburgh. Other rare violins in the collection are valued as follows: A Nicholas Amati, dated 1666, \$4,000; an Irish Amati, 1648, \$7,000; a Nicholas Amati-Spaganetti, 1682, \$3,000; a Francisco Ruggieri, 1694, \$3,000; a Spanish Strad, 1723, \$15,000; a Ludwig Strad, 1722, \$9,000; an Antonio Strad, 1690, \$8,000; a Jacob Steiner (three-fourth size), 1605, \$1,200; an Andreas Guarnerius, 1674, \$2,500; and a Nicholas Gagliano, 1762, \$2,000; the Guarnerius was also formerly the property of the Duke of Edinburgh, who once also owned still another violin in this rare collection, bearing date 1722, and said to be worth \$15,000.

A splendid collection of rare violin bows was also left by Mr. Partello. Among these is a bow used by Paganini, valued at \$1,000. The total valuation of violins and bows is stated at \$130,000. The collection is declared to be the finest in America, and it will be placed on view in the National Museum at Washington in connection with the exhibit of archaic musical instruments brought together from all over the world by Hugh Worch, a Washington music dealer.

ROYAL VIOLIN WITH A HISTORY

One of the most interesting violins extant, at least on account of its antiquity, is the Hieronimus Amati which once belonged to King Henry IV of France, and which was made in 1595, bearing the maker's label. It is one of the oldest of known masterpieces in violin making, and is also one of the first of recorded violins, being but within fifty years from the time that violin making and violin playing became a world art.

This violin is now in the possession of Lyon & Healy, music dealers, Chicago, and is in an excellent state of preservation. Beautifully varnished and embellished with coats of arms, an inscription on it states that it was made especially for the king's chapel.

MUSIC AS A THERAPEUTIC AGENT

A Brooklyn banker named Thomas Blake has of late become interested in the use of music in allaying nervous disorders and in the treatment of other diseases. Recently he attended a lecture and discussion presided over by Dr. T. Block, neurological expert at Bellevue Hospital, New York, which confirmed many things regarding the use of music as a therapeutic agent which Mr. Blake had discovered for himself.

On this subject Mr. Blake says: "I have been in the banking business over 25 years, and I am quite sure that there are not many other lines of work more exacting, or that demand more of a constant strain on the mental and physical powers. Fortunately, I discovered this wonderful discovery, this music curative, some years ago and it has worked like a charm. I get home in the afternoon very often tired and nervous, and the first thing I do is to start the phonograph. Perhaps I'll play a symphony, or a violin selection, or one of the old folk songs. Then all that I need do is to close my eyes, forget all the unpleasant things that may have happened during the day, and live over again the days that are past and gone.

"Amongst these old-time songs that somehow have woven themselves into the heart of humanity, I know of none finer than 'The Days of the Kerry Dancing,' 'Believe Me if all those Endearing Young Charms,' 'Robin Adair,' and others of the same character. The effect of such music on a tired brain is really marvellous. I raise no question with the man who said 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,' as I do know that it has power to calm the ruffled spirit and to quiet the over-taxed nerves.

"It is very necessary, however, to play the right kind of music. I feel absolutely sure that I would not derive any benefit if I sat down and listened to something like 'How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?'"

MUSIC NOTES

A professor of reading and pedagogy in one of the Kentucky State normal schools has urged all school teachers to install phonographs in their schools, because, he says, "Music contributes to the enjoyment of the community as well as the pupil, and aids in maintaining morals."

The operating room of the Illinois Central Hospital, Chicago, is equipped with a phonograph. The patient before undergoing an operation is in most instances in a nervous state, fearfully imagining what is going to happen. If the patient's mind can be taken from the thought of the operation, better results can be obtained. The use of music for this purpose is proving highly effective.

Topeka, Kansas, with two large auditoriums and a first-class opera house, is noted for its musical achievements. It has a symphony orchestra, an operatic company, a musical school and five music study clubs, two of them exclusively for women.

A feature of the musical life of Chicago are the weekly "Children's Day" matinees given in one of the parks every Thursday during summer by an orchestra. A couple of music teachers give a short explanation with piano illustrations of the program before the concerts which last summer were attended by between two and three thousand children.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

WANTED—To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 6-21

IF YOU WANT to sell or exchange your property write me. John J. Black, 14th St., Chippewa Falls, Wis. 6-21

SEEDS

TWO CARLOADS of Banner seed oats; cleaned, 75c. per bushel. E. J. Stansfield, The Seed Farm, Atwater, Sask. 5-21

SONG POEMS WANTED

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG! We will write the music and guarantee publication on a royalty basis. Submit poems on any subject. Seton Music Company, 920 S. Michigan Ave., Room 192, Chicago. 12-21

STAMMERING

ST-STU-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bank Building, Washington, D.C. 2-22

FOR SALE

HONEY FOR SALE—Clover, \$15; Fruit-bloom and Clover, \$12. Buckwheat, \$10 for 60 pounds. F. K. Krouse, Guelph, Ont. 6-21

FOR SALE—Silver, patch and red foxes. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, N.S. 5-21

PATENTS

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.—The old-established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. t.f.

NURSING

PRIVATE NURSES EARN \$15 TO \$30 A WEEK—Learn without leaving home. Descriptive booklet sent free. Royal College of Science, Dept. 9, Toronto, Canada. t.f.

WANTED

WANTED—Pianos to tune by a practical man of over six years standing in Winnipeg. Also a member of the Tuners' and Piano Technicians' Guild of Manitoba. Write or phone J. Short, 501 Toronto St. Sher. 2483. 5-21

WANTED—Girls-Women. Become dress-costume designers. \$150 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 529, Rochester, N.Y. 5-21

POULTRY

SINGLE COMB BLACK MINORCAS—Heavy laying, show stock. Eggs, 15 for \$3. Carefully shipped. J. H. Irving, Strasbourg, Sask. 4-21

\$7 A DAY PROFIT IN POULTRY—Write L. R. Guild, Box D, Rockwood, Ont. 7-21

LITTLE COTE POULTRY YARDS—Pure-bred Banded Rocks for hatching. Fertility guaranteed. \$2.50 for 15, 30 eggs for \$4. Mrs. M. Vialoux, Varsity View P.O., Man. 6-21

SIX PENS EXHIBITION and utility Banded Rocks, scientifically mated. Eggs, \$3 to \$10 for 15. Write for catalogue. T. A. McInnis, 1937 Halifax Street, Regina. 5-21

ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND RED hatching eggs, pure-bred, \$2 per fifteen, \$3.50 per thirty, \$10 per hundred. Gordon Doan, Biggar, Sask. 5-21

MISCELLANEOUS

PEACH'S CURTAINS—New reduced prices. Illustrated colored catalogue free. Curtains, colored casements, cretonnes, household linens, underwear, etc. 64 years' dependable values. Buy direct. The weaver that wears. S. Peach & Sons, 658 The Looms, Nottingham, England. 12-21

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER, we have it. Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. t.f.

CHOICE RECIPES—Twenty cents each. Bordeaux sauce, celery chili sauce, Spanish pickle, mock mince pie, Yankee pudding. Nellie S. Giltner, Lamar, Colorado, U.S.A. 5-21

IMMORTALITY CERTAIN—Swedenborg's great work on Heaven and Hell, and a real world beyond. Over 400 pages, only 25c. post-paid. H. S. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto. 5-21

TRY THE QUEEN OF CORRESPONDENCE and Mail Order Monthlies, 15c. Pilot Advertising Service, Woodstock, Ont. 5-21

SCOTCH TWEEDS FOR SUITS AND COSTUMES—Fashionable at all seasons. New patterns free. Parcels carriage paid. Write Dept. 10, Waverley Tweed Co., Hawick, Scotland. 6-21

FREE BOOK—Elijah coming before Jesus. Convincing Bible evidence. W. Megiddo, Mission, Rochester, New York. 7-21

JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS—Mysterious little objects which when placed in water develop into birds, fish and brightly colored flowers; 10c. package, 3 for 25c. S. M. Nickerson, Dawson St., A. Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. 5-21

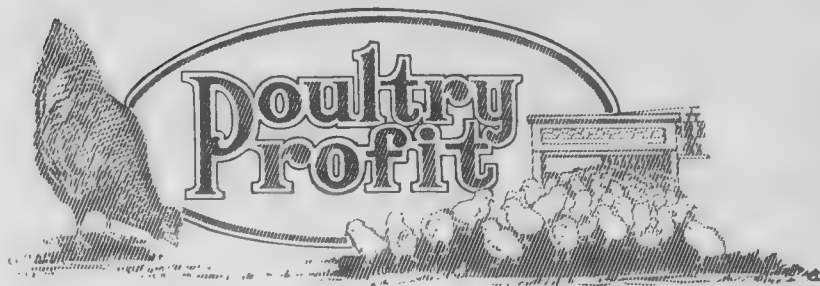
J. D. A. EVANS—Teacher of English Composition, etc., Crystal City, Man. t.f.

MILK GOATS

LESLIE J. MARSHALL, breeder of pure-bred Saanen goats. Saan Ranch, Edson. t.f.

HELP WANTED

MEN-WOMEN—Over 17. Get Canadian government positions. Big pay. Steady work. Examinations coming everywhere. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 121, Rochester, N.Y.



By Helen E. Vialoux

THE REARING OF CHICKS

The spring has opened up well, though not so early as we first imagined, but the meadows of grass and tender greens are ready for the use of April and May chicks. Thanks to a heavy fall of snow on the unfrozen earth last fall, Jack Frost has not penetrated as deeply as usual in the West. The problem of "the brooder chick" is claiming the attention of many poultrymen just now. We must all agree that it is easier to hatch chicks in a brooder here than it is to rear them successfully. Thank goodness, the day of the old-fashioned outdoor brooder, with its smoky lamp and other uncertainties, is past. The modern portable hover, with suitable colony house, has surely simplified the brooding of the wee chicks during the first three critical weeks of their existence. For the small flock of 40 or 50 chicks a portable hover can be used with electricity, which has been proved most satisfactory in towns and cities. There is a large reliable lamp for use in a hover suitable for 100 birds, in a small colony house also, but where several hundred chicks are to be reared the coal heated hover in a colony house about 8 feet by 10 feet is the most reliable brooder on the market. The coal heaters, with hood complete ready to use in a colony house, cost from \$20 to \$25. Homemade brooders I have used heated by a hot water tank or bottles, or a lantern, but they are all more trouble to manage than the up to date brooder in a colony house. The hovers are of course removed when the chicks are old enough to roost; the perches are then easily adjusted to suit the growing flock. When the chicks are removed from the incubator at 24 to 36 hours old, they must be put into a brooder registering from 100 to 110 degrees under the hover. With proper ventilation this will make them comfortable, and they will not crowd together in a heap. After a day or so reduce the temperature to 90 or 95 degrees under the hover. In a week or ten days 75 to 80 degrees of heat will be right when chicks cuddle down contentedly at night. Under the hover, giving a cheerful little cheep, they are quite safe, and should grow well. Now these feathered children must be taught not to stray, so a mesh wire netting 1 inch size and 1 foot high, must be stretched around the hover, making a little yard about 20 feet in extent. This keeps them out of mischief for ten days, where they will have learned how to go in and out of their cosy home, and will have a good idea of "scratching," then the whole floor space is none too large for them. When the weather is good the chicks may be allowed to wander out in a netted yard placed in front of the colony house at 2 weeks of age, care being taken that they are not allowed to chill towards evening. Brooder chicks need no food from 36 to 48 hours, though the brooder floor should be covered with coarse sand from the first, giving the youngsters a chance to swallow "their teeth" if they seem hungry. The first feed may be bread crumbs squeezed out of milk, or a couple of spoonfuls of chick feed scattered in the fine chaff, which should be on the floor. Bread crumbs twice a day and chick feed three times will make up the necessary five feedings for the first ten days. The commercial chick feeds are very good, containing cracked grains and charcoal, but home mixed cracked wheat, rolled oats, or pin-head oatmeal and cracked corn come a great deal cheaper, and are equally nourishing. Keep the birds (always greedy things if well) somewhat hungry for 21 days, giving them a good meal the last thing at night. A

dry mash fed in a small dish is relished from two weeks of age; make this of bran, shorts, fine oat or corn chop, with a pinch of charcoal. When the birds are one month old this mash in a suitable hopper should be always ready for them to peck at, and cracked wheat or corn scattered in the chaff three times a day. Buttermilk may be given as a drink from the start, though chicks should have water also to drink. Buttermilk is one of the finest foods known to keep chicks healthy, but do not mix their drinks, feeding sweet milk one day and buttermilk the next, keep to the one, giving the preference to the sour milk; a damp mash, containing some house scraps, or bits of meat, is regularly gobbled by the little chaps at three weeks' old, only care must be taken in avoiding any sloppy ration, as bowel trouble will likely result. This trouble is very contagious, and has carried off more young chicks than all the other ailments put together. Healthy stock, good brooding, and proper feeding, coupled with rigid cleanliness, reduces this malady to the vanishing point. When the chicks are old enough to go outside give them a grass run and spade up one corner to allow them to dig and delve for themselves. A handful of grain or seeds will keep them busy and happy. Even indoors they need not be deprived of a chunk of mother earth to scratch. I dig up a sod and enjoy seeing the birds hop to it. All chicks should be dusted with insect powder once a week, and their brooder should be often cleaned and disinfected. When the brooder flock is safe from digestive troubles at 5 or 6 weeks of age the evening meal may be whole wheat or other suitable grain. I do not mention green cut bone, or beef scrap, as on the farm chicks can find bugs and worms or perchance young frogs enough to keep them growing famously. Then buttermilk is one of the best flesh forming foods they can have. Should the brooder be needed for a second hatch of youngsters, clean and scrub it out carefully, then spray with Izal and water 1 part to 400, dry and air before using. This advice applies also to the incubator, but be sure and leave the door of the machine open some time before putting in a fresh hatching of eggs. Very often hatches of 50 to 75 chicks, which is a good average for the 120 egg machine to hatch, can be raised with four or five hens. Set the hens at the same time as the machine, candle out all infertile eggs after one week. Then when these mother hens have hatched, and have been put into comfortable roomy coops with the young fry, dust the hens well with insect powder, and after dark gently tuck a dozen or more machine chicks under their wings, covering the front of the coop with a large sack. By morning Biddy will not know "which from tother," and will brood them as their own. Twenty or more chicks may be mothered by a large quiet hen. Some poultry experts seemingly do not approve of hens as brooders, but the management of the hen makes all the difference. I will back a large motherly hen to care for a family of chicks against the best brooder on the market.

Needless to say, when the poultryman's objective is some hundreds of birds the brooder must do the work. A large roomy yard of poultry netting, high enough to keep out pirate hens, who steal food and worry the young chicks is a necessity in the farm yard. Some fine gravel or coarse sand should be available for all growing birds. Place a bushel or so in a corner of the yard. It is necessary to keep a watchful eye over the sitting hens, and should a bird manage to

break an egg, or get her nest soiled, remove the shells and put in some clean nesting material often. When the infertile eggs are candled out one hen can cover the two sittings, and 13 fresh eggs will replace one sitting, thus saving time in May, when sitters are scarce.

Duck eggs hatch splendidly in an incubator, and as the ducklings mature quickly the machine can be loaded with duck eggs early in June, and in 28 days the young ducks will be hatching. The machine is run as usual, but more moisture is needed to hatch the ducklings properly, as the skin under the shell is very tough. Ducks are so easily brooded in midsummer. A box made into a brooder with a jar of hot water for a week is all the heat the ducklings need. Some strips of flannel hanging from the roof of the brooder and fine chaff to cuddle in at night will make them comfy. There are some fine egg records reported for the past season I notice in the papers, and Manitoba is quite in the vanguard in many of them.

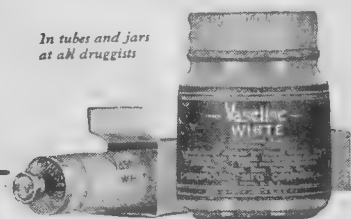


Fine enough for babies' tender skins—equally effective for the skin of grown-ups. Soothing, cooling, healing.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO. (Consolidated) Montreal 1880 Chabot Ave.

Vaseline
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
White
PETROLEUM JELLY

In tubes and jars at all druggists



Maps

Excellent pocket maps of Manitoba or Saskatchewan, or Alberta, showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c. for each province, post paid.

Other maps for all purposes Write for price list or further information

Stovel Company Ltd.

A Complete Bannatyne Avenue Printing Service WINNIPEG

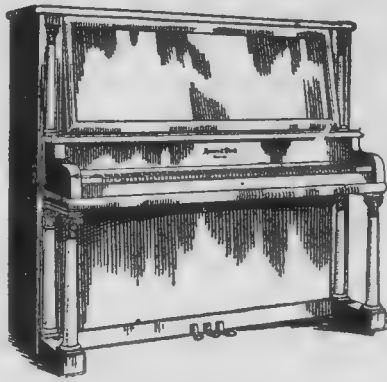
15 Buys **Engel**
\$100 **"Art Corners"**

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

NO PASTE NEEDED

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Stick them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No mess, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat'y stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 15c brings full pkg. and samples from Engel Mfg. Co. Dept. 79E 3711 N. Clark St., Chicago

The Life and Tone of a Piano



depend greatly on the material and workmanship put into the inner construction. It's what you don't see that counts.

Every part of the Mason & Risch Piano has been given continual attention. Improvement has been added to improvement till now it is a musical masterpiece.

You will enjoy a visit to any of our stores. Let us show you the important details that make the Mason & Risch such a high-grade piano.

Buy at Factory-to-Home prices.

Illustrated style catalogue of Pianos and Player-Pianos free on request.

SPECIAL BARGAINS
In Used Pianos, Player-Pianos
and Organs.

Mason & Risch Limited
308 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG

Also at Edmonton, Calgary, Lethbridge, Moose Jaw
Regina, Saskatoon, Nelson and Vancouver.

VICTOR RECORDS sent to any part of Western Canada—delivery guaranteed. Write for our big Catalogue of over 9,000 of the latest records for you to choose from.

Music in the Home

Continued from page 20

FORERUNNERS OF MODERN FLUTE

The "flute-a-pec," or "flute dance," so much in use some centuries ago, survives now only in the fast disappearing flageolet. The name flute is, according to Hawkins, derived from the Latin "fluta," a small eel found in the Sicilian seas, which has seven breathing holes, and thereby resembles the instrument. The word "bec" is an old Gallic word meaning the beak of a bird, hence the term "flute-a-pec," or beak flute, is very appropriate.

Instruments of this description were called by the Germans "plock-floten," and, according to Vincentio Galilei, "flanti diretti," in contradistinction to the "flanti traversi," now generally known as flutes.

EXPECT ALL TO ENROLL IN JUNE CAMPAIGN

Why the new crusade for Red Cross members, which is to be held in Western Canada during the week of June 5-11?

In the first place, the Red Cross still has war work to do. Though it has adopted a peace time program that will be international in its effects, and which it is hoped will do much to improve the health of this and succeeding generations throughout the world, it has given up none of its former character. The Society will be as ready, and better able than before, to serve humanity should war again disrupt the world. It will help local, national and international authorities in time of earthquake, conflagration, pestilence or other disaster.

For many years to come it will minister in various ways to the comfort of war heroes who suffered physical disabilities while performing their duties on the field of battle.

The first meeting of the general council of the League of the Red Cross Society held in March, 1920, laid down as its three principal duties: To maintain interest in public health, to support government agencies to this end, and to disseminate useful knowledge on the subject.



"Ye Olde Firme"

Heintzman & Co.

Miniature
Upright

PIANO

THE LITTLE PIANO
WITH THE BIG TONE

An unique instrument, such as music lovers everywhere have longed for. A smaller piano, combining all the charm of the distinctive Heintzman & Co. tone with an artistic case, yet dispensing with the bulkiness of both the large upright and the grand. An ideal instrument for the average sized room.

PRICE
\$675

CONVENIENT PAYMENT TERMS

"Built to Last a Lifetime"

Write for full particulars

McLean
ECOLIMITED

The West's Greatest Music House
The Home of the Heintzman & Co.
Piano and the Victrola

Dept. W

329 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG

SEND COUPON
TO-DAY

DO NOT
DELAY



Satisfaction
Guaranteed or Your
Money Returned

TWO
GARMENTS
FOR THE
PRICE OF ONE

Will be
Ready for
Mailing on the
18th of May

Mothers and Sisters: Ye women of the Prairie, builders of the Greatest Empire the world has ever known. We are endeavoring to assist you in your battle of Economy by offering you two Garments for the price of one, as a special preparatory bargain to our MID-SEASON'S SPECIAL SALE. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity, for we pay delivery charges to your door and guarantee the goods to be satisfactory in every way. Both garments are made from excellent quality print in styles as illustrated.

EXTRA SPECIAL VALUE, THE TWO FOR...

\$1.00
Del.



Please send me your Sale Bulletin.

Name.....

Post Office.....

Prov..... W.H.M.

JAMES RAMSEY
LIMITED

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE

IN YOUR HOME
By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music
in America—Established 1895

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.

You can read Music like this quickly

Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE Booklet, which explains everything in full. American School of Music, 2 Lakeside Building, Chicago

DON'T CUT OUT
A Shoe Boil, Capped
Hock or Bursitis

FOR
ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

will reduce them and leave no blemishes. Stops lameness promptly. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Book 6 A free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, the antiseptic Uniment for Boils, Bruises, Sores, Swellings, Varicose Veins. Alleviates Pain and Inflammation. Price \$1.25 a bottle at drug stores or delivered. Will tell you more if you write.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 138 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can. Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada

Patents Trade Marks and Designs

Write for booklet and circulars, terms, etc

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.

Fred B. Fetherstonhaugh, K.C., M.G.
Gerald S. Roxburgh, B.A. Sc.
36 C.P.R. Bldg., Portage Avenue, WINNIPEG

FREE Rex Wonder or Rose Bud Ring Set with rose bud or Rex sparkler. Your choice for 12c, both for 22c. Warrented 3 years. Gold Filled. Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 2 Battle Creek, Mich.



By MARGARET MAXWELL

There are two classes of freckles, the summer freckles, which appear during the spring and summer months and are peculiar to young persons of light or red hair, and fair skin. The other class of freckles are not so discriminating; they appear on persons of any age and coloring. They are called the winter, or all-the-year-round freckles, for they come to stay.

To remove summer freckles use remedies which will stimulate the skin to function healthily. Wash the face frequently with good, pure soap and warm water, not to the point of irritation or injury, but enough to promote cutaneous circulation. Any remedy that will promote activity of the skin will also remove its blemishes. Add a few drops of tincture of benzoin to the last rinsing water, which should be cold. By drying the face with old linen towels the circulation is stimulated, and by using a brisk, rotary motion upward and backward, the effect of a light massage is achieved. After drying is the best time to use a lotion.

The second class of freckles are much more difficult and unsatisfactory to treat—they come to stay, and cannot be removed except by removing the cuticle, and even then, if a person is not careful to protect the skin from strong sunlight and high winds, the freckles will return immediately. But do not get discouraged because we put this fact so plainly. It proves how much more sensible it is to use simple remedies which fade the freckles and keep them in check all the time, instead of taking the chance of injuring the skin by using stronger preparations which have in their composition corrosive sublimate or some other poisonous ingredient. These often involve a risk even if used under the direction of an experienced person. The freckles will come back after any and every skinning process, and to restore the skin if it should get injured, is a very hard matter.

Before applying lotions, it is always necessary to wash the face. The best way to apply them is to pour a little into a saucer and use a wad of absorbent cotton. Take a fresh piece each time. If the face feels drawn or irritated, stop using the lotion for a day, and apply some cold cream of good quality.

The simple remedies for the removal of freckles can be used to remove summer tan, and the same suggestions can be applied with regard to friction and washing the face.

Lotions to Remove Freckles and Tan

Cut a fresh lemon in halves, squeeze, and strain. Add 5 drops of glycerin to one ounce of lemon juice. Use three times a day.

Three ounces of rose water, ½ ounce of strained lemon juice, ¼ teaspoonful of pulverized borax. This is stronger than the first lotion. Use twice a day.

Peroxide of hydrogen will bleach freckles, but it has a tendency to dry the skin. Use a little cold cream, if you find it too drying.

Sweet milk, cream or buttermilk have a whitening effect on the skin and will not remove natural oil.

These are all harmless preparations.

For the Girl Who Drives

So many girls who drive their own cars find that ordinary care will not keep their skins soft and smooth. Of course, driving a car is splendid for a woman; it keeps her out of doors, literally forces fresh air into her lungs, teaches her to have a steady hand and a clear eye, and to be quick and cool-headed. But the wind and the sun will certainly play havoc with her complexion.

Before going out, it is a wise plan to rub a little cream into the skin, then powder rather heavily. Even though

the powder is blown off, the cream prevents the dirt from settling in the pores, and prevents wind and sunburn.

But the main treatment is after the ride. First, the skin should be rubbed with cream; this is wiped off, taking all the dirt with it, and leaving the skin very soft and clean. Next, the face

is bathed with warm water and soap, rinsed in cold water and lightly powdered. The warm water and soap stimulates the blood, takes away the oily look cold cream would give; the cold rinse closes the pores and the powder does away with any possible shine. The complexion is clean, fresh and pink-looking from this treatment.

FOR BEAUTIFUL FLOORS

Beautiful floors are largely a matter of prevention—the great secret is to put them in perfect condition—and then keep them that way. Doorways, stair-treads and other parts receiving hard usage should be polished frequently. This requires no great amount of time or effort if the proper polish is used.

Johnson's Prepared Wax Paste is the proper finish and polish for floors of all kinds—wood, tile, marble, composition

and linoleum. It does not show scratches or heel-prints—and floors polished with it can easily be kept in perfect condition. Worn spots can be re-waxed without going over the entire floor. There's no disagreeable odor to Johnson's Prepared Wax.

For cleaning floors preparatory to waxing, use Johnson's Kleen Floor. This will remove all spots, stains and discolorations, preparing the floor for the polish.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is a fine polish for leather—shoes, hand bags, cushions, etc. For metal—brass, nickel, polished steel, etc.

Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes are manufactured in Canada by S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Brantford. They have a beautiful book on Wood Finishing, which they will furnish upon request to parties who are interested in home beautifying.

Special Summer Terms--Buy Your Piano Now



\$50 is all you pay now
balance in 3 Fall Payments

THIS is your opportunity to select your piano right away—enjoy it all through the summer months—and three years to pay for it when you are best able.



Our \$445 Special

Any Piano in Our Store on Equally Attractive Terms

**Our May
Phonograph
Special
\$97.00**

Complete with 10 Columbia
Record Selections

A beautiful well-made phonograph on newest lines and with up-to-date equipment; finished in either mahogany or oak—plays all makes of disc records—the equal of many machines to-day selling at a much higher price.

EASY PAYMENT TERMS

WE have the largest and best assorted stock of pianos and player pianos in Western Canada. This affords almost unlimited choice in your selection, and we are prepared to offer special summer terms on any style you choose.

Write for our big folder of information
and list of slightly used piano bargains

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. 333 PORTAGE AVE.

GREATEST SELECTION UNDER ONE ROOF

PIANOS—Steinway, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Haines, Cecilian, Bell, Sherlock-Manning, Lesage, Canada, Brambach, Autopiano and Imperial.
PHONOGRAPHS—Edison, Columbia, Gerhard Heintzman, Pathephone, Phonola, Curtiss Aeronola, McLagan, Starr, Euphonolan.



The Fairy Princess Had a Wish

And she wished for a complexion as soft as velvet, as white as a lily, with tints of peach bloom. So they brought her

"BLUSH OF ROSES"

No, dear girls, not a fairy tale—but just a pretty way to tell you of this face tonic that has made thousands of women beautiful.

Neither paint, powder, nor rouge, but a liquid preparation that is applied to the face, taking the place of all of these, and making the complexion more beautiful without injury to the skin. If you have wished to be more beautiful you'll find "Blush of Roses" just like a gift from the fairies.

"Blush of Roses" will positively remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Liver Spots, Moth Patches, Erysipelas and Salt Rheum.

For trial, a full sized \$1.00 bottle sent for 75c. Address: LYDIA W. LADD, Windsor, Ont. Also for sale by

The T. EATON CO. Limited
Toronto, Winnipeg and Moncton, N.B.



By
H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

POEMS OF POWER

For some months past, I have thought that I would like to see spread upon this page a collection of poems of a nature that should appeal particularly to the young man at a time when he is about to engage in "enterprises of great pith and moment."

If all the books of the Empire could be sorted into two great piles, the one containing all that is on record of technical and scientific achievement, and the other the books of poetry and inspiration, we could probably, had we to make the choice, better afford to burn the first rather than the latter pile. The books of inspiration add testimony upon testimony to the scriptural fact that man does not live by bread alone, and this is a lesson we cannot afford to forget.

In spite of all this, however, few young men who have not acquired a taste for poetry, voluntarily invest—I use the word designedly—a dollar or two in books of poetry at intervals throughout the year, and for the benefit of many who might not otherwise taste of the richness of poems too often overlooked in busy western days, I am taking the plunge and submitting a selection at an appropriate time—spring.

It is to the credit of business that very little attempt has been made, even if it were possible, to commercialize our heritages of poetry and yet, curiously enough, poetic treatment plays a subtle part in business relations. In an advertising handbook, we read of an advertising campaign covering a certain breakfast food in which thousands of dollars were spent in an effort to market the product under the name "Elijah's Manna." It was a good product and the campaign was managed by skilled men, but it failed because people would not ask for the food under that name. When the company was at the point of insolvency, a last effort was made to market the product under another and more euphonious name and this time success resulted.

It has been suggested that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but on this point the business world is almost as sensitive as the literary world, and it is because of innate poetic tendencies in the race, that certain business slogans achieve such widespread popularity, as witness the phrase, "Have you a little fairy in your home?" Most people, given the choice, would prefer to live in Glenview rather than in Griggsville, and in this matter of naming places, the West has been particularly guilty. Thus, instead of taking advantage of historical and geographical associations connected with the locations of our western towns and cities, we have too often named them without regard to euphony or sentiment. If you will take a western railway guide and run through the list of stations, you will find cause for wonder, almost for grief, that a little village, nestling in the heart of a beautiful territory and rich in early associations connected with the development of the country, should have been named so crudely. I hesitate to tell the reason, but it is a fact that in many cases they were named after directors of companies that it was thought might be induced to establish a branch at the point in return for the compliment. For this, the companies can scarcely be blamed. The responsibility rested with those charged with the privilege of first establishing the town. We might here have learned something from the original inhabitants, the Indians. There is a point beautifully situated in the Okanagan Valley at which it is said a band of Indians once rested on their travels. During their stay there, nature dealt so bountifully with them that in gratitude they named it Naramata, which, I am told, means "the smile of the good spirit."

MORNING

At dewy morn, the flaming sky
Warms the cold earth—so to the eye
It seems,—the air with night is sweet
The birds awake, and fly to meet
Each other in the tree-tops nigh.

Up with the morn my heart on high
Goes winging, and I needs must try
My kind with loving words to greet
At dewy morn.

This world is fair! No time have I
To fret my soul with moan and cry.
And happiness may be complete
In others, if I can defeat
Some thought that darkly would pass by
At dewy morn.—Dr. C. F. Gillen.

YIELD THOU LOVE

Though thy cheek insulted burn—
Though they call thee coward-slave—
Scoff nor blow shalt thou return:
Trust me, this is more than brave.
Fortitude hath shackles riven,
More than spear or flashing gun;
Freedom, like the thrones of heaven,
Is by suff'ring virtue won.
Though thy brother still deride thee,
Yield thou love for foolish hate;
He'll perhaps, ere long, beside thee,
Proudly, boldly, share thy fate.

—Sir Samuel Ferguson.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

THE CALL

I saw the mountains stand
Silent and wonderful and grand,
Looking out across the land
When the golden light was falling
On distant dome and spire;
And I heard a low voice calling,
"Come up higher, come up higher,
From the lowland and the mire,
From the mist of earth desire,
From the vain pursuit of pelf,
From the attitude of self;
Come up higher, come up higher"

—James G. Clarke.

THY DUTIES

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy
Where each gem is set with care.

—Adelaide Proctor.

GREAT MEN

Great men have been among us; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none
The later Sydney, Marvel, Harington,
Young Vane and others, who called Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendor: what strength was, that would not bend
But in magnanimous weakness.—Wordsworth.

A FRAGMENT

Awake! arise! the hour is late!
Angels are knocking at thy door!
They are in haste and cannot wait,
And one departed come no more.

Awake! arise! the athlete's arm
Loses its strength by too much rest;
The fallow land, the untill'd farm,
Produces only weeds at best.—Longfellow.

THE WORLD

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

—Wordsworth.

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat these two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

—Rudyard Kipling.

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger;
Out where the smile dwells a little longer;
That's where the West begins.
Out where the sun is a little brighter;
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter;
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter;
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer;
Out where friendship's a trifle truer;
That's where the West begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing;
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing;
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing;
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making;
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching;
That's where the West begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing;
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying—
That's where the West begins.

—Arthur Chapman.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that;
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.—Robert Burns.

BEN KARSHOOK'S WISDOM

"Would a man 'scape the rod?"
Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,
"See that he turn to God
The day before his death."

"Ay, could a man inquire
When it shall come!" I say.
The Rabbi's eye shoots fire—
"Then let him turn to-day!"

—Robert Browning.

PROCRASTINATION

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead,
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

—Edward Young.



Your Red Cross Calls

During the long terrible years which stretched from 1914 to 1919 you gave something of your soul to the work of the Red Cross.

It was a poignant personal impulse that made you want to do it, to do anything you could. Your heart was with someone who had marched bravely away to do that which you could not do. The whole vast struggling army over there was represented in your innermost thoughts by the intimate affection for those you knew, those from your own home, who were in that ghastly turmoil.

That was when the mission of the Red Cross had a vivid personality, an immediate visible object. The very thing you *did* one day might well be the actual physical means of giving *him* comfort, of even saving *his* life, a few weeks later. Today the mission of the Red Cross is just as valuable, just as essential, if not quite so vivid. Life is but a continual struggle in these complicated times, and the service the Red Cross can render to the present and future generation means just as much to lives you love.

The peace-time mission of the Red Cross is to save lives and to help the suffering, exactly as it was on the battlefield.

It can ward off disease from your child and mine and the child that is yet unborn and make the world a better place for him to live in. It can ward off pestilence and contagion from your own community and so protect us all. It can help weld all the people of our country and of all the other countries into the common brotherhood of sympathy that is so necessary now if humanity is to keep to the path of progress.

Red Cross today is the vision of a wonderful ideal. Faith and effort can carry it to a glorious reality.

Its world-wide simultaneous membership enrolment is the first step towards the realization of that ideal. It is a nation-wide reminder to everyone who has ever helped the Red Cross, or been helped by it—and who has not—to renew their allegiance to its sacred emblem, identify themselves by their membership with its effort to better the condition of humanity at home, throughout our Dominion, all over the world.

Red Cross has not forgotten the crippled, the blinded, the helpless, or the simply unsettled remnants of the war, in our hospitals and throughout our land. She still remembers them, and has the resources and devoted men and women to care for them, but she has a new and a broad work to do and it is for this new task that the effort of this membership enrolment is particularly made.

That is why Red Cross does not need now to emphasise or ask you to provide one cent for its legacies of the war, but does ask you to give the allegiance of your approval, and your membership, to its militant mission that is to carry on in the future the warfare against disease and needless suffering through ignorance.

When you could see with your own eyes that your son was in danger and could be helped, you did not hesitate. You can still see the dangers that surround him everywhere, if you will but look with the eyes of understanding.

Learn all about the Red Cross Mission for health. Join the Red Cross and enlist in its crusade.

UNIVERSAL MEMBERSHIP ENROLMENT

WESTERN CANADA DATES, JUNE 5-11

This is also a call to every man, woman and child who can and will, to give their service to the organization, to assist in the work of personally extending to every individual the opportunity and privilege of this membership.

Notify your Local branch or advise your Provincial Headquarters:

In Alberta:
O'SULLIVAN BLOCK, CALGARY

In Saskatchewan:
NORTHERN CROWN BUILDING, REGINA

In Manitoba:
RED CROSS HEADQUARTERS, WINNIPEG

IS WINNIPEG TO BE A WORLD CENTRE

Says a writer in the London Outlook: "The prediction has been made that the future metropolis of the British Empire would be Winnipeg, and has been treated as fantastical. It is not necessarily so. The idea that the Old World is becoming a spent force is crazy only to those of us who are soaked in centuries of tradition." That is one point of view stated strikingly. There are some thinkers on the other side of the Atlantic, who, indeed, take a gloomier view of the future of Europe. They argue that the migration of population from the Old World to the New World is destined to assume such large proportions that in two or three generations the population of Europe will be, perhaps, a third less than now, and the population in North America, South America and Australia and New Zealand as great, if not greater than the population in Europe to-day. That would bring to this hemisphere the centre of gravity of the world's activity. On the other hand, there is the view that Europe might acquire a new vitality by the reduction of its teeming millions, and have a more generally diffused prosperity, well-being and happiness. These different points of view are, of course, merely subjects for conjecture. The thing of importance is that there is nothing permanent in the distribution of humanity as it is in the world to-day.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF HUMANITY

Every great migration of humanity in the whole history of the race has been due either to intolerable conditions to be fled from, or to alluring prospects of easier living and of gain. The immense steady flow of emigration from Europe across the Atlantic to this side of the globe, was not large enough to affect seriously either the natural increase or the productive capacity of the European nations. Indeed, it is pointed out by the London Economist that "the Great War itself may be said to have made no material impression upon the total of the population of Europe." That is to say, only numerically considered, of course. In every real sense, the wastage of life and the means of life has been prodigious. It is estimated that there are at least a hundred million people in Europe to-day who would gladly escape if they could from their present miseries. Since the armistice, limitations of transport have obstructed the impulse to quit an impoverished and tax-ridden Europe; but the desire is not killed because it cannot be gratified. When the facilities for crossing the Atlantic are available again, the flow of emigration will be resumed. The restrictions imposed by the government of our own country and the United States to bar out the unfit will mean a greater movement to South America. Brazil, which is about as large as Europe, has barely 30,000,000 people; it could have three times as many, and there would still be plenty of elbow room. The Argentine and the other South American countries, to say nothing of Mexico, are extraordinarily unpeopled. Who can guess what the distribution of humanity will be throughout the different continents a hundred years from now?

THE INDIVIDUAL CITIZEN

The greatest man in the world would find his sense of his own importance diminished almost to nothingness if he were dropped into the middle of an immense concourse of many thousands, one human unit in a vast throng of other human units massed together. The individual is submerged in the mass. Sometimes it has occurred to The Philosopher, in considering the workings of democracy, that the whole essence of civic virtue rests very largely in the individual citizen not allowing himself to be overwhelmed by a paralyzing sense that the individual does not matter. It is so easy for any one of us to feel convinced that the government of the country would go on very much the same whether he, or she, goes to the polling booth and marks a ballot, or does not take the trouble to do so. But nothing could be plainer than if every citizen thus came to the conclusion that it did not matter whether or not he, or she, exercised the franchise, the whole cause of progress and human welfare and, indeed, of civilization itself would be endangered. It does matter, and matter immensely, that each one of us should do his, or her, duty as a citizen, on every day, as well as on election day. Yet how difficult it often is to keep this truth in mind!

BRITISH SETTLERS FOR THIS COUNTRY

"If the Dominions will get busy," writes D. C. Lamb, the Salvation Army's Commissioner of Emigration in Great Britain, in a letter to the London Times, "they can secure just any class of British settler they want." This is a striking statement, made deliberately by a man in a position which gives great weight to his words. He writes from knowledge; and his letter to the Times is being frequently referred to in the discussion of emigration which has become general in Great Britain since Mr. Lloyd George uttered the suggestion that perhaps in emigration could be found a solution for the British unemployment problem. Commissioner Lamb has visited Canada three times during the past twenty months, and he has been once to Australia

The Philosopher

and once to New Zealand in the same period. On each of his visits to this Dominion he spent some time in the West as well as in the East. He has also visited the United States, where he was struck by the fact that side by side with the strong public feeling in favor of the drastic restrictions of immigration and the barring out of undesirables, there is "a clear and insistent call for British people." He regards the present time as Canada's great opportunity for securing British settlers. The three principles which he states as governing the Salvation Army's activity in this respect are that emigration from Great Britain should be (1) helpful to the individual; (2) acceptable to Great Britain; and (3) advantageous to the Dominion to which the individual goes. These are right and sound principles. Commissioner Lamb's letter deserves well the attention it is attracting in Great Britain. It deserves attention in this country, too.

THE UNFINISHED HUDSON BAY RAILWAY

Among the many interesting things in the annual report of Dr. R. C. Wallace, the Commissioner of Northern Manitoba, is his setting forth of the facts in regard to the manner in which even the portion of the Hudson Bay Railway has already proved its value in many ways. When that line of railway was first projected, little thought was given to any other idea in connection with it than that it would provide a shorter and cheaper route for Western grain to the market on the other side of the Atlantic. The experience of the past ten years during which the Hudson Bay Railway has been in process of building and partial operation has shown that it is an immensely important asset to the region through which it passes. Not only has it diverted to itself the old fur-trading routes, but the fishing industry has extended itself and benefited greatly. The same is true of the trapping industry. One part of the mineral field, the Herb Lake belt, which is the main gold-producing area in the Northern Manitoba mineral belt, is supplied directly by the fortnightly service on the portion of the Hudson Bay Railway constructed, and could not be operated without it. The completion of the Hudson Bay Railway, which is so long delayed, will lead to important developments; its partial construction has been the cause of the remarkable development thus far in the region it traverses. The additional population and the growth of the town of The Pas itself are only an earnest of what will follow upon completion of the line. The Hudson Bay Railway is a Dominion issue; its completion is a matter of not only Canadian, but Imperial importance.

A NEED OF ENLIGHTENMENT

It would be unfair, of course, to take as a fair specimen of our good neighbors south of the international boundary line, the individual who says in a letter published in the New York Tribune, that "the sale to us for our \$1,000,000,000 claim against England would be a fair deal, and it would not be unacceptable to the Canadians, if they were approached diplomatically, as it would be entirely gratifying to us, especially to the large class which visits Canada for business or pleasure." The need of enlightenment which that letter displays is enough to make that celebrated Bird of Freedom, the bald-headed eagle, watchful over the honor of the Stars and Stripes, sweep down upon the correspondent of the New York Tribune who wrote that letter, grasp him in its talons, fly out over New York harbor with him and seat him for a while on top of the bronze torch upheld in the right hand of Liberty Enlightening the World. He is most lamentably in need of enlightenment. Such a need of enlightenment is one of the things which does not help toward "making the world safer for democracy"—to recall one of ex-President Wilson's greatest utterances.

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS

No fact stands out more plainly in the world to-day than the fact that a complete change has been wrought in the meaning of the words "the British Empire" since 1914. Great Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand are now a group of self-governing nations organized on a basis of complete constitutional equality under the common Crown which is the symbol of their union. Among the outstanding events in the history of the development of this British Commonwealth of free, self-governing nations the first was the granting of responsible government to Canada threescore and ten years ago. Later came the growth of nationhood

in Australia and New Zealand, and in due time the establishment of responsible government in those Dominions. Outstanding monumentally is the establishment of responsible government in South Africa, including the areas which had been the Transvaal and the Orange State, after the war of twenty years ago. And then came the decision to give India responsible government. Now, as the result of the readjustments following upon the ending of the Great War, the self-governing nations of the Empire overseas from Great Britain have the right of separate action in foreign affairs in the League of Nations. Some few prophets of doom, of the same sort as those who on each occasion of the establishment of responsible government in "a Colony" had foretold disaster, have been heard that this means the end of Imperial unity. On the contrary, Imperial unity is more real than ever it was before.

NAPOLEON AND THE KAISER

One hundred years ago on the fifth of this month died Napoleon I, a prisoner on the Island of St. Helena. Napoleon the Great, he was called when he was deluging Europe in blood. But humanity knows now that though he possessed a genius for organization and leadership and military strategy, he was not truly great. His thirst for conquest and military "glory" was insatiable. He inspired his armies with self-sacrificing devotion to him; but when his great campaign into Russia ended in disaster, he sought his own safety in flight. In like manner the Kaiser William, when he realized that his dreams of making himself master of human destinies by the military might and ruthlessness in destruction and bloodshed, sought only the safety of his own skin and fled across the Dutch border. The Kaiser thus showed his craven spirit; Napoleon in the earlier years of his military career had displayed again and again extraordinary personal courage on the battlefield, and so to compare the Kaiser to him in any way is grossly unjust, though it is true that both sought only personal safety when the day of retribution and disaster came. The Kaiser and his son, the Crown Prince, as well, believed themselves to be Napoleons in genius, and dreamed of being far greater than Napoleon in achievement. They were only inflated imitations of "the man of destiny," as Napoleon used to regard himself.

AS TO YOUTH AND AGE

Once more the report is printed in the newspapers that by inoculation from a certain gland of a monkey it is going to be possible to keep human beings from growing old. There may be a few credulous people, perhaps, who will regard this report as a thing to be taken seriously, or half-seriously. This one about keeping people from growing old does not say anything about whether the people who are to be kept from growing old are to be kept at a certain age, or for how long they are to be kept from growing old. As a matter of fact, it seems to The Philosopher that people do not grow old as soon as they used to. Time was that when a man began to use "reading glasses" he began to feel that his active life was beginning to be over—unless he was a judge, or a statesman. Nowadays, we think nothing of the fact that our eyesight is getting "long." Men and women now wear eyeglasses for years before admitting even to themselves that their prime is past. But what a world it would be, if all men and women remained perpetually young! Would it not be a world too full of hope, of rashness, of fierceness, of passionateness? For, somehow, we cannot think of the cautious wisdom that is won by experience of life being possessed by men or women possessing perpetual youth.

MANY TIES BIND BRITAIN AND FRANCE

There is something fine and inspiring in the manner in which without any blowing of trumpets to proclaim abroad what they are doing, one city in Great Britain after another is undertaking the work of restoration in the war-ravaged regions of France. More than fifty ruined cities and villages in France have thus been "adopted" by British cities and towns, which are making provision for the work of rebuilding and of restoring public utilities destroyed by the war. Verdun, the glory of whose name is immortal even though the city was reduced to a heap of ruins, has been "adopted" by the City and County of London. That great declaration of the unconquerable spirit of France, "They shall not pass" was made good at Verdun. But though the Germans could not force a passage, their guns took such heavy toll that the whole region, it might almost be said, is a cemetery. Some of the demolished villages around Verdun may never be rebuilt. But Verdun itself will be. So also will Mezières be rebuilt; Manchester has raised £50,000 towards that. Newcastle has "adopted" Arras, Sheffield has "adopted" Bapaume, Puisieux and Serre, Birmingham has "adopted" Albert, and so it goes. Despite the heavy burden which the war has placed upon the shoulders of the people of Great Britain, they are thus finding means to bring help to the stricken regions of France. These two great peoples, the British and the French, are so closely bound together now that their friendship will endure for all time.

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Possibly nothing is more indicative of the general upset conditions in the world than the strikes and threatened strikes of the teachers.

What's Wrong with the Teachers? The old idea of a profession, as distinguished from an occupation or a trade,

was that it implied service to humanity and responsibility, and none of the professions carried that idea in a more marked degree than teaching, with the single possible exception of medicine.

As years roll on, nursing became recognized as a profession, carrying with it a high degree of service. When the teachers, no matter what their grievances may be, go on strike they do something far more widespread in its consequences than merely the temporary upsetting of the curriculum of the school for a few weeks. Teachers are employed on a contract. They know the terms of the contract before they go in and when they strike they give to the young and rising generation an excuse for lawlessness that many years of past faithful instruction cannot offset and the effect of which no amount of careful teaching in the future will obliterate. It was highly significant that one of the first men to appear before the Board of Education in the City of Edmonton and urge that the high schools be kept open was the chief of police and he based his arguments on the letting loose in the community of a large number of students more or less infected with a spirit of lawlessness and with nothing to do.

No one who has been at all closely in touch with the schools of Canada, whether elementary, high schools or colleges, will deny that in the past years the community has not set the monetary value it should have done upon the teaching of youth. Teachers have often worked long hours on meagre salaries and thousands of them have performed a service to Canada which can never be fully estimated. On the other hand no one is compelled to become a teacher. The scale of salaries is well known. It is a profession into which people go with their eyes open. If school boards or boards of education fail to live up to their side of the contract there is always the courts for redress. It is a profession which carries with it an enormous amount of responsibility and having assumed that responsibility it is a grave matter indeed when teachers throw down their books and break faith with the pupils who are within a few weeks of examination.

If people who have enjoyed special educational advantages can find no better way of remedying their grievances against their employers but force, as it were, they give a terrific black eye to the value of higher education and set an example to the pupils under their charge the disastrous effect of which no one can possibly measure at the present time. If, as has now been generally conceded, the policemen of the community are not entitled to strike because they are the enforcers of law and guardians of the safety of the people, how much less can the teachers who are guardians of the rising nation be justified in so flagrant a disregard of the safety of that nation?

The writer has nothing to say as to the merits of these quarrels between teachers and school and educational boards per se. The teachers may be absolutely right in their demands, but assuredly they are far from right in their methods. There may be justification in tying up industries (though that is still a moot question) but there can be no justification for an attempt to tie up education.

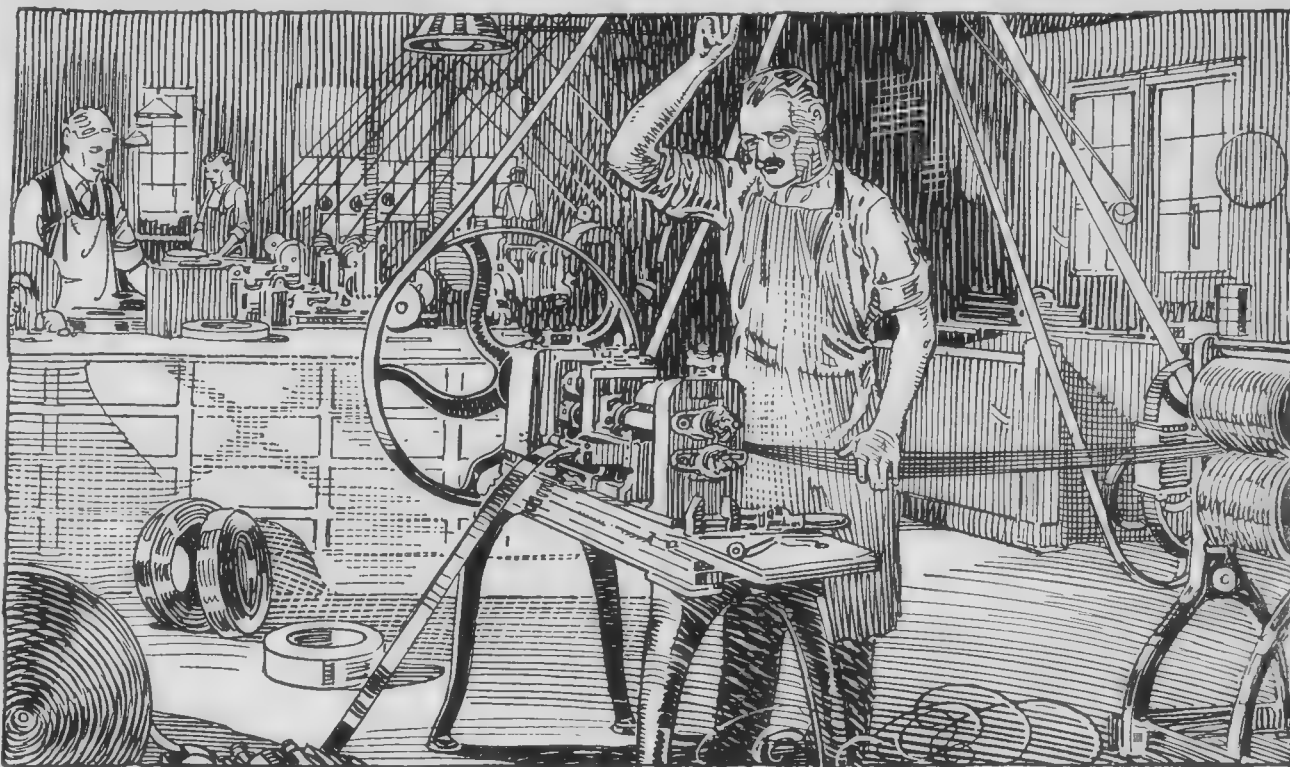
The Rev. Herbert Bingham, who was the speaker at the Rotarian lunch in Calgary during the recent spring horse show, had been spec-

Making Friends with the Policemen ially asked to deal with the question of the Club's work among boys and in the course of his remarks he gave expression to the belief that one of the

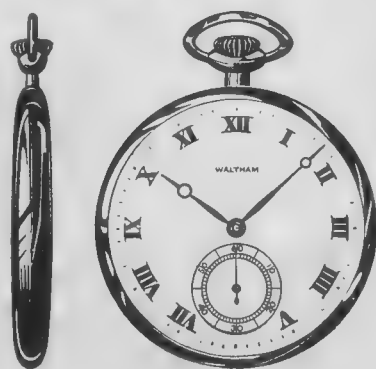
great difficulties of the present day with boys was that they had been allowed to assume that the policeman was their natural and sworn enemy. He thought that one of the services which

Rotarians might undertake to perform in connection with their work for boys was that of bringing together the boys and the policemen, convincing the boys that the police, so far from being their

enemies, were the natural guardians of their safety and that by being friends with the men in uniform they were performing a service of good citizenship and could be of great (Cont'd on page 29)



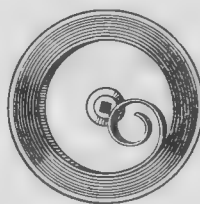
WALTHAM
THE
SCIENTIFICALLY
BUILT
WATCH



"COLONIAL"

Ask your jeweler to show you this thin model

The Main Spring



THE mainspring is the power of a watch. It is a piece of specially hardened and tempered steel, about twenty inches long, coiled in a barrel between the upper and lower plates of the movement.

It is subjected to varying conditions of service in temperature and tension. The variation in thickness of two one-thousandths of an inch, or lack of uniformity in hardening, and tempering will decide the time-keeping quality of your watch.

The Waltham Watch Company produces fourteen tons of mainsprings every year. It is the largest mainspring maker in the world. The Waltham mainspring is cut from long rolls of steel of uniform and special quality, then tempered in resilient form by a secret process, and is placed in the watch coiled into a hardened and tempered steel barrel. This is exclusively a Waltham practice.

An inferior mainspring means an inferior watch—no matter how much you pay for it.

The uniform superiority of the Waltham mainspring is one of the reasons why the horological experts of the leading nations of five continents chose Waltham in preference to watches of any other make.

Made in Canada :: :: Literature on Request

House of Waltham, 189 St. James Street, Montreal

WALTHAM
THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

Bakers Yeast is Hailed as Eighth Wonder of the World by Scientists

Same Microscopic Plant that Leavens Bread,
Now Cures Sickness and Beautifies Complexion

Ever since Science first began to hold the microscope over the little yeast fungus, new and wonderful discoveries have been frequently announced about yeast.

We might call the yeast the eighth wonder of the world, except that the tiny one-celled plant of the lower vegetable kingdom probably played an important role in creating all the other seven wonders, and perhaps even took a hand in creating the old world itself. For the life work of the yeast plant is to create and re-create.

The baker knows that but for the mysterious little living particles in compressed yeast, his loaf would bake up like a plaster of paris cast. Students of science all know that the yeast plant which raises bread also gives flavor to butter, makes buttermilk, makes vinegar, ripens cheese, ferments liquors and makes many foods palatable.

And now Science's newest proclamation comes through the doctors. Yeast, they say, has the power to keep well people well and make sick people well.

The Beauty Culturists add a note to the claims of the physicians. They asserted that yeast has the power to make beautiful the human face and form by building up the general health, clearing the complexion and making the eyes sparkle.

Yeast a Medicine in Fourth Century

The use of yeast as a medicine was an ancient practice that modern civilization somehow had lost. Hippocrates, who is called the father of medicine, a Greek, who lived some time about the fourth century B. C. left behind him

annals which tell of the administration of yeast to the sick.

Just why and how yeast does cure many diseases and has the power to build up stunted children and undernourished adults is still a mystery to scientists, but it is believed that they will shortly know all about this. They know that it contains those mysterious substances called vitamins, which promote growth, maintain body balance and prevent and cure certain illnesses.

For yeast is a food as well as a medicine and a ferment. Yeast comes originally from the air. The air does not generate yeast as some people believe, but the entire atmosphere is filled with wild yeast just as it is filled with millions of invisible bacteria and other forms of life both vegetable and animal; those minute living forms which have such great power for good or power for harm.

How Wild Yeast is Cultured

There are thousands of varieties of wild yeast in the atmosphere at all times. The manufacturers of commercial bakers' yeast have caught the wild yeast from the air by prepared mixture of good foods likely to attract the yeast and develop it. The food in the case of compressed yeast is a pure, well cooked cereal mixture which forms the foundation of the yeast cake. Long experience has shown which varieties are able to propagate most rapidly and do the work expected of them. These varieties are separated from the others and carefully nurtured and grown until they produce yeast with the ability to do all that is expected of it in a certain time. The form of yeast cell

undergoes transformation in this process of domestication and the cell of the yeast we buy from the manufacturer looks very different through the microscope than the cell of the wild yeast which we get from the air. The domesticated cell is larger, has greater power to germinate and is more reliable.

When placed in the proper environment yeast will multiply rapidly — so rapidly that each gives rise to millions of others within a few weeks time. A cubic inch of space can hold some 40 millions of yeast cells.

Yeast propagates in food that contains the indispensable vitamins which scientists know little about, but are certain that they are necessary to produce growth in children and maintain health in both children and adults. These vitamins are found in the germs and husks of grain used in the mash, which is the bulk of the yeast cake, in which the little yeast plant lives.

Dr. Hawk Made Experiments

Just how physicians began to revive interest in yeast as a medicine is not known, but Dr. Philip B. Hawk, professor of physiological chemistry, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa., was the first to make an extensive survey on the latent powers of this little plant germ. Several well known physicians assisted him.

The experimenters used white rats as subjects, because science has demonstrated that the tissues of these little creatures undergo in three years the same changes that take place in the human tissues from infancy to old age. They eat the same kind of food as human beings, so we can learn the effects of foods on our bodies by noting its effect on them and can get results much more quickly than if men and women were used for experiments.

These scientists used foods made up of theoretically perfect constituents. They made one combination of casein

(the principal solid of milk) sugar, butter and mineral salts which really formed an artificial milk. It contained all the known elements of milk, the ideal food for any young animal. Now under normal conditions a white rat will double its weight in about two weeks, but rats fed on this artificial milk did not grow at all, no matter how long they were fed on this ration. They wasted away and died. Even beefsteak added to the diet did not cause them to grow. But when a little baker's yeast was added to the diet they soon gained weight and were as strong and vigorous as their kin fed on natural food. Then the scientists waited until the rats were full grown and eliminated the yeast from their food. They began to lose weight and did not regain normal weight until the yeast was put back into the daily ration.

Yeast Builds up and Strengthens

Having proved its value for the growing animal these same Philadelphia doctors wanted to find out what yeast would do for a full-grown man. Six men were placed on a yeast diet for two-week periods. These men not only maintained their health and strength as well as on a normal diet but gained in weight. Most of the men were fed the yeast cakes just as bought at the corner grocery. The yeast cakes were broken up and dissolved in water, milk, or fruit juices, or blended in syrups, gravies and gruels.

The reason for the value of yeast is at hand. It contains more than 50 per cent. of protein as against 20 per cent. in meat.

Chemical analysis shows that it contains all the elements that make up the proteins as well as a carbohydrate content greater than that in sweet or white potatoes.

The best way to buy yeast is a form that can be kept handy at home. Your grocer can supply you with those solid yeast cakes in package form and they will keep fresh indefinitely.

PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread"

The family, where Mother makes the bread with Purity Flour, knows best the deliciousness of fresh, crisp, delicately browned toast, or fresh, buttered bread.

Tell your Grocer you want "Purity Flour"



The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Cont'd from page 27

help in observing and enforcing the observance of law. This is a splendid idea and proof of the efficacy of it is found in the duty of the Boy Scouts. The writer remembers very vividly the work of the Boy Scouts in connection with the great Dry Farming Congress at Lethbridge, Alberta, in 1912. The convention was a very large one for a city the size of Lethbridge and the hotel accommodation had to be supplemented by private citizens. There were no street cars in Lethbridge in those days and all of the trains arrived during the night. The city council and the committee in charge of the Dry Farming Convention sought the assistance of the Boy Scouts and the local corps went into camp just outside headquarters of the convention. Details

of scouts met every train, escorted delegates to headquarters for registration, secured the billets and piloted the strangers to their bed and board. An attempt by more than one visitor to tip the boys for this service was met with a polite but very firm refusal and the additional information that "they were there to help the city." The city was very materially helped and the memory of the courtesy and efficiency has lingered with many of the delegates to this day and has been more than once spoken of from public platforms and in print.

The Fair-grounds that have been put in charge of Boy Scouts to look after the welfare of children have benefited enormously and the Boy Scouts have benefited also from the feeling of importance and responsibility. Any uniform that stands for the enforcement of law and order should not only com-

mand the respect of boys, but their sense of comradeship and fellowship, and if the Rotarians of Western Canada succeed in developing this idea they will have performed a service of enormous value to the community.

Another service which the Rotarians are contemplating is that of forming a fund from which youths and young men who would otherwise have to work their way through college may borrow money, at an extremely low rate of interest, to put them through, the fund being secured by an insurance on the life of the borrower. Mr. Bingham touched on this work also and called attention to the fact that he and his three brothers, all ministers, had worked their way through college and that had they been able to borrow the money at a low interest they could have done more effective work in college, could have got through in a shorter time and, in his own case

at least, would have suffered much less in health as the double strain of earning a living and studying frequently proved to have bad physical effects in later life. It is probable that this work of the Rotarians will be taken up throughout the whole of Canada which will take some little time to formulate the matter and get it in working order, but it is probable that within a year at least this work will be under way. Of course, all applicants for loans from such a fund will be carefully scrutinized and only those who are earnest, who are absolutely in need of the loan and who give evidence of making good, will be considered.

Live as in God's sight, mindful of thy position as a child of God, and as a servant of Jesus. Meditate on His word; pray always. Then you will know when to close and when to open your lips.

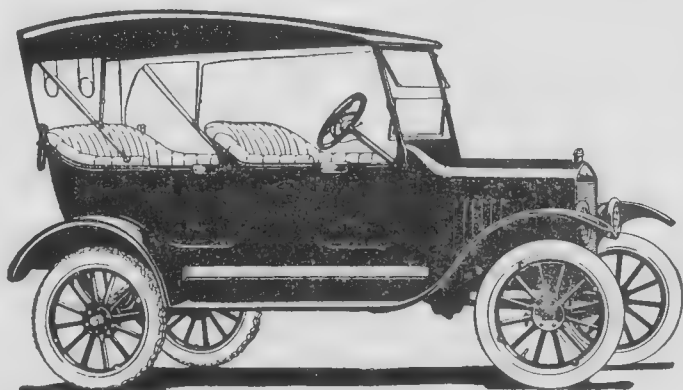


**"Both
hands free
to control
the wheel"**

YOU can learn to run a Ford with a single lesson. Its two speeds, high and low, are controlled by *one foot pedal*, requiring only two movements of the foot to bring the Ford Car to usual road speed, whereas it requires three movements of the foot, and three hand movements in shifting gear, to bring other cars to road speed. *While driving a Ford you have both hands free to control the wheel.*

This unique simplicity of control is made possible by the special Ford planetary transmission with gears always in mesh, thus rendering unnecessary the troublesome operation of hand levers which divide your attention with your view of the road.

The confidence and ease with which the Ford Car is operated is one of many reasons why today over half the cars in the world are Fords.



**Wherever you go—
Ford Service**

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ontario

To Assist the Farmers by Placing Settlers on Unoccupied Lands

Managing Director of the Western Canada Colonization Association discloses the plans of the organization—Major-General A. D. McRae, C.B., Immigration Expert, asks for Provincial Land Settlement Boards and for stabilized lists of vacant lands with prices good for a reasonable period.

As Mr. T. A. Crerar has said, population is the only possible solution of the National Railways problem. The simple fact is that neither Western Canada nor Canada as a whole can continue to carry on without a marked increase in the number of people on the land. The present sparse settlement of the three prairie provinces inflicts an unnecessary burden upon the settlers themselves, as it does upon the entire country. The larger the number of actual farmers on the soil the more potent will their voice be in regard to such questions as freights, elevating, marketing and purchasing.

A number of far-seeing men have brought the Western Canada Colonization Association into being. The organization has no share capital. Under its federal charter it can make no profits. It is financed by voluntary subscriptions from public spirited citizens who have the progress and welfare of the country at heart. Its Board of Directors is made up of representative farmers and leading business men. Its purpose is to bring under production the unoccupied lands lying close to existing railways and held out of cultivation in the main by absentee owners.

Major-General A. D. McRae, C.B., who was recently appointed Managing Director of the Association, is an experienced Colonization expert, and in the plan drawn up by him the heartiest co-operation on the part of the Prairie Province Governments is essential to the success of the project. He asks that each of the three administrations appoint a Land Settlement Board to provide the Association with a fixed list of unoccupied lands at prices good for a reasonable period. In his opinion, little progress can be made with the difficult task of colonizing the West unless this request is complied with. He refuses to believe that any one of the provinces will forego its share of the prospective benefits to be derived from the great fund raised by the Western Canada Colonization Association.

During the last few days a delegation, including Major-General McRae, Mr. M. A. Brown of Medicine Hat, Vice-President, and other Directors of the Association, has waited upon the Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta cabinets with a memorial setting forth the suggestions of the organization. In each case the deputation was received by the Premier and his colleagues. The memorial presented read as follows:

To the Honourable Mr. Premier and Ministers of the Council:

I thank you on behalf of the Directors of the Western Canada Colonization Association for this opportunity of meeting with you to consider the problem of colonizing lands in your Province.

Before proceeding I would like to state the mission of our Association. Our organization is supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions from prominent Canadian individuals and corporations. Business interests in Eastern and Western Canada have subscribed a very large sum of money to an Association whose only aim is to assist in settling the unoccupied lands of Western Canada. This fact reveals a national realization of the urgent need for increased immigration to the land. Our undertaking in its very nature discloses an active sympathy with the people of the Prairie Provinces and their problems. Our whole object as will be hereafter shown is to better their economic position together with that of the whole Dominion.

To Settle Unoccupied Lands

We seek no cash assistance from your Government or any other Government. Our Association is a corporation without the power of gain. It cannot under its charter become interested in the sale of land on commission or for any other pecuniary consideration. We have no axe to grind except the public axe. Our sole purpose is to assist the development of the Western Provinces and particularly in the placing of settlers on the unoccupied lands adjacent to the present railways. It is our desire to co-operate closely with all existing immigration agencies in order to avoid duplication and consequent waste of money and effort. By co-ordinating our efforts with those of the Western Provinces and the Dominion and by filling in the gaps in colonization work which Governments cannot bridge,

we hope to be an active force in a great forward movement.

We are here to-day with a simple request. We merely ask that you provide machinery enabling our association to co-operate effectively with your Government in solving a problem the solution of which, when all is said and done, rests squarely upon the shoulders of the three Prairie Provinces. The whole economic future of the country depends upon the manner in which this responsibility is discharged.

Uniform System Needed

With the disappearance of the free homestead, land settlement became a difficult affair. So long as settlers could rush into the country and with the assistance of the local Dominion Land Agent find, within reasonable distance of the railway, good free land, little attention was paid to them. The whole situation is now changed. Most of the land has been alienated from the Crown. The undeveloped lands are held largely by non-residents. Some uniform method of dealing with such lands must be adopted or they will not be available in a permanent and practical way for incoming settlers in large numbers.

The present haphazard method of listing lands for sale, with the probability that the owner may change his mind at any time (usually when a purchaser is in sight) makes it quite impossible for any private agency to undertake colonization in a big way.

A Fixed Price List Necessary

The great need is a plan under which the unoccupied lands can be brought into the market in a systematic manner—a plan including the issue of maps and price lists holding good long enough for negotiations with prospective settlers, so that such settlers may come in, look over the land and close the deals before the price is jumped on them. We feel that the efforts of individuals or corporations to accomplish this in a large way are futile. In our judgment neither of them can compile for sale lists of unoccupied lands aggregating an acreage sufficient to justify the expense, with a permanency that will be found effective. If we are going to make satisfactory progress with the settlement of our unoccupied lands we must put the sale of such lands on a definite business basis. The central agency proposed by us will have its advantages for a multitude of non-resident land-owners. It will offer them an active medium through which they may list their holdings.

Sparse Settlement Costly

We have in mind the burden which the lack of proper direction of settlement has already inflicted on the western provinces. Such absence of direction has meant sparse settlements and otherwise unnecessary and economically unjustifiable public expenditures on branch railways, roads, schools, churches, telephones, etc. Not overlooking some unfortunate areas where settlement should never have been permitted, I feel that it will be greatly to the advantage of each of the Western Provinces to assume the direction of new settlers.

The Legislation Required

I seriously believe that the success of our efforts to assist in the settlement of the unoccupied land in this Province largely depends upon our being able to co-operate with and work through a properly constituted and effective Provincial Agency. We therefore desire to submit for your most earnest consideration the following legislation as in our judgment the minimum that will meet the situation and facilitate our endeavors for the public welfare.

A. Establish a Provincial Land Settlement Board consisting of one Director who will be responsible to and under the direction of the Minister of Agriculture.

B. Require the owners of unoccupied land, upon receipt of notice, to file, within a given time, with the Land Settlement Board, their own valuation of their unoccupied land, together with terms thereon; such sale value (conditional upon the land still remaining unoccupied) to hold good for a period of two years or thereafter until the owner withdraws same; provision being made to allow the owner one year's interest at six per cent on valuation and a refund of taxes paid in case a sale is made after the expiration of the first year.

C. Make such valuation the basis for the unoccupied land tax.

D. Authorize the Land Settlement Board to appraise any unoccupied land on which the owner has failed to make the required return and, where it deems necessary, to appraise any unoccupied land on which the owner's sale valuation and terms are considered to be unreasonable and in effect a withdrawal of the land from settlement. Provide that such land shall be assessed double the unoccupied land tax by way of penalty.

E. Require the non-resident owner of unoccupied land to appoint a duly authorized agent in the locality of his land, to whom purchasers may be referred. Require such owner to authorize such agent to effect sale on his behalf at the price and on the terms filed with the Land Settlement Board.

Work For the Land Board

The foregoing recommendations are only what we regard as necessary to enable us to co-operate successfully with you. Once the Land Settlement Board has been established and its usefulness demonstrated undoubtedly wide powers will be granted to it.

The Board will deal with all immigration problems in and for the Province. Not only will it be the instrument through which you will carry on your provincial immigration efforts; it will also direct the immigration brought through all the various agencies at work for our Western development. It will direct the newcomers brought in as a result of the Dominion Government's efforts. It will afford a channel through which the drift of immigration that comes along "on its own" may be properly looked after.

Social Service for the Board

The Land Settlement Board should also be able to achieve an invaluable service to the Province by directing the new settlers in a general way into districts where their former agricultural experience is most likely to ensure their success and where their neighbors will offer them a congenial social environment. With the active support of the Board it should be possible to maintain community organizations which will extend to the new settler and his family a hearty welcome and an entrance into the social life of the community. It is only by such means that the exodus of farmers from various districts can be stopped and the agricultural population be given that permanence of tenure which is essential to the continued growth and welfare of the country.

Internal Migration

Furthermore, it would appear that the Land Settlement Board with the information it will possess, will offer you an organization specially qualified to handle the transfer of settlers within the Province.

In addition to dealing with the land coming directly under its control an effective Provincial Settlement Board will have a very powerful indirect influence on agricultural development throughout the Province generally and will be a safeguard in protecting settlers from paying unjustifiably high prices for wild land. The operations of the Board cannot act otherwise than as a stimulus to the sale of unimproved land to actual settlers at reasonable prices. It undoubtedly will result in bringing a big increased acreage under permanent production and incidentally in lessening the burden of taxation on the existing population.

An Established Principle

The proposed legislation making the owner of unoccupied land his own assessor will merely follow the principle observed in the income tax return. This plan, if adopted, will render feasible the early issue of maps and price lists of unoccupied lands for sale in the Province. Without such fixed lists no adequate land settlement can be secured.

At best it will require some months to compile maps, price lists, etc. A minimum period of two years' listing is therefore necessary. The additional consideration (interest for one year and a refund of taxes paid in the interval) allowed to the owner in case sale is made after the first year, makes this two year provision equivalent to a twelve months' listing, which is the common practice.

A Just Proposal

As to the penalty proposed, i.e.,

doubling the unoccupied land tax; I am sure it will be the consensus of public opinion that the man who will not improve his land or offer it for sale for actual settlement at a reasonable price, should pay something for the "community development" carried on by his neighbors.

In requiring the non-resident owner of unoccupied land to appoint an agent in the locality of the land you will be merely supplying a necessary link in the chain between the settler and the owner, and at the same time making use of the local man who has the knowledge and experience necessary to properly look after the newcomer. In addition to the outlay involved in establishing and carrying on the detail work of the proposed Land Settlement Board, the Province must also expect to bear the expense of getting out maps and price lists of its unoccupied land, as well as literature to accompany same. All of this is constructive work and will be found very advantageous to the Province.

Other Activities

Moreover, if your Province is to benefit as it should, from the efforts of the Dominion Government and of voluntary associations such as the one I am permitted to direct, you should have two or three foreign offices of your own. In connection with these offices, particularly in the United States, the value of attending during the year fifteen to twenty American fall fairs, has been well established.

We anticipate that as our work in the United States and Great Britain develops opportunities will be offered to the Western Provinces to co-operate with us in furnishing "actual farmers" to carry on lecture work during the winter months. You may also wish to join in making other similar efforts destined to bring Western Canada to the door of the prospective settler. With such considerations in view we are anxious that your Province should not (through failure to provide funds) find itself in a position of inability to co-operate with our Association. Our Association contemplates an annual expenditure much in excess of the total immigration expenditures we are suggesting for all the Western Provinces put together.

Will Benefit Present Farmers of the West

The outstanding need of the West is more people on the land. Failing a far-reaching colonization effort a hopelessly sparse population must continue to bear an undue burden of Municipal, Provincial and Federal taxation. Under these circumstances your Government can scarcely afford to pursue a policy of inaction regarding immigration.

In helping to establish satisfactory conditions for incoming settlers this Association is working and will work inevitably in the interests of those already on the land. It goes without saying that questions relating to freights, marketing, elevating and purchasing are common to all those engaged in agriculture. To put it in another way, this Association proposes entering into partnership with the Prairie Provinces; it will be identified with the actual settlement of farmers on the soil; as a natural consequence the welfare of agriculture throughout the West must necessarily command the support of the organization.

The colonization efforts outlined above will necessitate some expenditure for land settlement work. In view of the fact that the unoccupied land owners in your Province are now obliged to pay a special tax which yields several hundred thousand dollars annually, it would not appear unreasonable that a sufficient amount of this tax should be set aside to assist in colonizing such lands.

The legislation suggested, in our judgment, is the least possible which will assure a permanent price list of the unoccupied lands and a satisfactory agency through which sale can be effected.

A Great Opportunity

The day for big private colonization schemes is over. Left to himself the small colonizer finds the effort required too great, the expense too heavy and the returns too uncertain. The area of the Prairie Provinces is so tremendous, and railways and their branch lines are so numerous that a collective settlement scheme is not practicable if incoming settlers are to be located within reasonable distances of existing transportation facilities. Any successful colonization plan must deal with the individual settler.

Given the opportunity to co-operate with and operate through an effective Land Settlement Board; given the line of continuity extending to the resident owner or the responsible local agent; supplied with literature, maps and permanent price lists of unoccupied lands, I firmly believe the Western Canada Colonization Association can bring into the Province a great number of the right kind of farmer settlers. Respectfully submitted,

(Signed)

A. D. McRAE,
Managing Director

Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

CANADIAN POETS

Last month in our study of Canadian poets, I promised for this issue quotations from our Western composers, but space permits only three this time; however, we shall continue the study in the June number.

Prof. W. T. Allison, of Manitoba University, in his preface to the book of poems by Robert J. C. Stead, classes him as the best poet of the West. One feels the real western atmosphere in Stead's poem, "Soldiers of the Plough." His poem, "Kitchener," is without doubt the leading poem in his book. He composed it after learning of the death of Kitchener, and very soon it was published in the leading publications of Europe. I trust every teacher in Canada will emphasize to the boys and girls the beauty and patriotism of this splendid poem.

Kitchener

Weep, waves of England! Nobler clay
Was ne'er to nobler grave consigned;
The wild waves weep with us to-day
Who mourn a nation's master mind.

We hoped an honored age for him,
And ashes laid with England's great;
And rapturous music, and the dim
Deep hush that veils our Tomb of State

But this is better. Let him sleep
Where sleeps the men who made us free,
For England's heart is in the deep,
And England's glory is the sea.

Leap, waves of England! Boastful be,
And fling defiance in the blast,
For earth is envious of the sea
Which shelters England's dead at last.

• • • • •

Prof. W. T. Allison, President of the Manitoba and Saskatchewan branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, has this beautiful gem of philosophy in "Canadian Singers and Their Songs."

Sic Transit Gloria

For what of splendor or of fame
Can vaunt itself beneath the sun?
The race of myriads is run,
But Nature's face is e'er the same.

The secret craft of Memphian priest,
The grace of Athens, then of Rome,
Sidonian triremes turning home,
The mellow wonder of the East.

Who shall see them restored again?
The memory of their pride and shame
Held by the learned few, their name
Strange to the mass of modern men!

Along the great white roads of time,
In spite of pomp and sneering lust,
Life's caravans are blown to dust,
And only Nature moves sublime."

Mrs. Florence Randall Livesay deserves more than a passing mention. Her volume on "Songs of Ukrania," translations of Ukrainian songs without loss of the original, is a remarkable accomplishment. Mrs. Livesay has the soul of a poet in the beauty of her verse. This little poem "Pansy Royal," is taken from "Canadian Singers and Their Songs."

Pansy Royal

The Pansy, her brief summer spent and done,
In veil of purple shrouds her vesper face,
Her dreams unmocked by any staring sun,
She holds, in hidden keeping, her life's grace.
So, dear one, passing when the days have wrought
The end, and gently beckon you apart,
Keep of us who so loved you one sweet thought,
Like Pansy, treasured in a brooding heart."

WHAT RECREATION DO YOU PROVIDE FOR THE GIRLS OF YOUR COMMUNITY?

It has been my privilege to meet many groups of teen age girls this winter in the different churches. No matter what the church is girls are ever the same, bright, happy, full of responsiveness and grateful. I do not care what people may say, girls reflect the influence of the women they know. If they become weak it is because

they do not see in older women the example they need. As I think of young girls in every town I wonder if women are providing for the girls of that community proper recreation where they will be protected. Girls must have amusement, recreation and social life. It is human nature. If the proper kind of recreation is not provided for them they may go into danger for it. Many do. It is up to women in every community to look after the welfare of the young people first. Let canning demonstrations and improvement of cemeteries come second.

The responsibility of woman's influence over the girls in a community is of creative national importance. There is something lovable in every girl. I have known many, many girls, and I know every one is responsive to loving attention and sympathetic confidence.

OVERHEARD

Two girls on their way home from school at the noon hour:

First girl: "Let's cut school this afternoon. We'll meet at the corner and go down to a movie and get home at four."

Second girl: "No, I would never deceive mother that way."

First girl: "Oh, it's hard the first time but the more you cut school the easier it is. I was out all day yesterday."

Second girl: "What did you do?"

First girl: "We went to a show and went into a store to try on hats and winked at the boys on the street."

Second girl: "Well, you may enjoy that, but mother and I are good chums, she takes me out once every week. I am safe with her, and we have great times together. I could not deceive her."

A young woman has asked me to write on "Big Moments in the Life of a Business Girl." Next month I shall answer this request. In the meantime will some of our business girls write me of big moments in their lives. Their experiences would help many girls.

NOTICE—We have several pioneer stories that will be published in next month's issue. The contest is open to both men and women until July. Let us have as many as possible for our readers appreciate them. These stories of pioneer men and women in Canada are valuable material for the young people of to-day who are indebted to these pioneers for their opportunities.

PIONEER STORY OF THE FIRST ENGLISH-SPEAKING WOMAN AT OXDRIFT, ONT.

By Mrs. Roger Sadler, Oxdrift, Ontario

I am going to try and write the story of a pioneer of Western or New Ontario. The first part I must write from what I have been told, the latter part, after I was old enough to remember, I know well for the pioneer is my mother.

When about twenty-four years of age my mother, accompanied by her mother and stepfather, came to this country from England. She has often told us of the voyage which was a very unpleasant one for her, as she was the victim of seasickness most of the time. She only had two meals at the table during the whole of the voyage, the first one being the first served after they got on board, and the second, the one served after the boat anchored in Halifax Harbor. The boat they came across in had a slight accident when still some distance out at sea, and had to be towed into harbor. The passengers were very frightened and excited, and it was reported they had struck an iceberg and were sinking. Mother said she was too sick to care if they did sink.

Her parents settled down in the pretty little town of Whitby, situated on Lake Ontario, and she hired out as a domestic servant.

When twenty-seven years old she married a widower many years older than she was, and they lived on a farm at Kunsale, Ont., about thirty miles from Toronto.

Some years later, being tired of life down there, my father came West and got a farm about four miles from Oxdrift, in what was then known as Rainy River District, but is now Kenora District. It was in the year 1894, and all there was of Oxdrift was a station and section house.



Yes, they'll need Lifebuoy

Playtime is infection time. There are cuts, scratches, bruises—there is the free and artless contact with other children—there is street dust, germs and dirt everywhere. Yet there is one sure, economical easy-to-get safeguard, and that is

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

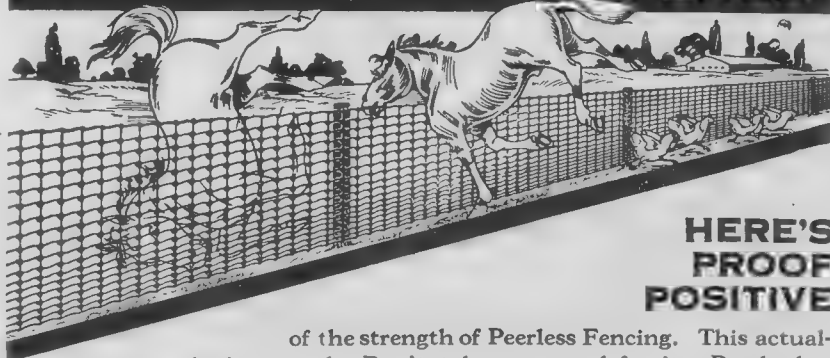
Wash the little bodies with Lifebuoy. Its rich, healing antiseptic oils make for perfect cleanliness and keep the skin rosy and healthy, free from germ and microbe.

The carbolic odour in Lifebuoy is a sign of its protective qualities—quickly vanishing after use.



LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED,
TORONTO

THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED



HERE'S PROOF POSITIVE

of the strength of Peerless Fencing. This actually happened. Don't take our word for it. Read what the owner says. Here's his letter:—

Dear Sirs:—I am writing a testimonial as to the strength of your Peerless Junior Chicken Fencing. Mine is four feet high. It turned two horses, each weighing 1,400 pounds. They ran full tilt into the fencing about two rods from each other at the same time. The result was that they turned a somersault over the fence, alighting on their heads and necks, scratching them up some, but the fence remained intact.

Yours truly, Joe Boothroyd, Surrey Center, B.C.

Think of it! A dead weight of nearly a ton and a half coming with violent force against our poultry fencing—not field fencing—and yet it held.

PEERLESS FENCES

STAND EVERY TEST

Peerless Fence is not only strong enough to resist the onslaught of the heaviest animals but is different to all other fences because it will remain as good as new for years and years—we guarantee it.

Peerless is made of open hearth steel wire which is recognized by experts as the only wire which combines both strength and lasting qualities—open hearth wire being porous takes the galvanize, and that is why Peerless Fences don't rust. The galvanize is not on the surface only—it goes right in to the wire. Ask a Peerless dealer—he knows. Catalogue No. 9 describes Peerless Farm, Poultry and Ornamental Fencing—also gates and steel posts. It's free. Write for it.

Made in Winnipeg

The Banwell-Moxie Wire Fence Company, Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.
HAMILTON, ONT.





I bought an inferior Gopher Poison—thought I'd save a little money. I saved a few cents on the poison, but the gophers wouldn't eat it, although they did eat up several hundred dollars worth of my grain. Never again! I'm using Kill-Em-Quick now. The gophers like its wonderful fragrant odor and its enticing, delicious flavor and it kills them almost instantly. Believe me, brother, you'll do well to avoid my mistake. Buy Kill-Em-Quick in the first place. You can get enough for 100 acres for \$1.50. If your dealer doesn't handle Kill-Em-Quick (most dealers do, though), mail your order direct to



Kill-Em-Quick Co.

(Canada)
Ltd.

Regina, Sask.

*Look for the
gopher twins*

**Kill-Em-Quick
GOPHER POISON**

Pioneer Story

By Mrs. R. Sadler

Cont'd from page 31

He returned, and the following spring mother said good-bye to all her friends, and with her father and mother, and her five children, the oldest nine, and the youngest under one year, started for the new home in the wilds.

It must have taken a great deal of courage to face the change cheerfully, as she did, for, besides the many hardships they really had to face, the Eastern people had some very terrible ideas of Indians and wild animals connected with the new country she was coming to live in. There were both Indians and wild animals here, but neither one was to be feared, as they never did any of us the least harm.

Mother arrived at her destination a few days ahead of father, as he came with a car, containing a cow, a team, and all the rest of our possessions, and as there was only a single line of the C.P. Railway they didn't fetch cars through as quickly as they do now.

It was in March but the snow was still very deep, we got a temporary shelter in part of the station, but our furniture had to stay out on the snow banks for want of a better place, and one warm day the snow melted from under the wheelbarrow, and it fell, putting the legs through the windows intended for the new home when it was built. Such an accident would not matter much now, but in those days there wasn't a store within miles where we could get more.

Mother's first great sorrow came to her very soon, for we had only been in Oxdrift two weeks when grandma sickened and died. They had to send about eighty miles for a coffin, and mother had to prepare grandma for burial all by herself; luckily they managed to get a minister to hold a burial service, and as there was no cemetery grandma was buried on a hillside in a grove of pines. Later she was moved to Dryden cemetery.

It was indeed very lonesome for mother then, for there was only one other woman in Oxdrift and she couldn't talk English; they became friends all the same, and when later the poor woman was ill and needed care, mother found comfort for her loneliness in nursing her and her babe. There were two little Italian boys, and we children found them great playmates, and mother would give us handfuls of cookies, and the little fellows understood what they meant if they couldn't understand us.

An old Indian, who used to come and

sell fish to mother, got to be a great friend too, and when he would stay for dinner as he sometimes did, we would climb on his knees and play with his long black hair.

There were no roads anywhere, just solid bush right up to the railway, and when they did get one cut out at last, it was a very rough one, as mother said she lost every hairpin the first time she rode over it, and her hair was all hanging loose when she got to the farm the first time.

One time when father was working on the section someone had put stones on the track, and as the men were returning home on the handcar at night, they saw them, but not till too late to stop the car. Father jumped but fell, and broke his collar bone. Mother doctored it herself, and it got all right again.

The first house on the farm was a log shanty, the cracks stuffed with moss, and the only partitions formed by huge quilts being hung up, as there was no way of getting lumber. The roof was covered with tar paper, which did very well. Except at times when an electric storm accompanied by hail and high winds happened to come along, as it did quite often during the summer months; then the hail and wind would tear the paper, and the rain would leak through into the house. If this happened during the day we were generally prepared, but when storms came in the night mother would get up and set pans and pails on top of us, as we slept in bed, to keep us dry.

In the summer father cleared land, and in the winter he cut and hauled cord wood, which he sold to the storekeeper in return for provisions for the year. (Wood was worth 85c to \$2.00 per cord).

One day when we children were playing down by the creek, on what we called "Coney Island," mother saw a big black bear on the slope on the opposite side of the creek, and she called us. We went slowly home and never knew till we got there how near we had been to a bear.

After awhile more settlers began to move into the neighborhood, and it was not so lonesome for mother, but the snow got so deep in winter that months used to go by without her ever seeing another woman, and she was ten years in the country without ever once being out of Oxdrift.

When father was away, or too busy to go, mother used to walk four miles to Oxdrift and back, making an eight mile walk, and carry in heavy loads of groceries.

Before father got a big clearing around the buildings we were often frightened by bush fires. I remember one twenty-fourth of May, we children had all been invited to a birthday party, and when the day came we couldn't go for a fierce fire was raging towards us from the west, and the coals were dropping and starting small fires all around us, so mother kept us home so she would know we were all right. As the fire kept dropping on and all around the house, mother kept a washtub full of water handy, and with small cans my brother and she put out the sparks as they fell.

When we were just getting ready to build a new house, we children all sickened and before our parents realized it was serious, the youngest one died. They got the doctor to the rest of us then, but it was too late to save the oldest girl, and she died, too. The rest of us all moved into grandpa's house, and the old shanty they burned, and when we moved back again it was into the new house.

Two more children were born after we moved into the new house, and when the youngest was five years old, and we were just getting into more comfortable circumstances, father worked out all one afternoon in a drizzling rain, and during the following night he took sick with pleuro-pneumonia; nine days later he died. Mother never rested all the time he was ill, and after he died she didn't seem to get strong again.

She was in poor health for some years, but is some better again now and is caring for her old stepfather who is too old to live alone. Always willing to help others when she can, she still has one daughter at home with her, and she has a number of grandchildren, and takes great enjoyment out of their company whenever she is with them.

IMPOSSIBLE

Patron (posing for photo): "Pardon me, what will they come to?"

Photographer: "Sixty-four dollars the dozen. Now, look pleasant, please!"

Barber & Ellis FRENCH ORGANDIE

Is used by all who appreciate high class stationery

In note paper and tablets with envelopes to match

FRENCH ORGANDIE

"THE STATIONERY OF THE REFINED"

ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT

When writing Advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

The Land of Boredom

Mrs NESTOR NOEL

"I'm bored to death," observed a young woman to me one day. When I say that this woman was a farmer's wife, you will wonder all the more.

The average farmer's wife is supposed to be "worked to death"—not bored! Well, this woman (I shall call her Mrs. Smith, though that was not her name) had worked hard all the spring, summer and autumn. She had milked cows, churned butter, gathered berries and made 150 quarts of preserve! But it was winter, and she had only one child, so the time hung heavily on her hands. Her husband milked two cows for her now, because it was so cold in the mornings. When she had done her housework, she found herself with three hours too much. She could not think what to do with them! She is only a type of several other women on these lonely Canadian farms, in the winter. Three hours too much! Three precious hours! I wish she could have given them to me. Now, though I do not milk cows or make butter in the winter, yet I must say that the days are always too short for what I have to do.

When young women are bored to death, they are lacking in imagination. It is easy for a woman who is resourceful to fill her time. These young women, with only one child, should do their best to profit by their free time. Later on, when there are five or six children, they'll look back on the time which once hung so heavily on their hands. "If I'd only done so-and-so," they'll say, as they recall those days. We do not want life to be filled with regrets, so let us see how that Mrs. Smith might have passed her time in winter, profitably.

First of all, she need not think her education is complete. This is a mistake which many women make. They seem to think that, because they are married, they know everything! School day may be over, yet education has only just begun. Clever men like Edison are always learning. It is stupid people to whom we can never teach anything.

If a woman on a lonely farm have a taste for reading, she will be always learning, provided she choose her reading aright, and does not pass the time perusing trash. What more profitable thing can a young married woman do, than read books on "Hygiene" and the "Proper Training of Children"? What she learns in these studies will be of use as the years roll on and the children increase. Many a woman, by the proper knowledge of hygiene, will save a doctor's bill. What is more important, she will know what to do "before the doctor comes." Even with rural telephones and motors, a great deal of time has to be spent anxiously on these farms, when a doctor lives far away.

How much better it would be, if every would-be mother were forced to take a course in nursing and hygiene before she married! But there is nothing to prevent her taking it afterwards, even if she takes it alone, at home. There are so many excellent books on these subjects. Even our semi-monthly, weekly and other papers now have special pages for the women, and a great deal of useful knowledge may be gleaned from them. If a woman have not a taste for reading, then she should try to cultivate one. It is not so hard as it may seem. A taste for reading just grows with the amount of reading done. A mother owes it to her children to cultivate this taste. What better time has she to do so than at the beginning of her married life?

If this Mrs. Smith have a hobby, then the winter is the time in which she can indulge in it, provided it be not a very out-of-door hobby. She might have a taste for photography. Perhaps she has taken many pictures of the baby and the farm, during the summer. Instead of sending them to a photographer in town, she might develop and print them herself. It will be cheaper and more instructive than having them done for her.

The long winters might also be spent, profitably, in doing special sewing, which has been laid by during the summer. A woman who loves sewing can-

not resist the temptation to take out her favorite work on the first appearance of snow.

Mrs. Smith might have other hobbies. There are so many, I cannot mention them all. If women will only study their tastes a little, they will be surprised to see how many interesting things can be done in the winter. Winter is a time of leisure; but it need not be a time of idleness! It brings a welcome change from the strenuous, hard work of the summer and autumn. When the woman sees the threshing machine leave her place, she should say, "Now for a good time," then, having tidied up, she is ready to enjoy herself.

Rest she needs, of course; but she will soon find that rest is not boredom. A woman who is bored is really restless, though she appear to be doing nothing. Her mind is restless. After the summer, her body may be tired out, but scarcely her mind. Let her reverse things now, by resting her body and working her mind.

It is astonishing how stupid one grows if one allows one's intellect to have too long a rest! We none of us want to be stupid, do we? You think it requires a great deal of energy to take up the studies you neglected during the hot months? I will allow it does; so we must not undertake too much mental work from the start. To do so only leads to disgust. The result is the work gets thrown aside. This change of work must be done gradually. There is no hurry, above all in this country, where the winter is so long.

We cannot all afford to race South with the birds, though we may long to do so. Why, then, waste our time in vain regrets? Instead, we should be grateful that we live in a country where we have such good chances to improve our minds. The winter is one of our best chances. Do not let it pass unprofitably. If we do, we shall be sorry one day.

The winter is, also, a time when we can return those visits we had not time to return before. We are not afraid of a little air. Wrapped up in our furs, rushing through the sharp air in our cutters with the sleigh bells ringing merrily, we will renew our health and help brush aside the cobwebs round our brains. Incidentally, we improve our minds, when we visit. I never go anywhere but I return, having learnt something. Dickens was always learning from his fellow creatures. If women will only plan their winters a little, at the beginning, allowing time for relaxation, outings, reading and other hobbies we shall have fewer of these Mrs. Smiths who are, in their own words, "bored to death" every winter.

Practical Chemistry

"Young gentlemen," said the lecturer in chemistry, "coal exposed to the elements loses 10 per cent of its weight and power. This is due to the action of the alkali constituents of—"

"But what if there is a dog sleeping near the coal, professor?"

"None of your levity, young man. This is a serious matter."

"That's what dad thought when 72 per cent of his coal supply disappeared during three nights of exposure. Then he asked my advice as a student of chemistry and I told him to buy a dog. He bought a dog, with large sized teeth, and now we don't lose one per cent of our coal a month. That's practical chemistry."

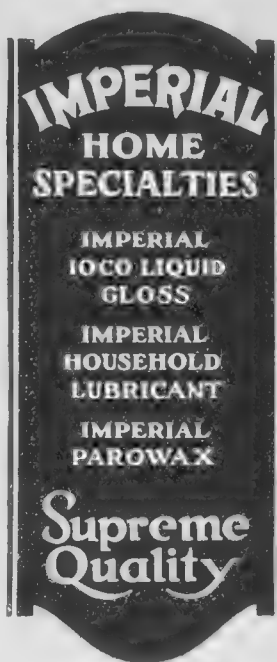
Not One of the Commandments

While Thaddeus Stevens was in Congress, as the Washington Star has the story, he had a Southern cook, who never failed to take him to task for the intemperance in language that was one of his failings.

One day she accidentally let fall a tray full of dishes. Stevens, hearing the crash of chinaware, lost his temper and his command of his tongue.

"What's all that you're breaking in there?" he asked, angrily, adding many additional words that shocked the aged mammy. Coming to the door, she looked the angry man squarely in the eyes, and shot at him:

"Whatever 'tis I's a-breakin', it ain't de third commandment."



SPOTLESS HOMES

IMPERIAL Ioco Liquid Gloss is the ideal cleaner and polisher for all finished surfaces. It removes all stains and every fleck of dust from woodwork. It contains no acid or grit. No water, either, in Imperial Ioco Liquid Gloss—consequently it goes farther.

Imperial Ioco Liquid Gloss gives that desirable like-new touch to furniture that has become dull and dingy. Housewives like the pleasing lustre it imparts, and the smooth, clean surface it leaves.

Imperial Ioco Liquid Gloss comes in a handy, unbreakable container. Apply with a moist cloth and rub dry. Use sparingly for best results. Hardware, furniture and department stores everywhere sell it.

Use Imperial Household Lubricant for the phonograph, washing machine, vacuum cleaner and similar machines around the home. It stops squeaks and prevents rust. Comes in the handy oiler with the long nozzle. For sale by department and hardware stores.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

Power - Heat - Light - Lubrication

BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

The
Western
Home
Monthly

And the
Farmers'
Telegram
and
Family
Magazine

Both for
one full year
and the
Parisienne
Embroidery
Outfit, all for

\$1.25

GREAT BARGAIN OFFER

THE New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine is essentially a family newspaper, with features of interest to every member of the home.

"The Farm and Its Interests," "Sunday at Home," "The Poet's Corner," "Woman's Domain," short and serial stories, are only a few of the many features that have made the New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine the most popular newspaper published west of the great lakes.

----- Use This Coupon -----

Enclosed please find \$1.25. Mail to my address for one year, The Western Home Monthly and the New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine, also the Parisienne Embroidery Outfit.

NAME

POST OFFICE

PROVINCE

Mothers' Section

THE MOTHER AS GUIDE

"THOUGHTS AT RANDOM"

By a Mother

As evening wore on the strong nor-easter made the coal fire in the little heater seem cheery within.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the voice of a small boy outside: "I bet that's Mrs. Brown sitting in there. I'll rap on the window and we'll soon see." This remark evidently addressed to another boy was followed by several sharp knocks on the window pane. I paid no heed, but went on with my sewing. "Let's go inside. I'll take the lead; it's fine and warm in there." With this the door of the Rest Room opened and in stalked two boys—glad to get in out of the chilly night. One threw himself into a chair beside me, while the other boy propped himself up against the wall and hung his head. It seemed up to me to open the conversation—with a few remarks about the weather. This led the little chaps into many interesting tales of their young lives.

Once a country boy had stopped in town after school just to have a "dandy" time with all the other boys, after supper.

"Where did you have your supper?" I said.

"Didn't have any—just two chocolate bars—heaps for me," replied the farm lad.

"Does mother know where you are?" In answer to which he nodded his head, and began to button up the brown reefer, which he wore.

"Well boys," I continued, "what do you do when you all get together?"

"Well, Mrs. Brown, we chase each other and frighten people and rap on windows," spoke up the town boy, who had been leaning silently against the wall, during the first part of our conversation.

"My boys! be careful," was my warning, and before I had time to say more, my new friends in response to a merry shout from without sped through the door into the night, leaving me to muse upon what had been.

Presently the door burst open and in rushed two small girls, out of breath and trembling with fear. They exclaimed, in excited tones, that they had been chased by naughty boys and were afraid to make the attempt to get home.

As they spoke several of the accused gathered in front of the window and began shouting, at the same time rapping sharply on the window panes.

This was more than I could endure. Quietly I arose, slipped out of the back door and ran round to report the affair to the chief corrector of the town.

Speedily he sought the offenders and found them still making themselves generally troublesome.

A sudden skirmish, a seizure, a severe warning and peace reigned without. Shortly the two girls continued their way home in safety.

They realized after I had talked a little with them that it was not the proper thing to be out alone in the darkness. A new channel of thought rose before me after the door closed—the lack of parental responsibility in some of these small western towns and the effect it is sure to have upon the rising generation.

Those of you who know better and see the evils of this indifference, pray use your influence for the sake of the future mothers and fathers of this prairie land.

The other day, I chanced to meet a teacher of one of the homes of detention for boys. He told me of the great expense which the government had gone to in connection with this particular institution, solely in hope that such a splendid environment would have a lasting influence upon the lives of these young boys. This gentleman also went on to say, that in many instances it was sheer lack of home training which had been the cause of the boys' downfall. He spoke so interestedly of his great work there, mentioning one or two changed individual lives.

No subject to-day is of more vital importance, than the training of our children. Upon this the welfare of our Empire hinges. Let us now be up and doing.

Laura Horsman McLeish

ART AND THE LITTLE CHILD

By William Byron Forbush, Author of "Free Play."

Art is a big word to use in connection with a little child who at present is able to distinguish only the primary colors and whose drawings are a fantastic scribble. But all that the child is going to be grows out of what he is, and all that he is going to have depends upon the wisdom of our giving now.

When we ask ourselves what art means to a human being we soon answer our own question by saying, Art is a means of happiness and a means of expression. If we ask further, whether it may be both to all, we reply, It may be a means of happiness to all, and although to only a few can it be a way of adequate expression, yet there is little doubt that everybody, if carefully trained, can to some degree, express himself through art. The importance of art, then, is not the possibility that we may discover and develop a few masters, but that we may open to all the people new pathways of self-expression and happiness.

How to Begin

The beginning of every art is in appreciation. The wise mother today does not have her child "begin music" by sitting him down, reluctant, at the piano and having him "take" music lessons, like an inoculation. She sees to it that he hears much good music from the cradle days until he is, as it were, saturated with music, and is eager to find some way of expressing music with his voice and fingers.

And so the way to help a child to art is to help him to feel for color, to rejoice in fire and sunlight and shadows, to enjoy tracing out happy designs, and perhaps best of all, to learn to love pictures.

The homeliest playthings may be used to develop the color-sense. Bright bits of pottery, marbles, scraps of cloth, shells, flowers, gold-fish, all afford daily opportunities, and even a display of bright fruit preserves or aluminum dishes in the kitchen and the use of well-selected paint and wall-papers may accustom a child to good taste in the humblest home.

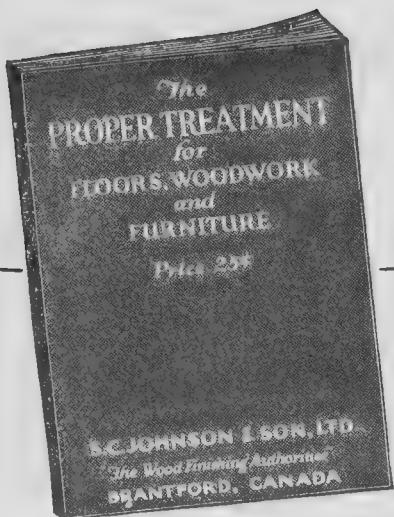
The Child's Love for Pictures

All studies that have been made of children's interest in pictures indicate that their first liking is almost wholly for the story. They are not very particular about the color, and they have no inborn taste for the Old Masters. The people in the pictures are their friends, and it is the dramatic rather than the esthetic consideration that affects them.

This suggests what we are to do. Let us select picture-books and pictures for the home walls that tell beautiful stories in a beautiful way. Let us implant images that will always be treasures worth while, both because they are good art and because they are eternally inspiring.

The Child's First Picture-Making

Having done what we can, early and often, to help the child enjoy color and see beauty in nature and the home, having made good pictures his friends, we may expect to find him ready to make some efforts at self-expression through pictures. Good sense tells us that we should place within his reach a few strong colors, an easy medium and models largely of his own choosing. Soft crayons furnish the best first medium and adequate colors. His first efforts will be to portray an idea rather than an image. If he starts to make a night picture it will probably consist of a row of stars. Design rather than drawing, will be his mood, and his efforts to portray action will be extremely "impressionistic." Freedom, joy and vigor rather than accuracy should be the aim. Tracing is useless and copying vain, but the young child who makes pictures his other language, who tries to say something with his fingers, has begun to climb the "Delectable Mountains."



This Book On Home Beautifying Free

Gives complete instructions for finishing wood—hard or soft—old or new. Tells how to secure beautiful enameled effects with *Johnson's Perfectone Enamel* and stained effects with *Johnson's Wood Dye*.

The donors of this book are the manufacturers of the famous

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

It is the work of experts, illustrated in color. We will gladly furnish this book free to persons interested in home beautifying. It will prove invaluable if you are building or decorating.

Fill out and present the coupon to your best dealer in paints. If he is unable to furnish the book, mail the coupon to us and we will send you a copy free and postpaid.

Tell your painter and decorator that you want Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes used on all interior woodwork. This line includes:

Johnson's Wood Dye
Johnson's Prepared Wax
Johnson's Crack Filler
Johnson's Paste Wood Filler
Johnson's Perfectone Enamel
Johnson's Perfectone Undercoat
Johnson's Floor and Finishing Varnishes
Johnson's Electric Solvo (Varnish remover)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Dept. HM 5 - BRANTFORD, CANADA

Mr. Paint Dealer—Please furnish me free a copy of Johnson's Book on Wood Finishing, *The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture*.

Name _____

Address _____

Note:—If your best dealer in paints is unable to furnish the Johnson Book, mail the coupon to S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Brantford, giving the name of your dealer.

(Dealer's name)

H.M.5

VIOLET RAYS

Sugar Coated Electricity

Drive out Aches, Pains, as well as the cause. Apply thousands of volts of painless, harmless, high-frequency electricity without the slightest shock or unpleasant feeling, just an exhilaration of well-being. Aches, pains, soreness, tired feeling, sub-normal conditions depart and the natural joy of good health is restored. You may now do this at home with

RenuLife

Violet Ray High Frequency

transforms the current from your light socket into this wonderfully effective form of electricity; penetrates deep, saturates entire body; increasing elimination of waste products. The local pain or ache or ailing tissues are directly stimulated while the cause is attacked and the whole system toned and benefited. It's a fundamental treatment working to re-establish normal healthy conditions. That's why it is used and recommended for such a long list of human ills. Get full particulars.

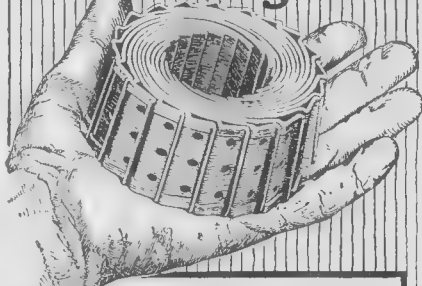
Liberal Trial Plan

You can determine by actual use at home what benefits you will derive from a RenuLife Violet Ray. Send for our book giving full information on the use and success of the Violet Ray. Then decide which model you want to try. Canadian RenuLife Electric Co., Ltd. 1405 Netting Bldg., Windsor, Ont.

Exclusive Sales Distributors



The "Viking" saves



practically every particle of butterfat, because of the marvelous "straight disc" that is in the "Viking." Without any question, this "straight disc" is the greatest invention of the separator age, for no tests have ever even approached the almost 100% skimming that every "Viking" produces.

You buy a separator to save ALL your butterfat. And any separator that does not do that is a waste of money. Send for our latest book on Cream Separation, No. 1C4

SWEDISH SEPARATOR COMPANY

714 Confederation Life Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.

Catalogue Notice

SEND 20c in silver or stamps for our Up-to-date SPRING AND SUMMER 1921 CATALOGUE containing over 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE and COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESS-MAKING, ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (Illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches), all valuable to the home dressmaker.

Sunday Reading

THE GREAT SEPARATION

"For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law."—Matt. X., 35.

The Saviour simply states a fact. He does not say that He aimed at such a reparation; or that it was in itself desirable; or that religion would be responsible for it. He states the fact simply as it would occur—evidently, in His views, a lamentable fact, contrary to His great object as "Prince of Peace."

Union of families in religion is desirable:

(1) Because all its members have the same interests at stake. It is not here as in worldly matters. The same great object, substantially, may be obtained in worldly matters, in separate callings in life. Happiness, health, property, respectability, may be secured in different vocations in life, etc.

(2) It is desirable because they are all under substantially the same obligation. That obligation may be slightly varied by age, or capacity, or the relation sustained, but it rests substantially on all. There is no special obligation which binds a wife, or child, or sister, or brother, which does not also rest upon the husband, parent, brother, etc. The claim is the same, and for the same reason, resting on the broad basis of the duty which all equally owe to the Creator.

(3) Such union is desirable in order to promote the happiness of a family; for religion enters more deeply into the things that promote or mar domestic enjoyment than anything else. Other differences do not necessarily produce a jar, or lead either to alienation, or to anxiety. Every sacrifice, but that of conscience, should be made to secure this union.

(4) This unity is desirable in order to give consolation in time of affliction. Nothing is more common than the breaking up of the family circle. No securities that we can throw around our domestic comforts can save them from the entrance of sickness and death. Death comes. A husband, father, mother or child is removed, and the survivors go forth to weep together. They have common sorrows. There is no jar or discord there. The same chord has been struck in each heart, and the tones of its vibration are deep and long. In their affection for the departed, and in their sorrows, there is entire harmony of feeling. But not so in their consolations. One heart may be submissive, another rebellious, etc. Now religion would have made all that circle calm in faith, and acquiescence, and hope, etc.

(5) This unity is desirable in order to promote the eternal welfare of all.

Submission often implies an entire resignation to all that God permits. The soul that endures feels the weight of its trouble. The soul that yields scarcely perceives it.

THE TOKENS OF PERDITION

"Which is to them an evident token of perdition."—Phil. i, 28.

We all know what is meant by a token. When we hear the thunder rolling at a distance, and see the clouds collecting among the hills, and becoming every moment darker and more heavy, we know that a tempest is approaching. When we witness the working of a disease, behold it consuming the beauty of youth, and the vigor of manhood, imparting a feverish bloom to the cheek, and a preternatural lustre to the eye, we know that these are the auguries of death.

These are tokens in the natural world. But the moral world has also its tokens. I proceed to describe those features in the character and condition of particular classes of unregenerate men which render their conversion improbable, and in the fearful language of the text, are to them an evident token of perdition.

(1) The first is a false hope of piety. There are many who deceive themselves with a spurious religion, and while they have a name to live, are dead. The Scriptures expressly declare, that those only who possess the spirit and obey the commands of Christ are His true disciples.

(2) Another token is premature depravity. Though the principle of sin is inherent in every human bosom, it attains a more early and rank luxuriance in some cases than in others. Usually its progress to flagrant wickedness is gradual. It is seldom, for example, that we see a youth of confirmed and incorrigible profligacy. Years of conflict with moral influences commonly pass away, and middle life or hoary age arrives before such a character is formed. Instances of this kind, however, do sometimes occur; and to such I now allude.

(3) Another token is inveteracy in transgression. The almost invincible force of habit is a subject of universal remark. Who does not know that to relinquish what has become familiar to them by custom or association, is an effort of the highest difficulty. To change even a bodily attitude to which they are used, or to renounce a wonted corporeal gratification, is as arduous as it is painful. Their whole frame feels the alteration, and cries out against it. The same fact is still more apparent in their moral nature.

(4) Another token is confirmed belief of destructive error. The confidence which the votaries of error repose in its delusions, is widely different in different persons. With some, it is little more than a cherished wish that their system were true, and an anxious endeavor to make it appear so, combined with many secret fears that it will prove to be false. Such usually exhibit a sensitiveness to attack, and a violence in repelling it, indicating a lurking consciousness of the insecurity of their position, and show that they are not yet immovably fixed in it. Others manifest a more settled credence. By the constant repetition of sophistical arguments, they have so perverted their moral sense as to call evil good, and good evil."

(5) Another token is unsanctified worldly prosperity. A fullness of sub-lunary good, when unaccompanied by piety, is to be considered a curse rather than a blessing, inasmuch as it presents an almost insuperable obstacle to the spiritual welfare of those who possess it.

(6) Another token is apathy of mind under divine chastisement. Afflictions are designed to bring back the revolting subjects of the Great Sovereign to the allegiance which they owe to Him. Yet how many are there on whom this instrument has been employed without effect, and in whose unrelenting bosoms the rebuke of Jehovah has produced no compunction!

(7) Return to insensibility, after serious impressions, is another sad token.

(8) The token of an impenitent old age. They who cling to the trifles of earth with all the fondness of their early days, clutch their cankered gold in their shaking hands as eagerly as if they were to remain here for ever.

On every side we see crowds of immortal beings growing callous under the means of grace, piling up mountains in their way to heaven, and displaying in their increasing heedlessness, more clear and mournful signs that "Lost!" "Lost!" will soon be inscribed on the portals of their dwelling!

Good Maxims

For a railway station, the wall notices in the parcels room of one of the great Canadian railways at Winnipeg are unique. Evidently inspired for the benefit of the employees, they give the incoming travellers a surprise.

Let all things be done decently and in order.—I. Cor. xiv. 40.

Be punctual, be regular, be clean.

Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.

Be obliging and kind to one another.

Let no angry word be heard among you

Be not fond of change.

Be clothed with humility, not finery.

Take all things by the smooth handle.

Be civil to all, but familiar with few.

As we smile over the warning notice, "Hang on to your hand baggage. Don't let go your overcoat. Thieves are around, the baggage master, with a strong Scotch accent, says, over our shoulders, "Guid maxims, and we live up t' them!"

The reason why

Glaxo—The Super-Milk—"Builds Bonnie Babies," is so simple, so logical. Baby's natural food is his mother's milk. Human milk and cow's milk both contain butter-fat, protein, milk-sugar, and mineral salts, but the proportions are different, and the protein of cow's milk is not so digestible.

Glaxo is pure, full cream, uncontaminated cow's milk, with the proportions of butter-fat, etc., adjusted by the addition of milk-sugar to correspond more closely to the proportions of mother's milk. The Glaxo Process makes the protein as easily digestible as the protein of human milk.

Nature knows best. Glaxo contains NO starch, NO flour, NO malt. There is no starch, flour, or malt in a mother's milk, which is Nature's food for baby. Glaxo therefore contains everything baby needs to build strong bones, firm flesh, sound teeth, steady nerves, and brain—and nothing whatever that he should not have.

Glaxo

The Super-Milk

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

Glaxo is sold by Druggists throughout Canada

Send 50 cents for the 136-page Glaxo Baby Book

For 50 cents we will send you the 136-page Glaxo Baby Book and a Glaxo Weight Chart. In addition we will send to Expectant Mothers, who state the month Baby is expected, our Booklet "Before Baby Comes" and a Special Recipe Book. If you do not think the Glaxo Baby Book alone worth many times 50 cents we will willingly refund your money.

Write today to our Agents below.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Glaxo, write to the Sole Agents for Canada:

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LIMITED
10 McCaul Street, Toronto



Flavor and strength are ideally combined in Gold Standard Tea, ask for the Blue Label. The Godville Co. Limited.

22

TUBE FREE

—with every Economy tire purchased—each tire Guaranteed 3,500 Miles. Economy Tires, reconstructed with three plys of additional fabric wear like new, giving assurance of 3,500 miles or more. Adjustment claims are on an average of twenty miles per day travel. Prices, including tube free:

Size	Tires	Size	Tires	Size	Tires	Size	Tires
30x34	\$10.70	33x4	\$13.70	33x4½	15.30	36x4½	16.45
32x34	11.30	34x4	14.10	34x4½	\$15.90	33x5	\$18.80
31x4	13.00	32x4½	14.00	35x4½	16.10	35x5	19.05
32x4	13.40					37x5	20.25

Send \$3.00 deposit on each tire—balance C.O.D. Subject to examination of goods. Full amount must be sent with order if in the following Provinces: Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia. State whether straight-side or clincher. 10% discount allowed if full amount accompanies order. Be sure to give nearest express office. Retainer free with every tire. ECONOMY TIRE CO. Dept. F80 11-13 Jarvis St., TORONTO



When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

What Jane Didn't Have

By Isabel Macdonald

Contd. from page 17

She glanced at the man on the other side again. It was a queer fancy that made her glad that she was free at that moment to admire him if she chose. There was a fine poise to his figure and he had a high straight forehead and kindly dark eyes, with a firm well balanced mouth and chin. The outline of his face reminded her of someone, and his expression was distinctly familiar, yet she was sure she had never met him before. He too was looking at Ken. She saw his critical eye run the full length of his figure. Was Ken's hat old fashioned? Was his collar the wrong style? Or—no—it must be his boots for the

him like other men. He had a foolish habit of standing on one leg like a school boy. Could one overlook those defects on a closer acquaintance?

man's eyes had wandered down—yes of course, Ken should not have brown boots on in the evening. The man was looking at her now—did he think she was Ken's wife? Heaven forbid! The man took a notebook out of his pocket and studied it. There was an amused smile on his face. Was it something in the notebook, or was it that funny couple opposite that drew forth the smile? She wondered when they would ever reach home. At last they stepped out of the car. She hated to cherish thoughts that could not be expressed, but with every step she took she registered a vow that never again would she appear in public with Ken as her escort.

Marie was packing her suit case when Jane went upstairs and to her astonishment announced that Mrs. Delaney had telegraphed for her to come home for a couple of weeks.

Jane bid her good-bye the next morning without reminding Marie that it was her birthday. She had become suddenly sensitive on the subject of birthdays where Marie was concerned, but all day at the office she planned to prepare a dainty little supper for herself and eat it in front of a blazing fire in the little living-room, and then, with no one to intrude upon her privacy, would bunk up some cushions on top of the bearskin rug and plunge into the book she was enjoying.

She went home laden with little packages of nuts and olives, rasins and bonbons, and a bunch of her favorite roses, perfect in their delicate tint and contour. There was a drizzling rain, and the dreary night enhanced the prospect of the delicious little comforts she meant to indulge in at home. Opening the letter box downstairs she pulled out a letter from a business firm.

She turned on the light in her bedroom and read it. It seemed to take her a long time to finish the two brief pages, then the open letter dropped to her lap and her eyes rested on space as though her thoughts were introspective, and she were wholly unconscious of her surroundings.

As Jane slowly recovered herself she picked up the letter and read it again. The whole significance of it could scarcely enter her mind at once. The trust company in which she had all her little savings—all that stood between her and destitution if sickness or trouble overtook her—had closed down. The manager had committed suicide. It was another instance of the innocent public beguiled.

Throwing off her hat and cloak Jane went into the little sitting-room and sat down in the basket chair. She looked round covetously upon her belongings and choked back a sob. Suddenly she sprang up with an air of determination, cleared the table of books and magazines, spread a Japanese tea cloth on it, and commenced arrangements for supper—to-night, at least, everything would be just as she had planned. Once she crossed to the window, parted the curtains and looked out—it was a dreamy wet night and the rain had a dismal sound as it pattered on the window. She remembered how she had spent such nights in the boarding-house, sometimes huddled up in a woollen dressing gown to keep warm and how she used to make cocoa over the gas burner. And that was what she was going back to—to years of economy and more scrimping—perhaps ten years after this she might begin to indulge again in a few luxuries. She wondered vaguely how much she could get for the basket chair, the writing desk and numerous other things it had given her an eager hunt through department stores, Jap. shops an elsewhere to find. There was her bedroom suite too—the little low rose-wood dressing table, the very apple of her eye—and her pictures too—no she would keep them. On second thoughts she made up her mind to keep the basket chair too.

In half an hour the appetizing little supper was ready, and the table was set with a bouquet of pale pink rosebuds in the centre. She had put on her grey blue silk dress—the one that matched her eyes so curiously. She had humored her fancy by having a real birthday celebration today—the first for sixteen years. If only she could have silenced that aching pain in her heart. She looked at the clock—it was half-past seven. She hesitated as she drew out her chair to sit down—she had forgotten. The bell rang just then and her heart fluttered in suspense. It could not be a visitor. No one must intrude to-night—she could not stand it. The voice at the lower end of the speaking tube was a man's and a stranger's. Someone connected with the bank she thought—perhaps after all, she might have saved something from her deposits there. She invited him up and swung the door open. To her astonishment she heard a child's chatter on the stair and a man's voice encouraging the weary little footsteps. As they reached the head of the stair she looked at them in amazement—she had not seen the child before but the man—was the man who had sat opposite her and Ken in the street car and who had scrutinized them both with evident amazement. She caught the same good-humored smile as he removed his hat and extending his hand said, "Miss Crammond, I am afraid I am intruding. It is an awkward time to come, and you were expecting visitors. No? You do not remember me I see. Your aunt, Mrs. Arnold, in Willetsburg, was my stepmother. It is—let me see—sixteen years since we met. Do you remember the time you carried my fishing tackle down to the lake and Aunt Mira thought we were drowned?"

Jane smiled with a cordial welcome. She took the little girl's coat off and gave her a cushion in front of the fire, while her father divested himself of a wet overcoat.

"Would it be asking a great deal of you to take care of my little girl till I return to the city? It was to ask this favor of you that I have made such an untimely call. I have to leave by the eleven o'clock train to-night, and there

Milestones



THE dear little girl of "yesteryear" is a bride to-day. Her misty veil, her guard of a hundred fragrant roses, the exquisite purity of her wedding garments make her bewilderingly lovely, but unreal. Even her shining eyes hold something of mystery to-day, as, in silver slippers, she steps from girlhood to womanhood. A little ache of regret tugs at your heart, until suddenly she sees you—you who remember her very first uncertain step on two wobbly little feet long, long ago.

"You darling old thing!" and, regardless of propriety and posies, two round young arms are flung about your neck while you become hopelessly entangled with an elusive veil that should not be disarranged, a train that is not to be trodden on, flowers that must not be crushed, and a girl who demands to be kissed. The same dear, impulsive girl of short-frock days, radiantly happy, telling you that she loves the Elgin Watch you sent her, the very best of all, while triumphantly the slender wrist is held up for your inspection.



Elgin

Faithful Guardian of Time

GIFTS THAT LAST

is no one with whom I could leave Betty. Since my wife died, some eighteen months ago, Betty has always been with me. But I cannot take her on this trip. I did not anticipate being called up country or I would have left her with her grandmother."

"Why I shall be delighted to have her, Mr. Arnold."

"Oh why not call me Cousin Bill, now that you have found out that I am really a friend, not a pianoforte agent? I could detect a look of suspicion at once when I met you. If it had not been for Betty you would probably not have let me in."

Jane laughed heartily. Her own mental troubles quickly disappeared in her solicitude for the little girl. She was a dear little child with pale gold hair and her father's dark eyes. Though Arnold insisted that they had had dinner before leaving the hotel Jane set two extra places at the table, and in a few minutes they made a happy family party and before long she was telling Bill Arnold her private worries and troubles. To have told them to a woman's sympathetic ear might have lightened them but in telling them to a man like Bill Arnold they seemed to rise visibly from her own shoulders and rest on his.

Never before had Jane felt such delight in playing hostess. The man and child needed her womanly solicitude, and she—by that deep void in her heart needed them so much more.

Arnold and she talked of their childhood days on the Crammond farm till it was time for him to catch his train.

Mrs. Munro came in to stay with Betty next day while Jane was absent. The child quickly grew attached to Jane, and when her father came for her perhaps it was the way Betty's arms entwined her neck—or perhaps it was the look in Jane's eyes that made him think—and then he decided.

When Marie returned from a prolonged visit of five weeks there was a furniture van outside the Nordica Apartments waiting to transport Jane's household effects to the new Arnold home.

DO I UNDERSTAND MY CHILDREN?

By Anne Goodwin Williams, National Kindergarten and Elementary College

"I just love Miss Brown," said Betty Jane, "she's the understandingest person I ever new!"

What a wonderful tribute! Is there any one of us grown-ups who does not long to deserve just this sort of approval from the little children whom we love?

As we recall our own childhood experiences, do not the times when we were misunderstood stand out very distinctly and very bitterly in our minds?

A mother told me of a little child who was angered almost into hysterics by having his lisp mimicked and mocked. "Do you want me to thing for you?" little John asked a guest in the friendliest fashion. "Yes, indeed, you darling, I want you to thing for me," the visitor said, laughingly imitating his lisp. The child's ears were keen. He recognized the correct pronunciation although his lips could not yet form it and his face reddened as he said in a grievous voice, "I didn't thay thing. I thaid thing." "Oh, you precious lamb, thing for me or thing for me—I don't care. I just adore that lisp of yours."

Did she get the song—the child's offered gift to a guest? No, emphatically no. She had killed the joy of self-expression. She had grieved the boy and made him sulky and she had truly been guilty of an act of rudeness to a trusting little child.

And yet she thought that she loved children! But she lacked the understanding of the sensitive nature of a little child. Ridicule is even harder to endure when one is four years old than when he is fourteen or forty.

But rude and cruel as it is to laugh at the mistakes of children, it is far worse to laugh at their fears! Just because we know that there are no goblins lurking in the dark, we find it difficult to understand the agony, the actual suffering of a sensitive, timid child who is forced to fight for his fears all alone.

All lovers of children condemn the ignorant nurse who threatens, "The Boogey Man will get you in the dark tonight if you don't mind me." I know

one mother who came home after making some afternoon calls and found her little son in bed with a high fever and in his delirium he cried out over and over again, "Don't let the policeman get me—don't let him take me away from my mother—don't let him—don't let him!" The thoroughly frightened nurse confessed that she had put him to bed as a punishment and had left him there, saying, "Now I'm going out to get the policeman to take you away so you won't see your mother again." She had left him there alone, thinking that his screams of terror when a door opened or closed, would "teach him a good lesson."

Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "Understood Betsy" is a most delightful study of a child who was sometimes misunderstood, a story so charmingly told that grown people and children can read it together with great enjoyment.

And, after all, is not that the great secret of understanding—the doing of things together, sharing each other's joys and sorrows?

"Never mind, honey," said wee Isis to her dearly beloved kindergarten teacher, "never mind if you are hoarse. I will tell the children a story today and you won't have to talk." Isn't this

a true illustration of the mutual desire to be of service which we so long to have underlie our relationship to the children who are little children for so very few years?

For the Heathen Only

A collection was being taken up in a Scotch church one Sunday on behalf of the heathen. The minister made a stirring appeal, and the elder started his round with the box. One of the first members of the congregation to whom he offered it was evidently ill-disposed to the cause.

In a stage whisper, heard alike by congregation and pastor, this man said in blank vernacular:

"Tak' it awa', lad. I'm not going to give owt."

At that period the collection boxes were taken direct into the vestry. Down came the preacher from the pulpit, went into the vestry, brought out one of the boxes, and marched straight toward the gentleman, all the congregation imagining that the minister was going to shame the unbeliever into giving something.

The clergyman offered the box to the heretic with the naive remark:

"Tak' what thou wantest, lad; it has been gathered for the heathen!"

Payment in Advance

It takes imagination and courage to make a squelching reply to a "fresh" young man. In this case he was from out of town, says a writer in "Tit-bits," and adorned with a big green necktie and accompanied by his "best girl," he sat down at a restaurant table to order a meal. "Waiter," he said, when that individual came up, "I want you to bring me a grilled crocodile."

"Yessir," replied the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And, waiter, bring it with butter."

Then he stood there like a statue for a minute.

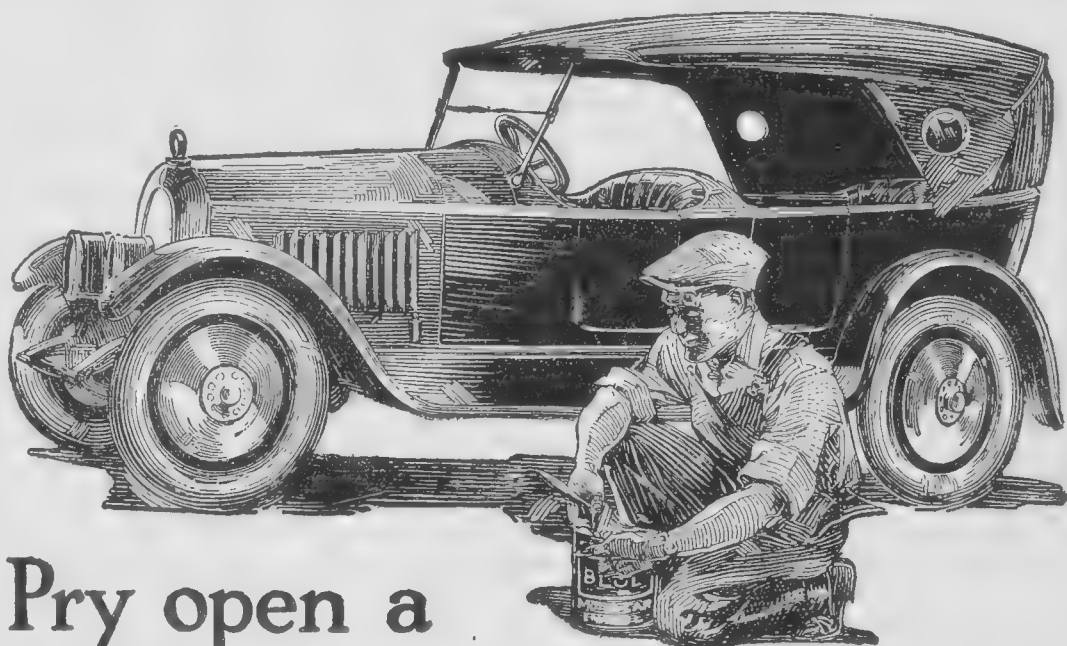
"Well," said the young man, "aren't you going to bring it?"

"Yessir."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Orders is, sir, that we get pay in advance for crocodiles, sir. Crocodiles with butter, sir, are fifteen hundred pounds and twopence. If you take it without butter, sir, it is only fifteen hundred pounds, sir."

The waiter did not smile, but the girl did, and the young man climbed down.



Pry open a Can of Da-cote—Then Paint.

YOU can give that old shabby car the brilliance of newness with a coat of Dougall Da-cote.

It isn't hard. You may be the veriest amateur as far as skilful brush-work is concerned, but Da-cote is expressly made for amateur application. It flows on easily without any laps or brush marks and dries out overnight with a smooth, glossy, durable finish that will please you immensely.

There are dozens of color combinations possible with Dougall Da-cote. Get a color card from your dealer today and select an attractive scheme. Then tackle the job say Saturday afternoon, and you'll have a brand new car next day—a car you'll be proud to drive.

Ask for Da-cote at the Hardware Store. If you have any trouble in securing it write us for name of merchant who can supply you.



The Dougall Varnish Co. Limited

MONTREAL

Associated with Murphy Varnish Co. U.S.A.

About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

FRUIT GROWING ON THE PRAIRIES

To the new arrivals from Ontario or England it may at first seem a disappointment to find that the familiar sight of orchards does not greet them in the prairie provinces as it did in their own localities, but it must not be said that the prairies are fruitless or incapable of producing fruit. Great advances have been made in the West in the cultivation of various kinds of small fruits and there is hope that considerable headway will be made in the future.

In place of the apple and other orchards of the East we have our small fruit plantations and also plum orchards. There are certain varieties of small fruits which are quite hardy in the prairie provinces, and for those persons who are willing to give such bush fruits the necessary attention—which does not call for much labor—there will be, on the average, a worth-while supply of fruit for cooking and also preserving.

The growing of bush fruits should not be treated as an indulgence in a luxury, as the incorporation of fruit in the farm diet is a necessity from the point of view of health. In the case of the children's school lunch the addition of a little home-grown fruit is sure to be much appreciated.

By having the fruit garden convenient to the house one can gather the fruit to advantage and fresh fruit may be gathered at any time when the season is on. This means that a basketful may be gathered for a pie when it would otherwise not be picked if the fruit patch were at a distance from the house. This accessibility is also an advantage to the whole family as the family may

be rounded up from time to time at odd periods of the day for a short spell of picking, whereas the distant patch is visited when convenient time is found and a hasty job is made so as to pick as much as possible while all hands are available.

The kinds of fruit that have been found to do well in the West are black, red, and white currants, raspberries, gooseberries and strawberries. The native plum is quite hardy and should be established widely in the West as it produces fine fruit and requires very little labor.

It is said that the currant, gooseberry and raspberry will grow almost to the Arctic Circle, therefore it is evident that they are a safe undertaking for the prairie farmer.

Currants are usually propagated by means of cuttings; these cuttings root very readily and one season's growth will give good plants. The autumn is the best time to make the cuttings as the bushes begin growth very early in the spring and the cuttings cannot be rooted successfully once the buds have swollen.

Wood of one season's growth is used and the pieces should be put in a cool, moist cellar for storage. These pieces should be about ten inches in length cut square below the last bud. Do not leave the cuttings lying about after taking them from the bushes as they should be buried in sand and prevented from drying out.

In order to get the best results, currants should be planted in rich soil which should be cool and supplying plenty of moisture. As the currant roots near the surface, if the soil is hot

and dry the crop will suffer accordingly. Should the soil be lacking in richness, a good dressing of manure, well worked in, will be of much benefit. A northern exposure will ensure a better chance for the crop in a dry time.

In planting, we see that plenty of space is provided as they will do better thus and are easier picked than when crowded. Six feet by five feet is considered a good distance to arrange the plants. Tramp the soil well about them when planting to prevent drying out. Do not plant too shallow, and after planting, the soil should be levelled and the surface loosened for the retention of moisture.

Cultivate soon after planting and keep the soil loose during the summer. As many of the roots will be near the surface when the plants are more mature the cultivation should then be shallow. If the soil is kept rich, the currants will prove to be heavy yielders.

In pruning, it should be borne in mind that the black and red currants bear most of their fruit on wood of different ages and consequently the pruning will differ. The black currant bears most of its fruit on wood of the previous season's growth, hence it is important to have a good supply of one-year healthy wood. In pruning red and white currants, look to the supply of two and three-year wood.

About six stems with side branches distributed properly will supply a good crop of fruit. By good pruning, sufficient opening can be made for the admission of light and sunshine.

The average yield of red currants is estimated at 150 bushels per acre, with the black currants somewhat less. Among the best varieties of currants are: Red, Red Dutch, Cumberland Red, Raby Castle, Black; Kerry, Saunders, Magnus, Eagle, Climax. White—White

Grape, Large White, White Cherry, White Pearl.

Excellent jelly can be made from red currants and they may also be used for the purpose of making pies and jam. Red currants will remain in condition for some time after ripening on the bushes and therefore do not have to be picked as promptly as the black.

The cultivation of gooseberries in this country is somewhat limited though the prospects for growing them generally—even in the far northern districts—are very favorable. The fruit is very refreshing and makes excellent pies and jam. It is not so easy to propagate the gooseberry as the currant and the best result will usually be obtained by a process known as layering. To do this the bushes should be severally pruned in the fall or early in the spring and a strong growth of young shoots induced to grow. When these have made most of their growth the earth is heaped up around and through the bush until only the tips of the young shoots are exposed. In the case of the American varieties they are likely to have rooted well by autumn and the young plants may be detached and planted in nursery rows the following spring to be grown there for a season. English varieties take two years to root as a rule and the bush must be left in the partially covered state for that length of time. By treating the American varieties in the same way as for propagating currants, viz., by cuttings, a fair degree of success can be obtained. The cuttings should be about six inches or a little over and buried in soil over winter and set out in nursery rows in the spring or fall with just one or two buds showing above ground.

A good supply of moisture is essential in the cultivation of the gooseberry. The soil should be cool and moist and not sandy. Clay loam if it is well drained provides a good location for gooseberry culture. As is the case with the currant, great benefit will be derived from well rotted manure being worked into the soil for the purpose of supplying plant food. Planting cuttings or layers is recommended to be done in the fall as the plants get an early start in the spring and as the leaves drop early in the autumn. The arrangement of the plantation should consist of rows six feet apart and the plants four feet apart in the rows. The cultivation should be thorough though shallow, as the gooseberry roots near the surface.

In pruning it is usually a good plan to have no wood older than three years. The object should be to have an open head to the bush with a few good shoots regularly distributed. Fruit is borne on year-old wood and from spurs on older wood. Branches that are older than three years should be cut away to make way for the younger wood. A plantation of gooseberries will keep up its usefulness for a good many years if the upkeep of the soil is properly attended to by the application of well rotted barnyard manure and the pruning is done judiciously.

In regard to yield, if the leaves are protected from pests a good crop may be expected as the American gooseberry is a good yielder. This fruit has averaged in five years in the East over 300 bushels per acre. Two of the best varieties are Houghton and Downing. The Houghton is more prolific and hardier, while the Downing bears a fruit of very large size. It is safest to cover the bushes over winter with a mulch of strawy manure, to prevent the killing back of the tender shoots.

The raspberry is very popular in Canada and is eaten in various forms such as raw with cream and sugar, as stewed fruit, in pies, and as a preserve. This fruit is practically scattered all over Canada in its native state and extends to districts within the Arctic Circle.

The red raspberry requires for best results a deep, rich, loamy soil which should be cool and moist. The canes which grow one year bear fruit the next and then die and new ones take their place. The best plants for a new plantation are the suckers which grow around the old plants in the spring. Plants should be cut back to within six or eight inches of the ground at the time of transplanting.

The soil should be well prepared before the planting takes place. Deep



CANADA PAINT (The Paint of Merit)

Made from the famous
"Elephant Brand Genuine White Lead"

Made in Canada to meet Canadian conditions—a pure paint made with Elephant Brand Pure White Lead, pure Linseed Oil, a small quantity of zinc to give it greater durability, the necessary coloring material and drier—only these high grade materials are used in the making of CANADA PAINT—The Paint of Merit.

Result—a paint worthy of its name, a paint that beautifies and protects, easy spreading, durable and with great covering capacity.

If you have any painting job in mind, get in touch with the C. P. agent in your town. He carries a complete stock of Canada Paint products and will be glad to supply you with color cards and plans with estimate of cost.

Our instructive booklet "What, When and How to Paint" will be sent you free of charge on application to our Montreal Office. Write for it to-day.

"Save the surface and
you save all" *Paint & Varnish*



THE CANADA PAINT CO.

LIMITED

Makers of the famous "Elephant Brand Genuine White Lead"

MONTREAL TORONTO HALIFAX WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

plowing and a good supply of manure are important. A hoed crop on the land the previous season will help considerably in making good growth. The suckering varieties of raspberries should be planted in rows eight feet apart and three feet apart in the row. Another good plan is to plant in hills five feet apart; each then may be cultivated each way. The plants of suckering varieties are set four or five inches deep. As in the cultivation of currants, frequent cultivation is necessary. During cultivation the suckers should be hoed out.

In pruning, the object should be to cut out superfluous canes and leave about six of the strongest for fruiting. It is advisable in the prairie provinces to bend the canes over just before winter and cover with soil for protection. In Canada the yield of raspberries has gone as high as 200 bushels per acre and over. Some of the best varieties of raspberries are: Sunbeam, Ironclad, Herbert, Miller and Turner. The Herbert, Ironclad and Turner produce the largest fruit and the quality is very good. The Caroline may also be mentioned here. It produces a yellow berry which is small but of good flavor. The Sunbeam is small and sour but is a good yielder. It resembles the wild raspberry.

ASPARAGUS FOR WESTERN HOMES

There is an attractiveness about asparagus that makes it unique among the vegetables. It is grown with success in the West and should have a place in the farm garden. Its early appearance on the table makes it very welcome at the beginning of the season of fresh vegetables. A plot of asparagus is well worth while as it produces a vegetable of a very pronounced distinctness from the ordinary farm routine of diet and it will grow on from year to year without requiring much care.

Asparagus is usually propagated from seeds, although it is possible to do so by dividing the crown. The propagation of it by means of seeds is to be preferred. These should be saved from the oldest plants giving the largest stalks. After the seed has been cleaned and kept over winter it should be sown in the spring in a seed bed. A bed about four feet wide is a convenient size, and as long as is necessary to accommodate the amount of plants that it is proposed to grow. Drills should be made across the bed about one foot apart and half an inch deep; the seed sown thinly in them and covered with soil. On the appearance of the young seedlings the surface of the ground should be loosened and kept loose throughout the summer to get as rapid growth as possible. Considerable care should be taken when cultivating as the young plants are not easily seen when coming up.

If the plants are very thick, they should be thinned from two to three inches apart. The plants should be dug the following spring and the best selected for planting. In making the selection choose those with fewer and stronger buds than those with more and smaller buds as the former are likely to produce the thickest stalks.

In choosing the location for the asparagus plants, obtain a place where there is a good depth of desirable soil as the plantation can remain in the same place for twelve years or more. It is very desirable to have a southern exposure and the soil should be warm and well drained. These conditions are favorable for an early crop. The soil where the asparagus is to be planted should be well prepared by digging in a heavy application of well rotted barnyard manure. This land should have been under cultivation previously and after the above preparation has been completed the ground should be thoroughly harrowed.

Planting should be undertaken as early as possible in the spring and the plants should be set about eighteen inches apart in the bed. A convenient size of a bed is four feet across. Keep the soil loose and free from weeds. Annual applications of manure will keep the soil in good condition and it is advisable to apply a mulch in the autumn of the first year. This mulch being composed of short manure is worked into the soil the next spring. No cutting should be done the second season, but the ground should be kept cultivated

and free from weeds and again mulched in the autumn. Some cutting may be done on the stronger plants in the third season, but not too severely, as one should endeavor to build up strong crowns. The fourth year is the real season for cutting and may be carried on for six weeks or over, commencing about the end of April. Rather incline to under harvest the asparagus than to overdo it as too severe cutting will weaken the plants.

In cutting asparagus the shoot should be severed with a knife just below the surface of the ground, taking care not to injure the crown or other shoots.

SUNFLOWERS AS SILAGE

During the past two or three years the sunflower has come to the front as a good crop for the making of silage. It has been proven that it yields well, is palatable and is equal, if not better, than corn for the purpose. Experiments so far have shown in tests with corn silage against sunflower silage that increase in weight in beef cattle and increase in yield from milk cows have been in favor of sunflowers.

The sunflowers may be seeded in the same manner as the corn. A grain drill may be used, stopping up the spouts so that the open spouts that are left free will make rows thirty-six inches apart. About five pounds of seed per acre is about the right amount and the plants should be from three to four inches apart in the row. The Giant Russian variety of sunflower seed is a satisfactory one; it is a black seed with white stripes.

In growing sunflowers for silage, good cultivation pays as it does with corn in producing quick growth, and it is ready to put in the silo about the same time as the corn is. It should be cut when about forty per cent in bloom. Experiments have demonstrated the fact that sunflowers are not checked in growth as readily as corn is, by frost.

A Mind Reader

A son of Erin, who had the misfortune to get mixed up in an accident, was immediately conveyed to a hospital, where it was found that his only injury was a slight wound. The house surgeon carefully examined him, after which he thus stated the case to the nurse:

"As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable, I think there is little reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound. What do you think yourself?" he asked Pat, with a mischievous smile.

"Shure, doctor," replied Pat, "you're a wonderful thought reader. You took the very words out of my mouth. I was just going to say that."

Answering Literally

In one of the Brooklyn courts a recent case, reported in the "Times" of that city, required the testimony of a young German immigrant.

"Now, Britzmann," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "what do you do?"

"Ah vos bretty yell," replied the witness.

"I am not inquiring as to your health. I want to know what you do."

"York!"

"Where do you work?" continued the counsel.

"In a vactory."

"What kind of a factory?"

"It vos a bretty big vactory."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, turning to the judge, "if this goes on we'll need an interpreter." Then he turned to the witness again.

"Now, Britzmann, what do you make in the factory?" he asked.

"You vant to know vot I make in der vactory?"

"Exactly! Tell us what you make."

"Eight dollars a week."

Then the interpreter got a chance to earn his daily bread.

Below is given a copy of an inscription that adorned a board fence in Kent:

"Notis—If any man's or woman's cows get into these here oats his or her tail will be cut off, as the case may be."—Exchange.

Only the best Oil is good enough for Farmers

TRACTORS, automobiles and engines cost too much to be ruined by poor oil.

You can feel sure that you are using the best when you buy En-ar-co Scientifically Refined Motor Oils. The Scientific Refining process which we have used for over 40 years for testing and maintaining the excellence of En-ar-co products, enables us to guarantee that their quality is always uniform and always right.

En-ar-co is the really economical lubricant. It is cheaper, because it goes farther.

En-ar-co
SCIENTIFICALLY REFINED
MOTOR OIL



The En-ar-co Boy and Slate sign always marks a safe dealer from whom you may buy the best lubricants and gasoline at money-saving prices.

If there is no En-ar-co dealer near you—mail us the coupon and we will gladly give you prices and full information. En-ar-co is sold in 42 to 45 gallon drums, 25 to 30 gallon half drums (with reversible faucet) and in small sized containers to meet your every requirement.

Besides En-ar-co Scientifically Refined Motor Oil there is in the guaranteed En-ar-co line these other products:—White Rose Motor Gasoline, National Light Oil, En-ar-co Gear Compound and Black Beauty Axle Grease.

CANADIAN OIL COMPANIES LIMITED

Branches: Toronto, London, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary.

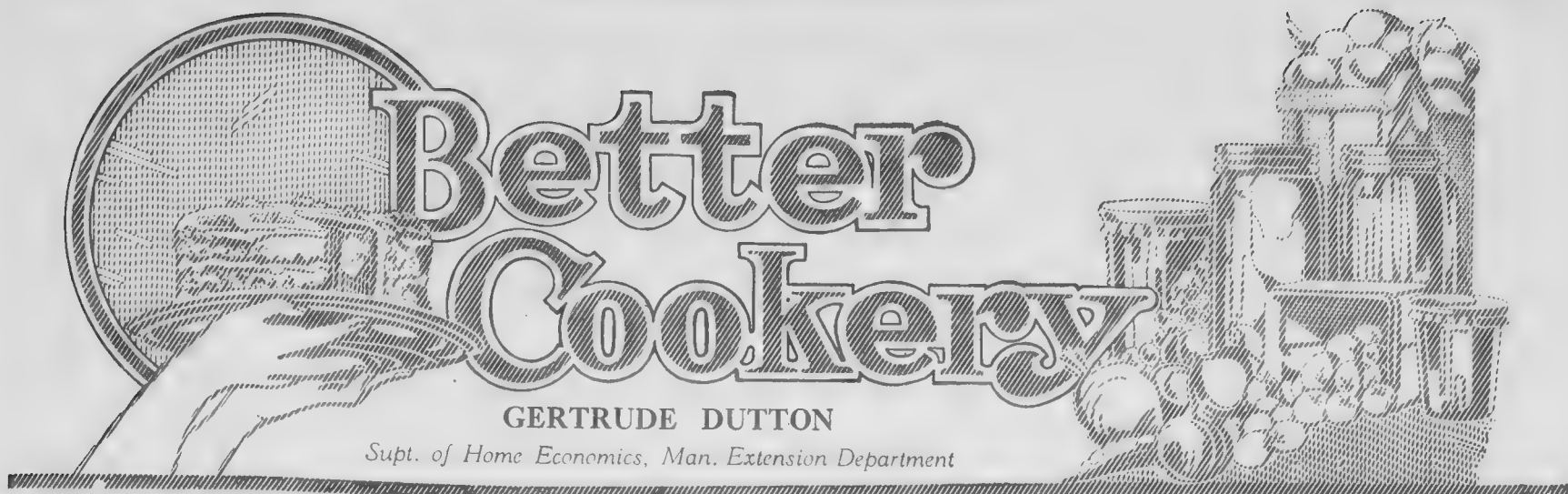
Send this Coupon

at once to the En-ar-co Branch nearest you, and we will tell you all about the money-saving possibilities of En-ar-co—without obligation of any kind. If you forward this coupon immediately, along with a 3c. stamp to cover postage, we will give absolutely free our fascinating Automobile Tour—a most interesting home game, enjoyed alike by both old and young.

To Canadian Oil Companies, Limited,

Nearest Branch.....
You may explain, without obligation on my part, the goodness of En-ar-co products. A 3c. stamp is enclosed to cover postage on your fascinating Auto Tour Game.
I OWN A.....car tractor
NAME.....
STREET or R.R.....
POST OFFICE.....PROV.....
(W.H.M.5.)

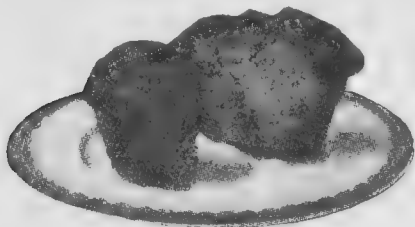
When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly



EAT MORE RAISINS

PROTEINS, fats and carbohydrates are terms which have grown very familiar to us of late years. Even "vitamine" is no longer a strange name. But the minerals in our diet are food elements which we do not always give consideration. Perhaps this is because they have neither taste, smell nor color to attract our attention. Neither are they something new and startling like the vitamins. Manufacturers do not often refer to the minerals in their advertising because in many cases they are not present in our very up-to-date foods.

There are eleven mineral substances which we must have in our food to maintain health, but most of them we may safely leave to the average diet to provide.



Raisin Cornmeal Muffins

But three of them, calcium, phosphorus, and iron, we must consider in planning the family meals.

The Function of Minerals

Their most important use in the body is to promote osmosis, the term used to express the passing of the fluid which digested food has become, through the tissues, in order that it may be utilized by the body. Certain fluids, particularly those containing the minerals, pass much more readily through the tissues than others. Many valuable food substances, such as egg white, meat, cheese, etc., would be lost to the body, were it not for the assistance of the mineral substances in their passage through the tissues to the blood.

Calcium we must have to build bones and teeth. It is best secured by using milk, eggs and whole grains.

Phosphorus is essential to the nerves and brain tissues. The food from which we obtain it are cheese, whole grains, peas, beans, peanuts, almonds, walnuts, figs, raisins, eggs, meat and fish.

The body can take phosphorus or calcium from the bones if they are not supplied in the daily food, but there is no such available source of iron, so we must provide it in the diet. It is found chiefly in the red blood cells. If the supply is insufficient, anaemia results.

Eating a goodly proportion of foods containing iron is a much more artistic way of putting roses in the cheeks than by applying them with a germ-laden puff or a chamois rag.

The iron-rich foods are greens, eggs, beans, peas, oatmeal, whole wheat, raisins, figs, dates and oranges.

The raisin is a food of which we should make far more use than many of us do. It has a higher available percentage of mineral substance than any other fruit or vegetable, containing as it does, 3.4%.

The carbohydrate content in the form of fruit sugar which is easily digested is

76.1%, making it a particularly valuable fuel food. They are obtainable all the year around, when fresh fruits are scarce. Give them to the children often.

No better dessert could be put in the school lunch box than a handful of raisins; and the best raisins obtainable are always the cheapest for all purposes.

Raisin Bread

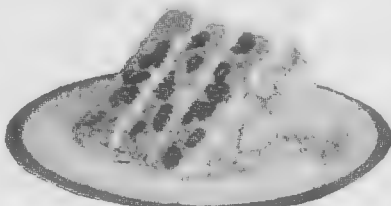
1 egg
½ cup sugar
1½ cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup raisins
3 cups flour

Add the sugar to the well beaten egg. Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder, and add alternately with the milk. Stir in the raisins, which have been mixed with a little of the flour. Bake in a bread tin for about 50 minutes in a moderate oven.

Raisin and Nut Bread

½ cup raisins
½ cup nuts
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
4 cups flour
¾ cup sugar
2 eggs
4 teaspoons baking powder

Mix and sift well the flour, sugar, salt and baking powder. Stir in the nuts and raisins, pour in the well-beaten eggs and milk, stir well, and put in a greased bread tin, and let stand for 20 minutes. Bake for 50 minutes in a moderate oven.



Raisin Cream Cake

Graham and Raisin Buns

2 cups graham flour
1 cup white flour
1 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
1½ cups milk
½ cup chopped raisins
2 tablespoons sugar

Sift the flour, salt, sugar and baking powder. Stir in the raisins and add the milk. Divide the dough into small pieces, knead and shape into buns, put in a greased pan, stand in a warm place 15 minutes. Bake in a hot oven.

Health Muffins

1 cup flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
3 cups bran
2 tablespoons molasses
2 cups sour milk
1 tablespoon melted fat
1 egg
1 cup raisins

Sift together the flour, soda and salt, stir in the bran and raisins. Mix the molasses, sour milk and well-beaten egg, and stir into the dry ingredients. Add the melted fat, beat well and put in greased muffin pans, and bake for thirty minutes.

Raisin Corn Meal Muffins

1½ cups flour
½ cup corn meal
½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons baking powder
2 tablespoons butter or other fat
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
1 cup raisins

Sift the dry ingredients, add the raisins, milk and melted fat, beat well, and bake in a hot oven till done (about 20 minutes).

Red Riding Hood Cookies

1 cup brown sugar
¾ cup fat
½ cup hot water
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¾ cups graham flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup raisins

Cream the fat and sugar, add the beaten eggs, and the hot water and the flour, baking powder, salt and spices which have been sifted together. Stir in the chopped raisins. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased baking sheet, and bake in a hot oven from ten to fifteen minutes.

Raisin Ginger Bread

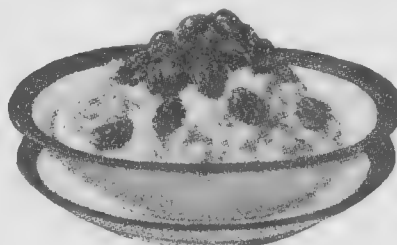
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon soda
1½ teaspoons ginger
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup raisins
½ cup molasses
½ cup boiling water
4 tablespoons fat
½ cup walnuts

Mix and sift the flour, salt, soda and ginger, add the nuts and raisins. Mix the molasses and hot water, and add to the dry ingredients. Beat in the melted fat, and pour the batter into a flat greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven for about 40 minutes.

Raisin Cocoa Cake

4 tablespoons fat
½ cup sugar
1 egg
4 teaspoons cocoa
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
1½ cup flour
½ cup milk
½ cup raisins
½ cup nuts

Cream the fat and sugar, add the egg and well-beaten egg, and the milk alter-



Steamed Rice with Raisins

nately with the flour, salt, cocoa and baking powder, which have been sifted together. Add the raisins, nuts and vanilla.

Cream Cake

½ cup crisco
1 cup sugar
3 egg whites
½ cups milk
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup raisins
½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream the crisco and sugar, add alternately the milk and the flour, baking powder and salt, which have been sifted together. Add the raisins and vanilla, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, and bake in layer cake tins.

War Cake

Boil together

2 cups brown sugar
2 tablespoons fat
2 cups hot water
2 cups raisins
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon salt

Stir in 3 cups flour and 1 teaspoon soda, which have been sifted together.

This is enough for two loaves. Bake in a slow oven till done, about 50 minutes. This cake is better when at least a week old.

Filling for Lady Baltimore Cake

Lady Baltimore Cake is a fine grained pure white cake, baked in either two or three layers, put together with the following filling, and boiled frosting put on the top and sides.

1 cup granulated sugar
1½ cup boiling water
1 egg white
½ cup chopped nuts
½ cup chopped raisins
3 figs

Dissolve the sugar in the boiling water, cover and boil for three minutes. Uncover and continue boiling till it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Pour the syrup in a fine stream on the stiffly beaten egg white, continuing to beat the mixture till cold, adding the nuts, raisins and finely shredded figs.

Raisin Pie

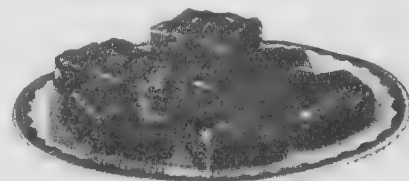
2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded raisins
2 cups cold water
4 tablespoons corn starch
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon grated rind

Cover raisins with one cup water and bring slowly to boiling point. Mix corn starch, salt and sugar with remaining cup water and add to boiling raisins, stirring constantly. Allow to boil ten minutes. Add lemon juice and rind and pour into pastry-lined pie pan. Cover with pastry. Put into very hot oven, decreasing the heat after ten minutes of baking. Bake until brown.

Steamed Fruit Pudding

1 cup molasses
1 cup sweet milk
2½ cups flour
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped suet
1 cup seeded raisins
1 cup walnuts
½ tablespoon chopped figs
½ teaspoon nutmeg

Sift the dry ingredients. Mix the fruit and suet, and add the molasses, then add the flour and milk alternately. Put in a mold and steam 3½ hours. Serve with hard or foamy sauce.



Raisin Fudge

Graham Pudding

1 cup molasses
1 cup sweet milk
½ cup fat
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
3 cups graham flour
1½ cup raisins

Melt the shortening, add the molasses, milk, well-beaten eggs, the dry ingredients mixed and sifted, and the raisins. Steam four hours.

Raisin Fudge

To your favorite fudge recipe add raisins cut in halves, in the proportion of ½ cup raisins to 1 cup water. This makes the candy keep moist longer.

ANALYSIS OF ASH

(Grams per 100 Calories)

Calcium.....	.02
Magnesium.....	.04
Potassium.....	.3
Sodium.....	.05
Phosphorus.....	.08
Chlorine.....	.02
Sulfur.....	.02
Iron.....	.001

RAISIN ANALYSIS

(Edible Portion)

Protein.....	2.6%
Fat.....	3.3%
Carbohydrates.....	76.1%
Acids.....	2.7%
Fuel Value, per pound, 1562 calories.	100
calorie portions, 29 grams.	

CLEANLINESS IS HEALTH

GILLETT'S LYE
is one of the
most useful and
economical articles
on the market.

"Let Gillett's Lye
do it" is a common
expression among
those that are
familiar with its
many uses.

Read the directions
under the wrapper.

**GILLETT'S
LYE
EATS
DIRT**

MADE IN CANADA

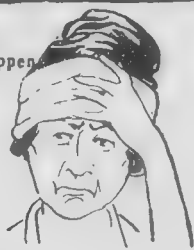
The
ORIGINAL
and only
GENUINE

Beware of Imitations
sold on the merits of

13

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

Did this
ever happen
to you?



Mentholatum

Is a wonderful relief
also for Burns, Scalds,
Chapped Skin, Etc.

MADE IN CANADA

J. H. M. Carson

Manufacturer of
ARTIFICIAL LIMBS
333 Colony Street Winnipeg
Established 1900
The Latest in Slip Socket. Satisfac-
tion Guaranteed.

When writing advertisers, please mention
The Western Home Monthly

Home Doctor

USE LOTS OF ICE AND SAVE YOUR HEALTH

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B.
M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins
University)

Ice checks the growth of living things. It almost causes the smallest forms of vegetable and animal creation to cease to exist as life.

Usually, it does not kill, but it produces a condition of latent life like the winter sleep of bears, beavers, snakes and other creatures.

Ice thus becomes a help to man. It checks the growth, generation, birth, multiplication, vitality, virulency, and noxious activity of bacteria, molds and other such living things which spoil food, and especially those such as the typhoid bacilli, which cause many months of invalidism and death.

The reason milk, tomatoes, fruits, and so much food spoils in summer is because these unseen colonies of bacteria and other vegetation multiply and incubate in the warmed food. Its texture, appearance, color, taste, flavor, odor, and food value thus depreciates.

Bacteria are everywhere around, on the cleanest hands, but many more on the soiled hands and dirty nails. Flies, ants, roaches, dust, wind, and water carry them.

Ice keeps their growth down, but you can only prevent them spoiling food or causing disease by being sure of pure milk, pure water, sterile vessels and dishes, scalding everything including linens.

Even where milk and foods are apparently not spoiled, such germs as those of dysentery, scarletina, colds, tuberculosis, typhoid, diphtheria, flu, botulism, and others may be germinating just as a seed does in summer in fertile soil.

Scrupulous cleanliness or surgical cleanliness, means more than soap and water cleanliness. It means freedom of milk, of water, of hands, of everything from germs by asepsis and sterilization.

Sunlight, harmless disinfectants, sterilization or boiling, keep their growth down to a minimum.

Ice boxes, refrigerators, cold storage, porous earthenware coolers, vacuum jacketed bottles and other measures to keep food in summer well below 45 degrees, all help to keep it free of any great increase and growth of bacteria.

Perhaps more difficult to keep and most important in the summer kitchen is milk.

If there are infants about, their very lives depend upon a milk free of bacteria. Sour milk is not the only milk teeming with bacteria.

Indeed the sweetest, richest, most boasted milk is often alive with fatal, deadly diarrhoea germs, which become planted in the little one's intestines and she cannot thereafter drink even a boiled, germ-free milk.

Unless milk from the cow goes into sterilized bottles at once from a cow whose hide is germ-free by disinfectants, by the time it passes through hide, hair, air, hands, cans, bottles, and nipples, it has millions of dangerous bacteria in it.

Then the only safe way to keep it in summer is to boil it twenty minutes and put it on ice at once until given to the child.

In summer especially, but also in the winter ice should not be spared around the house. It is one of the cheapest and most useful of modern conveniences. As a health preserver, it is seldom given its due mead of praise and honor.

INJURIES TO THE EYE

There are so many ways in which our eyes can be injured as we go about our daily work or play that it is remarkable that they are not injured oftener than they are. One reason is that employers are taking much more care to protect the eyes of workmen. In workshops where men have to grind tools on emery wheels, the eye is constantly exposed to flying chips; protective goggles now save a good many workmen from blindness. The same is true of men who work with hot metals. Such accidents—industrial injuries they are called—are always serious, because they happen to men who are the wage earners of their families.

Then there are the non-industrial injuries, which greatly outnumber the others, and which are of a kind that may happen to anyone at any time. An

astonishing number of accidents occur because careless mothers let their children play with such things as buttonhooks, scissors, forks and other objects that should never get into the hands of infants. And that more children do not suffer in their daily games seems like a special dispensation of Providence, when you consider the pointed sticks and the popping toys with which so many games are carried on. There is a dangerous street game, called "the cat," which boys play by hitting smartly with a stick a small block of wood sharpened at both ends so that it flies through the air; the hapless passer-by must protect himself as best he can.

Many painful accidents can be avoided by the simple expedient of "looking where you go." Do not stoop suddenly to pick up something in the dusk; you may strike your face on the edge of a piece of furniture that you did not notice. Do not use any knife or sharp instrument to cut pencils or to pick out knots unless you direct the edge or point of it away from your body. When your eye has been hurt do not "tinker" with it yourself, or let anyone else do so, but go as fast as you can to some expert in eyes who has the proper instruments, the trained fingers and the knowledge of chemical cleanliness necessary for work on this delicate and sensitive organ.

CARBUNCLES

A carbuncle is like an overgrown and multiplied boil; it affects a considerable part of the connective tissue under the skin, and usually opens on the surface in several places. Generally it is caused by the same germs that cause boils. It is a much more serious condition than a boil, however, for constitutional symptoms accompany it, and it may so depress the vital powers of the already weakened patient as to cause death. In a given case it is difficult to say why a carbuncle should form rather than a boil, except that the former is more likely to occur in persons who are already suffering from some debilitating disease, such as diabetes.

It begins as an inflammation deep down in the loose connective tissue beneath the skin, and, finding its growth upward obstructed by the thickened skin, it burrows sideways until it finds a favorable opportunity to come to the surface. A carbuncle is most likely to form in places like the back of the neck or lower down in the back, where the skin is thick, but it may occasionally come on the arm or the face.

The first signs are those of a beginning boil—hardness of the part, redness, sometimes a little itching, and gradually increasing pain and tenderness. The skin, reddened and boggy, is raised slightly over a more or less extensive area, perhaps one or two inches wide by two or three inches long, and may open in one or two places, giving exit to a little sticky, clear or yellowish fluid that soon dries and forms crusts over the openings. There is a throbbing, burning pain deep beneath the skin; and finally, if not incised, the carbuncle opens at several points, giving exit to the contained pus; at the same time the skin sloughs away and exposes the whole surface of the carbuncle. The constitutional symptoms are often severe—fever, sometimes slight chills, headache, rapid pulse, loss of sleep, loss of appetite, and a heavily coated tongue. Death may occur from the drain on the vital forces, or blood poisoning may develop from absorption of the toxins or of the germs themselves.

In the early stages hot or cold applications give some relief; but when matter has formed, a physician should open the carbuncle freely by cross-shaped or star-shaped cuts that go deep into the inflamed tissue, and then dress it with antiseptic applications. The resulting scar is usually conspicuous, whether the carbuncle is treated by cutting or allowed to open spontaneously, but is less so when a physician makes early opening.

His Only Error

The sad-looking man was talking to the drug clerk about his experiences.

"Did you ever make a serious mistake in a prescription?" he asked.

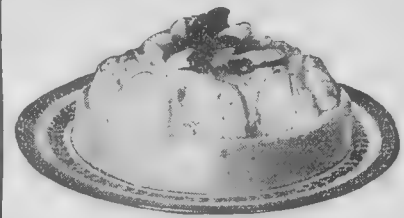
"Only once," answered the drug clerk. "Then I charged a customer thirty cents for a prescription instead of fifty."

Mrs. Knox's Corner

Crowning a Heavy Dinner

A WOMAN recently asked me what was the most appropriate and pleasing dessert to serve with corned beef and cabbage, or any heavy dinner. This sounds like a simple question, but it is not very easy to answer. As corned beef and cabbage are heavy, you want a light dessert in contrast—one that is neither too sweet nor insipid.

Here are two desserts which are delightful with either corned beef and cabbage or any other heavy meat dinner. Try them—they are real discoveries.



SNOW PUDDING

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
Whites of two eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon; strain, and set aside to cool; occasionally stir mixture, and when quite thick, beat with wire spoon or whisk until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Chill and serve with boiled custard. A very attractive dish may be prepared by coloring half the mixture red.

When making a gelatine vegetable salad, in place of part of the liquid called for in the recipe, use the vinegar from a jar of pickled beets. Fruit juices may be used the same way in making desserts. The added flavor and the brighter color will delight you.

ORANGE JELLY

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
2 cups boiling water
1 cup sugar
1 cup orange juice
2 tablespoonsful lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes; dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved; then add lemon and orange juice. Strain into molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. If desired, fresh or canned fruit may be added. Note: If fruit is added, this may be used for a salad course by serving it on lettuce leaves with a salad dressing.

MENU PLANNING BOOKS FREE

My booklets "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" will help you to plan delightful and varied home menus. Write for them, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name. Address

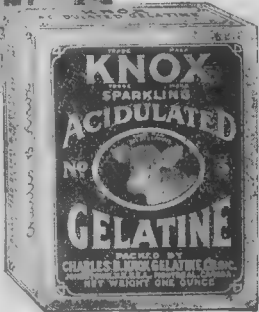
MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

KNOX GELATINE

Dept. K, 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal



"Wherever
a recipe
calls for
Gelatine—
it means
KNOX"



This package
contains an
envelope of
pure Lemon
Flavor for the
convenience of
the busy
housewife

Coleman Quick-Lite Lamp



More Light Than 20 Old Style Oil Lamps

This is the light for you—the Coleman Quick-Lite, most up-to-date of all homelamps. Gives brilliant, mellow light of 800 candle power, without glare or flicker. Easy on the eyes. Nowicks to trim; no chimneys to wash; no dripping oil; no smoke; no smell.

Makes and Burns Its Own Gas From Common Motor Gasoline

Can't spill, can't explode, even if tipped over. Cost to use only 10 to 12 cents a week. Brass, heavily nicked and polished. Inspected, tested and guaranteed. Will last a lifetime. Take this advertisement to your dealer. He will gladly get a Quick-Lite for you on approval. Free Book showing different styles sent on request. This lamp is made in Canada.

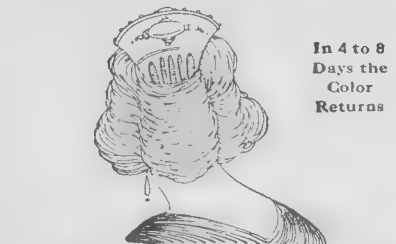
THE COLEMAN LAMP CO., LTD.
95 Coleman Bldg. Toronto, Canada



3561

OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

Blouses are of great interest this season for several good reasons. Fabrics that have been out of style for some years are returning, bright colors are much in vogue, and there are comfortable and good looking long lines to the waist styles now prevailing. Trimmings may be elaborate or so simple as to be barely noticeable, all depending on the material and style of blouse. Japanese printed crepe in bright colors made up in a blouse having loose lines and a long waist requires only a bit of faggoting, featherstitching, or a bit of embroidery for decoration. Crepe de chine is very attractive and serviceable as a blouse material. One may have a smart blouse or shirt waist of this material trimmed with bias bands of gingham or with collar and cuffs of pique. For both waists and dresses the materials popular for this season are taffeta, satin crepe, fine serge and tricolette. One may combine two of these materials in one gown by having the skirt of one and the waist of the other. Taffeta and habutai are suitable for dressy and semi-dressy blouses. Although the blouses with long lines are most favored, there are many models of the waist length sort. In the tailored blouse the preference is for the tucked in styles; as the season advances we will find this style made in plain and striped China silk and crepe de chine, with long sleeves and convertible collars and backs with yoke sections. A pretty warm weather blouse may be of cotton voile, with collar and cuffs of pique or trimmed with pique in strips joined with faggoting. Waists and blouses of dotted Swiss with round collars of organdy or linen are attractive. Other blouses have tuxedo collars lace trimmed or finished with jabots. A blouse of organdy is pretty with a trimming of Irish crochet lace. If you would be dressed in good taste and style, study your own form and proportions and determine whether you will look best in some development of the chemise style of street dress or in a style showing a fitted waist and full skirt. Dainty lace accessories, guimpes and chemisettes are among the features of the Spring modes. The long waisted Moyen Age lines are much favored. Day dresses of fine French serge, taffeta and linen are made in this style, with either contrasting material braiding or embroidery to relieve the plainness. The tunic effects are retained in many ways, and they surely answer a special need in making up sheer materials, light crepes, etc. The length of street dresses is now 8 to 12 inches from the ground; afternoon and evening dresses are worn longer. Plain colors are best for street dresses and afternoon wear, with gray as a leading color. In taffeta, Canton crepe and crepe de chine, brown beige, blue and gray will be popular. In both silk and woollen materials those soft and supple and with a dull finish are preferred. Figures and brocaded silk ribbons and also wide silks will be used for trimming dresses of neutral tones. Fancy checked gingham is shown in combination with taffeta silk for dresses. Linen on gabardine is also new and pleasing. Dresses of taffeta are embroidered in eyelet work and made to wear over slips of a contrasting color. This idea could be carried out in summer material with colored organdie for the under slips. Some of the new dresses show suggestions of Princess lines, with flat back portions, and draped fronts, or, with tunic sections over sides and back, and the front in straight panel effect.



In 4 to 8 Days the Color Returns

Science Comes to the Rescue of the Gray Haired

Gray hair now is an unnecessary affliction at any age. Every silver thread can be quickly and safely restored by Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

This scientific preparation is a clear, colorless liquid, applied with a comb. In 4 to 8 days natural color returns. Your hair is clean, soft and fluffy. There is nothing to wash or rub off.

PROVE THIS WITH TRIAL BOTTLE

Mail the coupon for a trial size bottle and application comb. Test on single lock.

When you see the beauty of this single restored lock, get a full size bottle. Buy from your druggist, or send direct to us.

Mary T. Goldman, 474 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Mary T. Goldman, 474 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. Please send me FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is black. Jet black. Dark brown. Medium brown. Light brown. Name. Address.



3325



COAT 3589
VEST 3251



SKIRT 3572

A Popular Style for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3390 is here pictured. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. This design may be developed with a sleeve in wrist or elbow length. The dress closes at the side under the plaits. It is a good style for serge, gingham, chambray, percale, poplin, crash, taffeta and corduroy. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style of Dress for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3582 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size will require 4 yards of 36-inch material. This is a good model for serge, for suitings in plaid or check patterns, and also for gingham, chambray, pongee taffeta, percale and lawn. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Frock for Mother's Girl—Pattern 3584 is here shown. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8-year size will require 1 3/4 yards of 24-inch material for the waist and 2 3/4 yards for the skirt. Figured percale, gingham, chambray or linen could serve for the skirt and lawn, batiste or crepe for the blouse. One could make the entire dress of one material for which the 8-year size would require 3 yards of 36 inches wide. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for a "Tiny Tot"—Pattern 3586 is here portrayed. It is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 4 and 5 years. A 2-year size will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Nainsook, lawn, batiste, voile, crepe, china silk, repp poplin, also gingham and percale are good for this model. Lace, embroidery, edging and feather stitch braid are good for decoration. The tabs may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Suit—This attractive style illustrates a seasonable combination of ladies' coat pattern 3589, skirt 3572 and vest 3251. The vest may be omitted, or with or without a jabot or chemisette will form a suitable accessory to this model. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The coat in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The vest in 4 sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. To make this suit for a medium size will require 7 3/4 yards of 40 inch material for coat and skirt, and 2 yards of 27-inch material for the vest. Embroidered linen, crepe, mohair, twill, duvetyne, jersey cloth, taffeta, serge or satin could be used. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 3/4 yards. This illustration calls for three separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Charming Gown—Pattern 3255 is here illustrated. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 7 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 1 1/2 yard. As here depicted, printed voile was used with collar of white embroidered batiste. This style is good for all wash fabrics, also for silk, crepe, crepe de chine, and also for combinations of materials. The waist may be finished with a vest or fichu. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

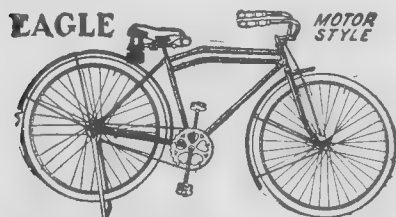
An Easy-to-Make Apron—Pattern 3400 is illustrated in this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, Medium, Large, and Extra Large. A Medium size will require 2 3/4 yards of 27-inch material. Checked gingham with rick rock braid for trimming is nice for this. Seersucker, percale, lawn, saten, alpaca, drill, or crash could also be used. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.



3566



3585



Write to-day for our big FREE CATALOGUE showing our full lines of Bicycles for Men and Women, Boys and Girls.

MOTOR CYCLES
MOTOR ATTACHMENTS

Tires, Coaster Brakes, Wheels, Inner Tubes, Lamps, Bells, Cyclometers, Saddles, Equipment and Parts of Bicycles. You can buy your supplies from us at wholesale prices.

T. W. BOYD & SON,
37 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal.



3255



3400



3390



3582



3584

CATALOGUE NOTICE—Send 20c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1921 Catalogue, containing over 500 designs of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking, also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable to the home dressmaker.

A Pretty Calling Gown—This comprises skirt 3569 and waist 3583. The waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. To make this model for a medium size will require 5½ yards of one material, 42 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2¼ yards. As illustrated figured foulard and satin are combined. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style—Pattern 3558 is here illustrated. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. Foulard, satin, crepe, crepe de chine and voile could be used for this style. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model for "Home Work"—Pattern 3573 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 5¾ yards of 36-inch material. As here illustrated dotted percale, and white pique are combined, the pique being used on pockets, cuffs, collar and belt. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Gingham, lawn, linen, drill, seersucker, chambray, galatea and kindergarden cloth are good for this model. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2¼ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular "Apron Dress"—Pattern 3561 was used to make this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 5½ yards of 27-inch material. Striped seersucker, figured percale, checked gingham, also lawn, sateen, drill and crash could be used for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Attractive House Dress With Long or Short Sleeves—Pattern 3325 was employed for this style. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch style will require 6 yards of 36-inch material. The dress is of comfortable width at the foot and has a splendid practical feature in the finish of the long sleeve which may be closed with buttons or snap fasteners and turned up over the elbow while working. Gingham, lawn, gabardine, repp, seersucker and linen are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Youthful and Becoming Gown—Pattern 3283 is here portrayed. It is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 5¾ yards of 36-inch material. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is about 1½ yard. This is a pretty model for organdie, foulard, taffeta or crepe. Ruffles or ruchings of contrasting material or ribbon form a desirable trimming. The chemisette may be of white batiste, net or lace. The trimming may be omitted. The waist may be finished in "slip-on" style or with back closing. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Neat and Pleasing Frock for Mother's Girl—Pattern 3565 is here portrayed. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 will require 3 yards of 27-inch material. Gingham, percale, lawn, voile, repp, poplin and other cotton fabrics are attractive for this design. For trimming, feather stitching, wash braid, or embroidery would be desirable. This style is also good for silk and woolen materials. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Play Garment—Pattern 3587 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. Gingham, seersucker, percale, drill, pongee, repp, chambray, could be used for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Very Attractive Dress for a "Young Miss"—Pattern 3564 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require 4¼ yards of 27-inch material. This style is very smart for pongee, taffeta, linen, gingham, embroidered and bordered materials, also for serge and tricotine. In blue serge with chenille embroidery or taffeta with stitching in floss would be pleasing. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.



3569



3558



3573



3283



3565



3587



3564



3570

THE ART THAT CONCEALS EFFORT



Obvious striving for effect defeats its own purpose.

This is true of life in general, but particularly is it true as regards dress. The artificial devotee of fashion is not comparable with the woman who has learned that beauty often disguises itself in naturalness and simplicity.

This sense of fitness, of the feeling for right proportions and the harmony between details, is one of the truest guides to the successful selection of a corset. The woman of modest endowments who chooses her corset for its self-effacing artistry that creates the impression of natural charm, is more attractive than her most favored sister who distorts her natural beauty with an unbecomingly obtrusive corset style.

The true art of Gossard Corsetry lies in its comprehensive understanding of the intimate needs of every type of figure. Recognizing as many types of beauty as there are types of women, this gracious artistry fashions models for each that follow the lines of the figure, accentuating its natural beauties while veiling its disharmonies with a comforting, healthful support that modestly hides behind the beauty it creates.

Correctly poised and moving without conscious effort, you will marvel at those Gossards that seem to have been created for you alone. And as months pass, you will realize the true economy of buying a corset of unparalleled quality, for a Gossard will retain its original grace of line far beyond the life of the average corset. Its superior wearing service alone is worth its cost.

G O S S A R D

Front Lacing

C O R S E T S

are priced within the reach of every woman.

Because Gossard Corsetry is a very individual service, care is taken that these original front lacing corsets are offered only at the best stores where highly specialized corsetieres assure you the models best suited to your needs.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited
366-378 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Can.



STYLE
No. 970

TASTEFULLY GOWNED

P.C. Corsets give an added air of distinction even to the most inexpensive gown, and contribute, besides, that secure feeling of being fashionably and comfortably corseted.

Corsetieres in leading stores everywhere will gladly fit you with a P.C.

FRONT LACE, BACK LACE, WHITE AND FLESH

Write for booklet showing P.C. styles fitted on living models

PARISIAN CORSET MFG. CO., LIMITED

MONTREAL

QUEBEC

TORONTO

"P.C." Corsets
RUST PROOF
GUARANTEED

BLUE RIBBON TEA

Good house-keepers are careful to specify **BLUE RIBBON** when ordering **TEA**. They do this because they know they will get the best tea in the market at the lowest price that the best can be sold for.

There is no tea in Canada so good or economical as **BLUE RIBBON**.

75

Work for Busy Fingers

By Margie Moore

SPRING DAYS are sport days for every boy—days when the little man of the house is much in the open, and with changing weather to consider mother knows her boys must be comfortably clad. By carefully following the directions indicated below, comfortable garments that are smart in appearance can be speedily and economically made

Boys' Sport Jersey

Size 8-10—Monarch Dove. 6 balls Cadet, 1 ball Mist, 1 pair No. 9 and No. 10 needles.

Back—Cast on 94 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting 3 inches. Knit, purl, 1 row each alternately for 13 inches. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every other row 4 times. Knit till work measures 4½ inches after last decreasing. On next row, knit 30 sts. Cast off 26, knit 30 sts. On 30 sts., knit 4 ridges. Cast off. With separate ball of wool, cast on 30 sts. Knit 4 ridges. Break off. This is for opening on one shoulder.

Crochet loops along one shoulder and up one side of collar. Sew buttons on other side.

Sew up all seams neatly.

Boys' V-Neck Pullover

Size 8-10—Monarch Dove. 6 balls cardinal, 1 ball sand, 1 pair No. 9 and No. 10 bone knitting needles.

Back—Cast on 94 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 3 inches. Knit, purl, 1 row each, alternately for 13 inches. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every other row 4 times. Knit till work measures 4½ inches after last



Boys Sport Jersey

Boys V Neck Pullover

On other shoulder that is still attached to work, knit, purl, knit, purl, 1 row each. Then cast on 30 sts. and knit across 30 sts. that were knit with separate ball of wool (90 sts. now on needle). Knit till underarm. Then cast on 4 sts. each end of needle. Knit same length as back. Cast off.

Sleeve—With right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. around arm-hole. Knit till sleeve measures 12 inches long. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every other row for 1 inch. With No. 10 needles, knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting 2 inches. With mist, knit 2 rows, 2 rows cadet, 12 rows mist. Cast off.

Collar—With cadet wool and No. 9 needles. Pick up and knit 1 st. in every st. around from shoulder to shoulder. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 1½ inches, 2 rows mist, 2 rows cadet, 8 rows mist. Cast off.

decreasing. On next row, knit 30 sts. Cast off 26, knit 30 sts. On one side, now work front. Knit 6 rows for shoulder, then increase 1 st. at neck end every 3rd row till work measures 6 inches from shoulder, but when underarm-hole is reached, cast on 4 sts. Finish increasing of front length required. Break wool. Repeat same for other front. Then knit sts. all on one needle. Knit same length as back. Cast off.

Sleeve—With right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each ridge or st. around arm-hole. Knit till sleeve measures 11 inches long. With No. 10 needles, knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 3 inches. Cast off.

Band around Neck—With No. 10 needles and sand wool, cast on 16 sts. Knit plain in ridges till band is long enough to fit around neck of sweater. Cast off. Fold double and sew neatly around neck.

The lady who always spends her summers in the most inaccessible and unspoiled rural nooks of which she can learn was narrating her latest experience to a writer in the Washington "Star."

"I spent August," she said, "in a village called the Head of Sassafra, down in Maryland. The post-office there was a general store. The morn-

ing after my arrival I went to the general store for my mail.

"A little girl preceded me with an egg in her hand.

"Gimme an egg's worth of tea, please," I heard her say to the post-master-storekeeper; 'and ma says ye might weigh out an egg's worth of sugar, too, for the black hen's a-clucking, and I'll be up again in a minute.'"



GENUINE Cash or Credit DIAMONDS
Terms: \$1-\$2-\$3 W'ly
We trust any honest person
Write for Catalogue to-day
JACOBS BROS.
Diamond Importers
Toronto Arcade - - Toronto



Don't Throw it Away
Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?
MENDETS
They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. W. Collingwood, Ont.



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Bluebell Hollow

There's a fairy in Bluebell Hollow,
Who wakes in the spring of the year;
She calls and the children hear.
She calls and the children follow
Down Bluebell Hollow.
There the flowers are blue,
And so is the dew
That hangs in their bells,
And the little brook,
Half hidden from view,
Is of just the same hue:
All done by the spells
Of the fairy who dwells
In Bluebell Hollow!

—Edith M. Thomas.

Meadow Larks

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy that I
am!
(Listen to the meadow larks, across the
fields that say!)

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O subtle breath
of balm,
O winds that blow, O buds that grow,
O rapture of the spring!

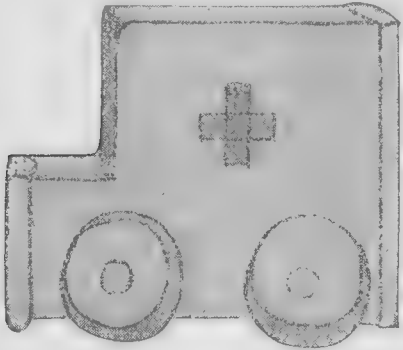
Sweet, sweet, sweet, O skies serene and
blue,
That skirt the velvet pastures in, that
fold the mountain's crest!
Sweet, sweet, sweet, What of the clouds
ye knew?
The vessels ride a golden tide upon a
sea at rest.

—Ina Coolbrith.

SOMETHING TO MAKE

An Automobile for the Boys

Take a long tin. Cut down one end
as shown in illustration; wedge a piece
of wood into the body of the car; bend
back the piece of cover tin over this
to form the radiator hood. Tack down
with brass tacks. Attach wheels made
of wood or the tops of small cans.
Paint the whole thing any color you
wish and add a red cross on the side,
either cut from paper, or painted on.
This a car that goes, and it was in-
vented by a boy of 13.



SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT

The bumble bee gets honey,
And gives a pleasant buzz;
But it's very far from funny,
The other thing he does.

Tommy's mother had a terrible time
to make Tommy say, "If you please."
One day Tommy said, "Mama pass me
the butter."

Mama: "If what, Tommy."

Tommy: "If you can reach it."

A prosperous grocer had occasion to
engage a new errand-boy. Trade was
very brisk and the lad had a great deal
of work to do in delivering parcels in
different parts of the town.

"Well, Johnnie, 'how did you get on
on Saturday?' 'asked the grocer on
Monday morning.

"Oh, fine," replied Johnny, "but I'll
be leavin' at the end of the week."

"Why, Johnnie, what's up now?"
queried his master. "Are the wages not
high enough?"

"I'm not findin' any fault with the
pay," replied the boy, "but the fact is,
I'm doin' a good 'orse out of a job
'ere."

An inspector was visiting a country
school. He was asking some of the
children questions. After a while, he
said to a junior class:

"Now, I want some of you to ask me
a question that I can't answer."

After a few vain attempts, a small
boy said:

"Please, sir, if you were stuck in a
pool of mud up to your neck, and a
brick was thrown at your head, would
you duck?"

SOMETHING RECEIVED

Such splendid lot of letters about the
birds of this country, and about what
you would all like to see in the Cosy
Corner. The editor is very pleased in-
deed to receive so many suggestions,
and to see how much interest you all
take in the Corner.

Buttons have been awarded to the
following:—Jean Bishop, 1010 Melrose
avenue, Saskatoon; Winston Nichols,
Box 367, Ingersoll, Ont.; George Jones,
Donalda, Alta.; Clarence Housinger,
Durban, Man.

Some good suggestions for the Corner
were as follows:—Winnifred Rouse,
Spruce Lake, would like to hear more
of animals, and the proper way to be
kind to them. Vivian King, of Mel-
fort, would like lots of verses in the
Corner. Beryl Robinson, of Franklin,
would like stories small children could
read to themselves, and she likes rid-
dles and pictures to be drawn from
numbers. Beth Crosbie, of Quill Lake,
would like explanations and pictures
of things boys and girls can make and
photographs of boys and girls with
their pets, and drawings done by mem-
bers of the Corner of flowers, birds, etc.
Mabel Reid, of Tisdale, likes more
tongue twisters and poetry. Agnes
Ariss, of Arrow River, likes riddles,
tongue twisters, and funny stories.
Dorothy Reed, of Cupar, suggests that
the Corner have a motto. Vivian King,
of Melfort, Sask., would like boys and
girls to write to her. Ian Paton, of
Vernon, B.C., Esther MacRae, of Chip-
man, N.B., have written nice letters on
being kind to birds.

March 22, 1921.

Dear Editor:—

Birds that come to our neighbourhood
in North Oxford, Ontario, and where
they build their nests.

The earliest of our birds is the Robin.
This year he came about the 1st of
March and is building his nest in the
maple in our garden. Last year one
built up in our verandah.

The Chimney Swift makes the chim-
ney his home. His nest is made of
tiny twigs and glue. The inside of the
nest is not lined, but the eggs are laid
on the hard twigs.

The Barn Swallow builds his nest in
barns of old sheds and one built his
nest in our horse table over the horse
stall. Neither he nor the Chimney
Swift has come yet.

The Cat Bird builds its nest in bushes
near dwellings and one year one built a
nest in the grape vine on the house,
and we could look down into it from
the window above.

The Oriole is quite common in this
locality. He is a bright plumaged
bird. His nest is pouch shaped and
he swings it from the end of a branch
of a tree. I have found them in the
maple, the elm and our pear tree.

The Blue Jay builds a large strong
nest in trees and lays six eggs.

Kingsfishers are quite common in
sandy places near the water and dig
holes in the bank for nests. Here they
build in the quarry sand bank.

The Ground Bird is one of our com-
monest birds and builds his nest in the
long grass by a thistle or beside the
cow path.

The Bob-o-link is the best of our song
birds. He builds his nest in the hay
fields.

The Meadow Lark is quite a large
bird, and he also chooses the meadow
for his nest.

Blackbirds and Crows build their
nests of sticks in the highest trees of
the woods.

The Humming Bird, the smallest of
all our birds comes in June and sips the
nectar from the flowers. Last year
my mother had a (Contd. on page 47)



"I Am So Tired, Dearie"

IN the recent Advertising
Contest the question was
asked, "For what is Dr.
Chase's Nerve Food most
frequently used?"

And the answer in the
great majority of cases
was: "I have found on in-
quiry among my friends
that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food
is most used by women who
have their own housework
to do and small children to
look after.

"When tired and wornout
by the continuous monotony
of household duties and the
care of small children the
nerves in time play out and
then it is that Dr. Chase's
Nerve Food proves the good
friend in time of need."

Mrs. W. German, 213 Park
street, Brockville, Ont.,

writes: "After the birth of
my boy I became so weak
and gradually lost weight. I
was unable to do my work
and was in misery because
I could not sleep. My nerves
would twitch and jump and
I would get up in the morn-
ings with tired, aching limbs
and aching head. My heart
was so weak that it would
palpitate at times, and I be-
came greatly discouraged.

"Following personal advice
from friends, I began the
use of Dr. Chase's Nerve
Food and took altogether 12
boxes. I wish you could see
how well I am now and how
I am enjoying life."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food,
50 cents a box, all dealers, or
Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd.,
Toronto.

GOOD NEWS For Our Readers!

The Western Home Monthly
FOR ONE YEAR
The Weekly Free Press Prairie Farmer
FOR ONE YEAR, AND
A Stamped Cushion Top

ALL
FOR \$1.25

This is the Big Offer of the Year:

Two dollars' worth of good reading material while the
cushion top, which is stamped ready for embroidering, is of
an exceptionally pretty and dainty design.

-----USE THIS COUPON-----

DATE.....

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press
Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly
for one year, and the Stamped Cushion Top.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Correspondence

GOING-UP!

Dear Editor and Readers,

Here comes a city girl to gain a little corner in your jolly circle. I have just devoured the latest issue of The Western Home Monthly and it certainly tasted fine! A letter from Samantha induced me to write, to show that not all the city girls are too busy. Oh, no, Samantha, we are not at all too taken up with pleasures to write, not me, at least, as I always find it a pleasure in making my pen go some, although I love car riding, music and dancing. Oh, Samantha, you say you don't dance, skate nor anything. Why, you don't know what you are missing. I had a good laugh over Sod-Buster's letter. Do you compare yourself to an old hoss? You are no egoist.

Eileen, I agree with you in nature's glory and talking about the city life being lonesome and artificial. I wish you could take a walk through the deep pine forests of our Stanley Park where wild roses bloom and buds abide, or go for a pleasant row on the shimmering waters of Burrard Bay and rest your eyes on the beautiful blue mountains up yonder, capped with snow and fleecy clouds. It is a captivating sight.

My sister, November, joined this circle, but she has left us Vancouverites of Rain Land, for the land of sparkling snow and glistening frost, the wonderful country of my birth. I suppose you will think I am referring to Greenland or Iceland, but it is only our next-door neighbor, Alberta. You will see I am a true Canadian. My ambition is to take up aviation. Perhaps you will think I am very fanatical, but just now I am taking up too much room and must bring my prosy letter to an abrupt conclusion. Will some of the readers write? I enjoy correspondence. My address is with the editor

Bashful 18.

COME AGAIN, LUCILLE

Dear Editor and Readers,

My sister and I have just been pondering rather boisterously, or will I say energetically, over The Young Man and His Problem Page and have decided to leave it to the sub-conscious mind to ruminate upon while I write to tell you how much we have enjoyed the first copy that we have received. It is a splendid paper.

I am a school teacher, living in a little teacherage far from civilization such as I have been used to. My sister stays with me, so I am quite satisfied. I love my work, and the people, though foreigners, are very good to us. You should see the crocks of kraut that are left by the parents when they bring the children in the mornings. I do appreciate the cream and eggs though very much as I was raised in a town. I have over fifty pupils including a Grade VIII.

Dear Hope, if I were you I would first submit any certificates I had to the Department of Education, as a permit is necessary. Then I would buy a few good texts on education, such as are prescribed by the department for the Provincial Normal School. I am sure you will like the work. I first began in 1916 in a small school having only five pupils.

My parents live in B.C., but I have not seen my "really home" on the Upper Arrow Lake yet, so I would love to hear from B.C. members. My sister is enthusiastic about the mountain scenery. This letter is getting large, so I must close, with best wishes to all.

Lucille of St. Lucia.

ANOTHER LLOYD GEORGE

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have been reading the Correspondence Page of The Western Home Monthly with interest and at last have got up courage to write.

I always lived in the city until I married nearly three years ago. Now I live in the country, but not on a farm. Our place is a very pretty spot right on the Grand River. My husband and his father have a small mill which they run all summer by water power. We also have a store in the city six

miles from here, where we sell our manufactured goods.

I have a little boy a year and a half. His name is Lloyd George. Quite a boy he is too. His daddy thinks there is no one like him.

I see that most of the letters come from the West. I live in good old Ontario and haven't been in any other province. I have quite a few relatives in the Peace River district, in Alberta, and my mother has relatives all over the West.

My housework isn't heavy and I have loads of time to spare. I love letter-reading and writing. In the summer we have lots of campers about us and some have lots of good times and I go in swimming then a good deal. I would like to hear from any of the readers about my own age, 25. My address is with the editor. I couldn't think of a pen name so I am using the one on my notepaper box.

Marchioness.

WILLOW ENJOYS LIFE

Dear Editor and Readers,

The idea of writing to your Correspondence Page has always appealed to me but I have never had the courage to write until now, so I sincerely hope you will find space in your corner for me. I enjoy reading the W.H.M. very much, but I must say that the Correspondence Page has the greatest attraction.

I enjoy all outdoor sports, such as tobogganing and horseback riding, but my favorite pastime is dancing. I am also very fond of reading and fancy-work.

I think "Just Guess" must be a bachelor. If, however, he is writing from experience it is too bad there are not more like him.

Well, "Steve" I wish you the best of luck. I hope that some day you will come across a fair chauffeur who will appreciate your efforts in trying to find her. Am sorry to say that I cannot give you any advice.

I am a farmer's daughter of almost seventeen summers and still going to school. I expect to write on my Grade VI exams at mid-summer and if I am successful I will be teaching next January.

As my letter is getting lengthy, I will close.

I would like to gain some correspondents and will answer all letters without fail. My address is with the editor.

Willow, the Wisp.

SUCCESSFUL THIS TIME

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have been reading The Western Home Monthly for the last few years and as I wrote to the Correspondence Column, but my letter did not appear, I am trying again and hope it will appear.

I have got a nut for you to crack. I am one of these "nature busters" or a "bach.", in fact we all are up in this Peace River Country. We are riding in a rough boat now and we don't know what to do first, so I want you to give some suggestions. We are without a railroad, without a market and without a wife. Which of these three are we to get first. We are fighting three sides up here now and as there are lots of my kind up here, I would like to see this in print and have someone help me. There is room for a train load of the fair sex up here.

I always enjoy reading The Western Home Monthly. I will close and if I see this in print, come again.

Flap Jack Farmer.

A NEW MEMBER

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have just finished reading the correspondence Page in the March number and thought I would try my luck at writing. This is my first letter although I have read the magazine for a number of years.

I am a farmer living in Eastern Saskatchewan. The country around here is fairly level, with bush on the east side of the town while on the west side there is none for about fifteen miles. I live about two miles from a pretty

GIRLS! GIRLS!

Clear Your Skin

Save Your Hair

WITH CUTICURA



Make these fragrant super-creamy emollients your every-day toilet preparations and have a clear sweet healthy skin and complexion, good hair and soft white hands, with little trouble and trifling expense. Absolutely nothing better, purer, sweeter at any price.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and soften, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume, promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else seems to fail. Everywhere 25c each. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, St. Paul St., West, Montreal.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

IRISH LINEN

We have specialized in Irish Linen for almost a century and have supplied outfits to thousands of homes in every part of the world.

We give the same careful attention to all orders received, whether from cottage or palace.

Can we supply you?

We await your instructions to send priced samples of Damask Table Linen, Bed Linen, Towels, Tea Cloths, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs or anything you want in Linen.

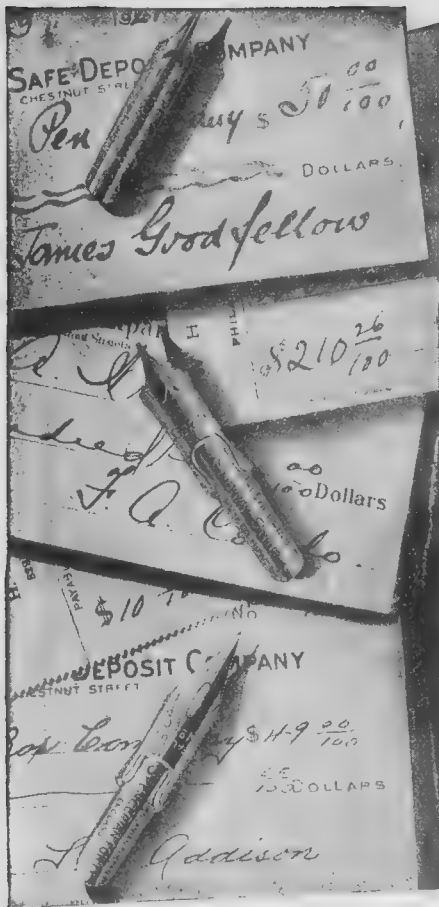
Murphy & Orr Ltd.

Dept. 11 Belfast, Ireland

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

Every Deaf Person Knows That I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address GEO. F. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Incl. Postcard) 21 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly



Fine, Medium, Stub
and Ball-Pointed

No matter how you write, or what your style, use Spencerian Personal Steel Pens. There is, among the many styles, a pen which is just made for you. To help you find it we will send you ten different sample pens and that fascinating, 32 page book, "What Your Hand Writing Reveals", on receipt of 10 cents.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.

349 Broadway New York City

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Ltd., Toronto

Canadian Distributors

Made in England

Spencerian

Personal Steel Pens



Goddard's
Plate Powder
For polishing Silver

SIX
GOLD
MEDALS

Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents, in stamps
From F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

A Home-Made

Gray Hair Remedy

You can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 3/4 ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look many years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

little town noted for its scenery in summer. We have lots of sport as we have a rink which is lit up with electricity. There are lots of dances around here. I dance very little myself, but do quite a bit of skating.

As this is my first letter I must not make it too long and if I see it in print I will probably come again. My address is with the editor, if anyone cares to write I will answer.

Brown Eyes.

A CALL FOR BARBARA

Dear Editor and Readers,

Here comes another Easterner to join your happy circle. I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for four or five years and I must say I enjoy it very much. I pass it on to my friends, who also seem to enjoy reading it.

I liked "40 Bachelor's" letter in the Christmas issue. I might say to Lady Nowah that I have a No. 2A Brownie camera that I have had very good results with. Would be pleased to give any information that I can if you care to write. I fully agree with "A College Kid" in regard to the immigration question.

I would like to correspond with "Barbara" if she would write first, also any of the readers who would care to write me. As this is my first letter to the Correspondence Column, I will not take up any more room. Wishing the W.H.M. every success.

Blue-Jay.

P.S.—My address is with the editor.

A PICTURESQUE SPOT

Dear Editor and Readers,

I would like to join the Correspondence Page. I am one of those lonely bachelors living on my half section away up here in North-western Saskatchewan. This is a very beautiful country here, especially in summer. It is dotted with poplar bluffs and we have some beautiful lakes with fish in them. We have some very enjoyable times fishing and rowing. The soil is very fertile and the grass grows so rank and rich that the cattle are always sleek and fat. We go in mostly for mixed farming here. I would like to gain a few correspondents. Would some of the ladies between twenty and thirty-five write to me. My address is with the editor. I promise to answer all letters.

Optimist.

LOOKS FORWARD TO SPRING

Dear Editor and Readers,

Another bachelor knocks at the door of the Correspondence Department of The Western Home Monthly seeking admittance to the happy circle.

I am not at all lonely as I have recently purchased a half section through the Soldier Settlement Board and I am kept pretty busy clearing the land for cultivation. I have a little time to spare in the evenings, however, and would like to have some correspondents.

Only a short while now until the birds are back and nature once more changes her surface from white to green. Then farmers forget the poor price for last year's crop and minor misfortunes of the winter and all look forward to the future and a brighter day.

Before closing I wish to say the W.H.M. is one of the best papers I read and I wish it future success. My address is with the editor.

All Alone 22.

Will "Smiling Bachelor", whose letter appears in March, kindly send his name and address to the editor, so that mail intended for him can be forwarded.

Children's Cosy Corner

By Bobby Burke

Contd. from page 45

fall we saw five flying among the flowers.

There are some other birds I could tell you of, but I think my letter is long enough now.

Winston Nichols, age 12, Ingersoll, Ontario.

Donald, Alta., Mar 25, 1921.

Dear Editor:—

I would like to see in the Children's Cosy Corner "Useful articles that a boy

can make," and I would also like to see my name among those prizes for the W.H.M.C.C. button.

The birds that come to our neighbourhood are the Robin, Wren, Crow, Blackbird, Meadow Lark, Butcher Bird, Woodpecker, King Bird, Duck, Owl, Grouse, Blue Bird, Cow Bird, Sea Gull, Wild Canary, Blue Jay and Cat Bird.

The Robins build their nest on the crotch of a medium sized willow tree. Wrens build their nest in the grass on the ground. The Crows build their nests in a strong willow or poplar tree about 50 feet from the ground. The Blackbird builds its nest in the small bushes usually over the water. The Meadow Lark build their nest in the grass quite well hid. The Wild Canary build in rose bushes and Blue Jays build their nest in hollow trees etc. Cat Birds build their nests in rose bushes. Butcher birds build bushes, such as rose bushes. Woodpeckers build their nests in hollow trees and posts. The King Bird builds its nest in the willow bushes. The Duck builds its nest in the marsh or weeds beside a lake. The Owl builds its nest in the tree nearly the same as a crow. The Grouse builds its nest on the ground. The Blue Bird builds its nest in the rose bush. The Cow Birds lay their eggs in the other birds' nest. The Sea Gull builds its nest out on a bunch of moss in the pond.

George Jones, age 11.

Durban, Man., March 25, 1921.

Dear Editor:—

The things I would like to see best are a few stories about animals and some instructions on wood-working.

Some of the birds around Durban are the English Sparrows, the Robin, Crow, Hawk, and the Wild Ducks.

The English Sparrow lives in granaries and eats grains.

The Robin builds its nest in threshing separators, and in the corners of old deserted houses; it eat worms when it can get them. The Crow builds in poplar trees; it builds its nest of twigs and mosses and eats grain. The Hawk builds in high lofty fir tree, and eats chickens and mice when it can get them. The Wild Duck builds near lakes and slough, and eats what it can get.

This is all for this time.

Clarence Honsinger.

1010 Melrose Ave., Saskatoon, Sask.,
March 20, 1921.

Dear Editor:—

I have just been reading in your Children's Cosy Corner, and thought I would tell you what I think would be nice to see in each Western Home Monthly issue.

As I am Canadian born and president of a club called the Boost for Canada Club, I'd like to see and read more Canadian stories and poems. I read your poem, "Our Canadian Rockies," and intend to copy it for the club. The members of the latter have memorized the poem, "Canadian Born," and that is why I look for something to boost Canada in your journal.

I see you wish to know the birds of our neighbourhood. Well we have the Sparrow, the Robin, the Meadow Lark and the Crow. I do not notice the birds much so do not know where they build their nests. But if you had asked me about flowers which come in May or June I would be able to tell you all about them. I am eleven years of age.

I will end my letter wishing the Children's Cosy Corner every success.

Jean Bishop.

SOMETHING TO DO

Send in a motto that you think would be suitable for the Children's Cosy Corner. The editor will select the best ones, and next month you shall vote on the one you wish to have for the Corner. Send in two or three mottoes if you wish, but send them in before June 1st. The mottoes to be voted on will appear in the July Corner. WATCH FOR THEM.

There will be a button for the person who sends in the most popular motto, and if there are several that share the popularity there will be more than one button sent out!



The Doctor says:— "Don't wait for danger signals"

"NATURE sends out danger signals when the intestines become clogged. These warnings are often coated tongue, drowsiness, headache and a disinclination to eat. They warn that the blood has absorbed poisons from the intestines and that they are flooding through the body, reaching every tiny cell.

It is a serious condition

"A person so affected, is not only subject to troubles within the body but is weakened against illness from without. He becomes an easy prey to such ailments as colds, grippe or influenza. A constipated child is more exposed to measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever and so on. And in the case of a nursing mother, blood that is loaded with such poisons affects those cells which provide milk for the baby, thus injuring the infant.

"Just a little care will keep your family in good health. See that their intestines are kept clean. The most efficient way to do this is to give them Nujol, regularly."

Why Nujol relieves

Without irritating or forcing the system, Nujol simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system, regularly and thoroughly.

Nujol relieves constipation without any unpleasant or weakening effects. It does not upset the stomach, cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

Nujol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
For Constipation

Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only, bearing the Nujol trade mark.

Nujol, Room 718, 22 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal. Please send me booklets marked:

☐ "Constipation—auto-intoxication in adults" ☐ "Constipation in infancy and childhood" ☐ "Constipation in old age"

☐ "Constipation in pregnancy and nursing" ☐ "Constipation as a cause of piles" ☐ "A lovely skin comes from within"

Name.....

Address.....

When writing advertisers, please mention
The Western Home Monthly

Editorial

Cont'd from page 3

changed appetite, no longer sluggish and inert, but restlessly active, as if every moment of life were to be given up to the enjoyment of liberty.

There is no lesson that mankind needs which is more comforting than that which the little cocoon-dwellers have to teach. Every day those around us are passing into their last sleep, and we lay them down to await the call of the Sun of Righteousness.

Man must of necessity believe in the immortality of the soul, that is in his own immortality. It is only when one loses the reality of the present that he loses the assurance of the future. And this reality of the present is secure for all who have in them a true sense of God.

God is the intelligent, loving, self-conscious will that is the origin and support of all energies or wills, and thoughts and feelings in the universe. Nature, including our bodies, is the instruments through which He expresses Himself. Man as possessing intelligence, love, and self-conscious will, is the crowning product of His creation. In so far as man brings himself into unison with God in His thought and feeling and action he approaches reality. There was only one complete expression of God on earth. The Son of God is known as the elder brother, to show us all ideally what life in the Father might be. All other lives have had in them something of God's likeness in them, and also something of sin. But each life, such as it is, with all its imperfections and failures, its charms and graces, will continue on and after the cocoon is broken, and there are many mansions in which the liberated souls will dwell, and there are countless activities of enjoyment and highest service for them to perform.

"If one succeeds in finding God, if he learns to grasp the significance of the universe, and if he achieves a personal experience of the Kingdom of God, assurance of the future will come unbidden and unsought. Only let one find, assimilate and build upon this threefold present, and the soul will blossom into hope."

Among the good things said by Richard La Rue Swain in his wonderful book, "What and where is God?" there is a little passage that is most instructive to those that are worried about God and immortality.

"A friend once said to me. 'I do not know whether there is a God or not, and I am not going to bother my head about it; I am just going to wait and see.' If God actually exists, we shall never know Him as we know a man with local form and articulate speech, unless we come to recognize Him in man now. I dare say we shall never become acquainted with God save as we learn to know Him in our own souls and in other people and in nature. So if we ever expect to know Him, we would as well put forth effort to know Him now."

Yes it makes a great deal of difference whether one believes in God and immortality or remains in doubt. "To begin with it makes a tremendous social difference for this life and the life to come, and then it will make all the difference in the world in personal conduct." A short time before his death Washington Gladden was a guest in my home. As he sat in an easy chair after dinner speaking of other days and especially as he spoke of his sainted wife, I noticed how old he had grown. Though his body had about run its course, yet the light of his soul had not dimmed. In my heart I said "What a dear old man you are, Dr. Gladden. You are nearly all soul." And it had made a difference for me.

The butterflies in the garden are not in appearance the wriggling, creeping caterpillars of last fall but in reality they are the very same creatures, only transformed for higher service. Had any caterpillar failed in its arduous duty during that sleeping-eating stage of its existence or had any failed to construct for itself, or find a nesting place for the winter, the new glad life would be unknown. All life is one. He that lies down to sleep will surely awaken with new powers, new opportunities—but he will be the same soul. And "He that is righteous will be righteous still."

Hunting News for this Column

By B. Dale

Cont'd from page 6

have one rag holdin', one rag an' a flag, an' it was half mast! I was in the boat that worked its way out over the big combers an' they puts me first aboard for I owns a wee share in that ole hull. I seen Cooke an' Eben an' Peter an' Josiah, an' all my neighbors, all but Job an' 'Lunnon'. 'Whar's Job hidin'?' I says. 'Hundred fathoms down belike,' says Peter, solemn like. Then they all tole me in bits an' strays of speech. It seems Job had been out tendin' to a pet trawl well to winard of the ship when the first squall struck. It cleared the deck of every dory an' keg an' trawl an' spare bit. 'Look!' yelled 'Lunnon'. 'Thar, right ahead of a smother of snowan' winchop, they sees Job comin'. The crew was strainin' with the anker and others gettin' the sails snug, they was tearin' to ribbons! An' Job was steerin' nice and snug for the vessel an' 'Lunnon' was on the aftdeck with a coil of line with the end belayed, an' the dory races right under the stern, an' the bash knocks Job down an' send both oars a-flyin' inboard, an' Job leps right out with the line in his hands an' makes the dory, but a big sea raps rope outen his hands and bangs Job about somethin' fierce, an' that's the last Peter sees of them. Nice story for poor ole me to take to that white cabin on the hill. But at last I gets my mouth workin' an' tells Sally an' she sinks right down flush wi' the deck, an' they carry her to her bunk. An' I was right down crazy wi' all them kids a-smotherin' of me and crying 'Dad's drowned! Dad's drowned!' Them was some awful days I tell you when I most wished I was dead and gorn, too. So Sally an' all the little ones, nine o' these as I am a livin' man, went around wi'out any heart in them, an' I used to sit an' cry wi' them, for Nephe Job was a fine style of a man, never an unkind word did I hear him utter to wife or kiddie all them troublesome years when there was a kid at the foot of every chair an' table leg."

"Then one night when I was sittin' sorrowful like a smokin' of my pipe, wee Caleb Hartshorn came runnin' up the hill wi' a yellow envelope, an' he was greetin' an' singin' at one and the same time. You see Caleb had been to school an' he read the message as the girul wrote it. 'Job and 'Lunnon' safe at Boston.' Oh! Oh! Oh! I bellered out like a bull, an' Sally comes a runnin' to see if I was hurt, an' I just up an' kissed her slap on the mouth an' whispered, 'Good news! Good news!' for I was afeared she might sink down on me agin. 'Word from a sailor!' I calls into her ear, for she was greetin' like spring rain by now. 'Word from two sailormen, Sally! Saved by the love o' God, lass!' Then she did sink an' I had to carry her into her cabin."

"So one night all the village was down by the waterside an' a trim wee motor boat came into harbor, an' Job an' 'Lunnon' war in the stern sheets. They was most too heavy to carry up that big hill, but we made a try for it. But Job would have none of it, for he had to half carry Becky, an' 'Lunnon' had a heavy weight of Sally an' a regular gravevine of kiddies climbin' up his legs. So, mayhap an hour later, Job gathered all his loved ones into a circle, an' after he had thanked God for 'Lunnon's' life an' his own life, he thanked Him for bringing them all safe into harbor once agin, an' then he tole us."

"When I went bang into that rudder I thought mayhaps I could stick in an' grab the rope, but I got a bash in the head an' we was hours away from the vessel. When I comes to 'Lunnon' was floppin' me over so he could bail handier. That night it froze, an' 'Lunnon' worked alone, an' next sunup he hammered me to make me bail, too—I know now to save me. All that day it blew fierce an' we was wet through, an' next mornin' I was so weak I couldn't hardly get my head out of the slop of the boat, an' I signed for 'Lunnon' to lift me an' let me take turn at the oars. He shook his head an' kept pokin' it down towards the oars, then I knew he had let his hands freeze on the oars for fear he would lose them. All I can see of the rest of it was a black figger rowin' an' the curl of the wind chop on his shoulder. Next time I woke up I was in linen sheets in a fine cabin, and up above me I heard the only livin' human bein' who can snore like a whale blowin', an' when I asked the doctor where we were and where bound,

he said, 'The New York. New York for Liverpool.' So you see 'Lunnon' had his ride on the fast liner, an' we cured our frostbites an' 'Lunnon' his stumps of fingers on one hand, an' we will have the ole hooker out before the month's gone, see if we don't." So ended the old man's story.

(If you want to see what this old settled province is like look at the picture of the river near us. The Shelbourne of Loyalist memory. And through the masts of the fleet of tern schooners—three masters! tern for short—see the slowly rising wooded shores of this old beautiful province by the sea).

St. Bernard on the Prairies

By Mrs. H. Harper

Cont'd from page 8

stayed on their homestead or not. Nevertheless, on the off-chance, the trooper had ridden through the unbroken snow and the bitter cold to make sure of their safety!

When he at last reached the door, he saw first to his horse, his loyal partner, putting him in the little shelter—part of the ruins of the old stage station—where the homesteader's yoke of oxen were daily growing thinner. Then before he stopped for conversation—having comprehended the family's dire situation at a glance—he plodded and forced his way through drifts which in places were shoulder high, to a tiny "wood-island" nearly a quarter of a mile away, and cut some wood to replenish the fire. By the time he had returned, his tracks were almost obliterated by the heavy snowstorm, which was raging again from a new direction. Soon he had the fire going well again, and heated the "grub-bag" before taking it to the horse, which was trying to shake off the long icicles that clung to either nostril by violent sneezing, and to use the rough logs to curycumb the hoar frost which still clung to its coat.

Returning he removed the ugly but useful dark spectacles, which defeated snow-blindness; and as he cast his fur coat the scarlet and gold of the tunic beneath gleamed in the firelight. Next he attended to the invalids, making a delicious soup out of the preserved foods he carried for such emergencies. He waited on them all carefully until returning warmth induced peaceful slumbers. From his despatch-case he unearthed simple medicinal aids which eased Mr. Alexander marvellously and revived his will-to-live.

When he finally sat down to rest, fill his pipe, and look out the location of the next patrol, Mrs. Alexander seemed to realize all at once the full force of the tragedy which had been impending. "As long as I live," she exclaimed, "I shall never forget our salvation, nor see a R.N.W.M.P. uniform without deep gratitude for the friend inside it."

Reducing the patrol to "mileage," however, the trooper's bare official report gave but a fleeting glimpse of the glamour and romance, the tragedy and the comedy which may lie between "I have the honour to report" and "I have the honour to remain."

The officer commanding the force during this crisis in Canadian history had aroused every ounce of energy from the already valiant men under him, by his now famous general order, which was so well obeyed by Trooper Martin, and might well have emanated from St. Bernard himself (and to its literal fulfilment the Alexanders and hundreds of other now-prosperous settlers owe a vast debt of gratitude). . . .

"Let neither cold, hunger, nor pain, nor the fear of them; neither the bristling teeth of danger, nor the very jaws of death itself prevent you from doing a good deed."

A Logical Lunatic

"Lunatics frequently return amusing answers," says a superintendent of a great insane asylum.

"One day a keeper was out walking with a number of harmless inmates, and the party met a pedestrian not far from the railway track. With a nod toward the tracks, the traveler asked one of the lunatics:

"Where does this railway go to?"

"The lunatic surveyed him scornfully for a moment, and then replied:

"Nowhere. We keep it here to run trains on."

SWEETHEART

By C. Lewis Rotherham

When the first rays of early dawn
Steal o'er the meadows, cool and sweet,
I rise to pluck the flowers of morn;
To lay them dearest at thy feet.
In token that the violet blue,
The lily with its nodding bell,
Is not more dainty-fair than you,
The mistress of a magic spell,
With noon their glory may depart,
But never thine — Sweetheart! —
Sweetheart!

Then, as I stand and watch afar,
Perchance to see thee by the way,
As one who for the morning star
Stands waiting at the gates of day
The lark may trill his sweetest note,
And Carol gaily to the blue
I never heed the sounds that float;
I have no other thought but you.
Of joy his music is a part;
But thou art all, — Sweetheart! —
Sweetheart!

GOOD WILL

The pioneers of the West have been so busy getting a foothold on the ground that the best things in life have well-nigh been lost.

The little things that go so far to make life worth while—a letter of sympathy, a few flowers, a friendly lift, the duty nearest first—these go so far to make other tasks easy.

Few pleasures equal those derived from a friendly intercourse with our neighbors and fellowbeings. We must find an outlet in play as well as work.

We have gone through all the stages of pioneering—have felt the awful loneliness of being isolated from our kind of which Nellie McClung speaks as "prairie loneliness";—when you want to pull down the blinds and pin them to the wall to shut out the vastness of it all. They have taken up the ground work and the often losing fight with heat, cold and drought; but, withal, they have made good; always remembering, this is a new country, in the making, and it is a wonderful thing to have a hand in the making and building of a nation. On the happy homes of the land rests its future progress and prosperity.

The Canadianizing of the newcomer from other lands, not by force but with kindly interest and sympathy; the raising of the standard of education in the rural schools of the province; introducing labor-saving devices whereby house work may be made less of a drudgery, and to take part in the vital struggle in which Canada must "find her soul," are a few of the problems which confront us to-day.

Some of us are here because we were invited years and years ago. When the war broke out we sent our boys to fight for the "inalienable right" of all mankind—the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." We resent the term "foreigner." We say, "come on Canadians!" Old or new, let us take up reconstruction from the word "go."

Canada has been liberal, but there is room for yet more of tolerance and "British fair play." Only one thing interests all human beings at all times and that is "the human being himself."

When we endeavor honestly to "do to our neighbor as we would have him do to us" we shall have struck the key note from which all our social problems may be solved. Force is futile, let us try something better.

Theodore Roosevelt said of the United States "unless this country is made a good place for all of us to live in it won't be a good place for any of us to live in."

Did we ever stop to think that the "Bolshevist" of to-day is the neglected child of yesterday.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with a firm belief in the right as God gives us to see the right" let us press forward.

"For the grandest times are before us, And the world is yet to see
The noblest work of this old world
In the men that are to be,
Where the wheat grows in abundance,
And the trees grow up so fast
There is no place to compare with—
Only Heaven at last."

To have peace on earth we must have good will among men. We have tried force and it failed, let us try something better.—Marie.



Mother Canuck recommends
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
 because she knows from experience (1st) That it is an efficient, healthful and economical leavener. (2nd) That it contains no alum or other injurious substitutes. (3rd) That it is the best and purest baking powder possible to produce. (4th) That foods containing it have an increased nutritious value, and women generally are coming more and more to realize that it is Canada's perfect baking powder.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
 TORONTO, CANADA

WINNIPEG

MONTREAL

Copy of "The Magic Way" will
 be mailed free upon request.





Kodak as you go

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada